

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
ROBERT BURNS ·







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WITH INTRODUCTION
BY
M. ROSSETTI

WARD, LOCKE & CO., LIMITED
LONDON, NEW YORK, AND TORONTO



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THE name of Robert Burns is a well-understood signal for an overflow of all sorts of commonplaces from the right-minded critic. These commonplaces run mainly in three channels—ecstatic astonishment at finding that a ploughman was also a poet; wringing of hands over the admission that the ploughman and poet was likewise a drunkard, and a somewhat miscellaneous lover; and caustic severity upon the lionizers and “admirers of native genius” who could find no employment more appropriate than that of excise-officer for the brightest and finest mind of their country and generation. All these commonplaces must stand confessed as warranted by the facts; they are truths, but they are also truisms. We have heard them very often, and have always sat in meek acquiescence and unfeigned concurrence. But the time comes when they have been repeated frequently enough to make the enlarging upon them a weariness, and the profuse and argumentative re-enforcement of them a superfluity. The reader of the following few observations will, I dare say, consent to understand once for all that Burns really was a ploughman—his own plough-driver on his father's or his own small farm; and became in due course of time a great poet, and in undue course a toper; and was fit for much loftier occupation than the gauging of ale-barrels, and seizing of illicit stills. The reader and I may start from these facts as rather elementary data; and he will perhaps not resent my stating them in such reasonable brevity as consists with my plan, and without much “improving” of the occasion. There are plenty of other books concerning Burns where powerful fountain-heads of morality, and of ardent but deprecatory enthusiasm, are kept continually on tap.

Robert Burness (or Burnes)—for such was his inherited patronymic, though in after years he thought fit to condense it into Burns—was born on the 25th of January (some authorities say the 29th), 1759, at a small cottage in the parish of Alloway, about two miles south-west of the town of Ayr. His father, William Burness, was son of a farmer in Kincardineshire. Owing to the poverty of his family, he had in youth come south, and had served as a gardener in various families. In December, 1757, he had married Agnes Brown, who survived by many years her illustrious son. The father, a man of superior understanding, and of the strong, upright, self-respecting character so honourably distinctive of the better Scotch peasantry, took, when he married, a perpetual lease of seven acres of land, which he cultivated as a nurseryman; here he personally built his own cottage. Robert was the eldest son of the union. His father had a dire struggle to maintain for a decent subsistence, and to educate his family. Robert was sent to a neighbouring school in the sixth year of his age, and soon showed some bookish likings; afterwards, he received a little instruction at home, partly from his father. He managed to pick up a smattering of French (which he was not averse to airing in after years), and had a quarter of a year's practice in

land-surveying, which has been dignified with the name of "practical mathematics." The whole amount of his tutoring, however, was inconsiderable. He read with interest and attention, as the scanty chance offered, the works of some poets—Pope and Ramsay, for instance; the *Spectator*, and a volume of letters by good writers.

Toil and moil was the early life of Burns—hard labour, and what is worse, anxious labour; the wolf was always at the door. A depression of spirits took possession of him, spite of a very ample share of youthful mirth and buoyancy, and darkened many hours of his later life. The family was very economical, and Burns, being as yet both thrifty and strictly temperate, in no way derogated from this creditable standard; there was no hired servant, and for years no butcher's meat in the house. Some time before the father's death, which occurred in February, 1784, Robert and his brother Gilbert took another farm, stocked from the hard-wrung savings of the household; the labour of the brothers was remunerated at the rate of £7 per annum each, and this plan continued for about four years. At another time Robert, loth to drudge on for ever as a mere labourer, tried a flax-dressing scheme in partnership at Irvine; but this soon proved abortive. When the father died, there remained, along with his widow, five children younger than Robert and Gilbert; the failure of a lawsuit with his landlord was just bringing a crash of ruin upon honest, hard-working William Burness, when death stepped in, and for him trouble was no more.

Robert was now full twenty-five years of age, and a man of great local popularity, and some note. He had shown an early susceptibility to the amorous passion. His first love, worth so calling, was at the age of fourteen; love summoned poetry to its aid, and he became a versifier. He was besides a fluent and vigorous talker; and his gifts were too bright and attractive to allow of his remaining long unknown in his own neighbourhood. Furiously loving the women, and loved by them in return (though it would appear that of real *de facto* amours he had no experience until his twenty-third year), received with acclaim wherever the men wanted to be lively, he took his fill of facile and unsettling pleasures. His habits became convivial, and all the more so after he had joined a society of free-masons. Still, he seems for a while to have exercised a tolerable amount of self-control as far as drinking is concerned. His brother, indeed, has left it on record that he did not remember in Robert any instance of positive intoxication until at a late date of his poetical career; and some other authorities will have it that, up to within the last few years of his life, when he had removed to Dumfries, he preserved a fair character for sobriety. His poetising for some years made no very noticeable progression; its more important developments are to be dated from about his twenty-fourth year.

Diffusive love-making has its mischances. One day, Burns found himself the prospective father of a brace of twins by his sweetheart Jean Armour, the daughter of a respectable master-mason. Roused to a lively sense of his responsibilities, he agreed with Jean that they should make a legal profession of antecedent marriage, thus legitimising the infants; and that he himself should then go off to Jamaica to try his fortune in the character of assistant overseer to a planter, seeing that nothing but penury appeared to be his destined lot in

Scotland. He paid nine guineas for a steerage-passage; and was indeed in a fever to be off, as he had been called upon to give security for the maintenance of his offspring, and was in dread of imprisonment. He wrote a farewell poem to Ayrshire and to Scotland—"The gloomy night is gathering fast." However, the tardy compensation which he was hoping to make to Jean for the imprudence and trouble into which he had betrayed her was not at present allowed to take effect. Her parents were so indignant at the affair that they absolutely refused to hear of matrimony; and Jean consented to relinquish her lover's written declaration of marriage, and himself along with it. Burns meanwhile, regarding her as having flinched in love and faith before adverse circumstances, denounced and abjured her, and indemnified himself by making love to Mary Campbell, his "Highland Mary." The poet and his Mary plighted their troth with much fervour; but this episode in the history of his loves came to nothing, the damsel having very soon afterwards died of a fever at Greenock.

With everything prepared for his start to Jamaica, and expecting to remain away from Scotland for years, if not for the remainder of his life, the consciousness of his poetic gift worked upon the mind of Burns; he resolved to leave behind him some record that the fields and streams, the lasses and humours, of Ayrshire, had been all-sufficient and immortal inspiration to a quenchless genius. Encouraged by his landlord, Mr. Gavin Hamilton, he determined to publish a small volume of his verses. This came out accordingly in the autumn of 1786. The edition, printed at Kilmarnock, was of 600 copies, of which about 350 were subscribed for. "Halloween," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and several other of his now celebrated productions, were included in the volume. The reader should refer to the preface, at once modest and distinct in self-assertion, with which the ploughman-poet introduced his verses. While indulging in gratuitous self-depreciation as compared with Allan Ramsay or Fergusson, "the author tells him (the possible critic) once for all that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities."

This was the crisis of Burns's life. The book was well received from the first, and cleared for its writer the small but acceptable sum of nearly £20. A letter came from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of Burns, which entirely overthrew the poet's Jamaican scheme, enlarged his practical views, and encouraged him to try his opportunities in Edinburgh. He arrived in the Scottish capital in November, 1786, without either acquaintances there or letters of introduction; but he soon got to know all sorts of leading people, whether in literature or in fashion and social rank, and surprised all by his brilliant conversational powers, though he was not forward in talking unless he had something substantial to say. His demeanour was worthy of his exceptional position in its complicated bearings; and he was above all the tricks of a man who is showing off, or allowing others to show him off. He spent two winters in Edinburgh, leaving the city finally in February, 1788; meanwhile, he had been visiting various other parts of Scotland, and had crossed the English Border to Newcastle and Carlisle. A new edition of his poems, under the patronage of Dugald Stewart and many other celebrities, had

been published in Edinburgh in April, 1787; it consisted of 2,800 copies, for which a subscription-list of 1,500 names had been obtained, and it brought in nearly £600 to the poet. So far all was well. But Burns, already too convivial as an Ayrshire peasant, naturally grew still more convivial as the cynosure of social gatherings in Edinburgh; and the *éclat* and excitement of this episode in his history were not the natural precursors and props for a retired laborious country-life, in which hard field-work was again to be his means of subsistence, and the alleviator of his load was to be the rustic Jean Armour. The latter, it should be mentioned, presented her lover, in the spring of 1778, with a second pair of twins, who died almost immediately; for she and Burns had met again during one of the intervals of his Edinburgh sojourn, when her parents naturally courted his return. Her second frailty caused her exclusion from the paternal home; but some degree of reconciliation had been attained by the time of her delivery. Burns's enamoured correspondence with Mrs. M'Lehose (the "Clarinda" of his letters) was going on at its hottest about the same period.

In the early summer of 1788, Burns returned to Ayrshire. He espoused Jean by making a public declaration of marriage; liberally advanced £180 to his brother Gilbert, to give him a start in life; and took for himself a somewhat considerable farm at Ellisland in Dumfriesshire. Here he was domiciled before the end of June; and resumed, among other rural occupations, the exercise of his skill as a ploughman, at which (it is pleasant to learn) he was a capital hand. Soon, however, he found that his income needed eking out; and, as nothing more congenial offered as an outlet for his energies, he applied to be appointed excise-officer for his own vicinity, and obtained this post through the interest of Mr. Graham, of Fintray. His pay was at first the pittance of £50 per annum, increased after a time to £70.

Burns an exciseman is a rather dejecting picture to contemplate. Still, if we exclude idealisms and prejudices, and take a plain common-sense view of the practicalities of the case, it might seem that the peasant poet, married to his early sweetheart, who proved an affectionate wife; settled on a farm of his own, the management of which he understood; enthusiastically admired for his genius by his countrymen, from the noblest duke to the most tattered gaberlunzie; habitually writing short pieces which he could throw off rapidly athwart a pressure of occupations, and which he could readily get published at once in some form or other, thereby keeping his name and fame in ever fresh remembrance; and having a small settled income, from a government post, to fall back upon, was not, as human lots go, a person worthy of mere commiseration, and altogether battered by the Fates. We hear of his having two men and two women-servants; nine or ten milch-cows; some young cattle; four horses; and several pet sheep, of which he was fond. The position looks like an endurable one to begin with, and likely to continue in a steady course of quiet progressive improvement. Unfortunately this was not to be. The centre of Burns's hopes of material comfort and independence was his farm; but, after he had been there about three years and a half, he found that his duties in the excise interfered with the satisfactory conduct of agricultural

operations, and he gave the farm up. It may indeed be surmised that, if his habits had been steady, and himself more faithful to the severe traditions of his father's life, if he had not allowed the jolly dogs and loose fishes of his neighbourhood to prey upon his leisure, and if he had not grown a more and more helpless slave of the devil of drink, he might have sufficed for both occupations. However that may be, he did not thus suffice; and we may well infer that things had come to a bad pass with the farm when Burns, having to make his option between that and a government stipend of £70 a year, chose the latter as the mainstay of his household. About the end of 1791, he removed to a small house in the town of Dumfries (how many thousands of people have looked since then with reverence on its mean outside!) and here he remained for the brief residue of his life.

Burns had a certain Jacobite and Tory tone of political sentiment; but every great and unprosperous genius, born in the lower ranks of society, is a potential democrat; and the era of the French Revolution was not one to leave the secret places of such a soul unstirred. More than once Burns used some expressions regarding the Revolution not strictly befitting an officer in the excise service of King George the Third—rather suitable to a man of genius and insight; this spoiled his prospects in the excise, and very nearly resulted in his dismissal. The chances open to his aspirations were that he might within a moderate number of years rise to the position of supervisor, with about £200 a year, any amount of hard work, and no leisure—and then, after another interval of years, to the post of collector at about £300 to £400. This latter promotion would have relieved him from the severer toils of business, and would have satisfied his desires. "A life of literary leisure, with a decent competence, is the summit of my wishes," he said in one of his letters. In fact, however, he never rose out of the ranks in the excise service.

The majority of the songs which Burns wrote subsequently to his first Edinburgh edition were sent to *Johnson's Scots Musical Museum*, published in that city, and at a later date, to the *Collection of Original Scottish Airs*, edited and published by Mr. George Thomson. In this work he wrote the words for many long-popular melodies—a field for the exercise of his genius which roused his heartiest and most generous sympathies. His first letter, replying to Mr. Thomson's application, is dated 16th September, 1792, and absolutely declines the offered payment. It gives one a salutary thrill to think of this great poet, oppressed with the cares of a family, drudging through a hard, uncongenial, and most scantily paid employment, the fineness of his nature obfuscated by drink, his strong frame beginning to feel the inroads of disease, yet rising superior to all low-hearted suggestions, and even to the perfectly reasonable and fair promptings of his position, and with a glorious burst of patriotic love refusing to be a penny the richer in pocket for the pure ore of everlasting song with which he again and again dowered his country. For about four years he adhered to his self-denying ordinance; and, in one instance when Mr. Thomson had of his own accord sent him a small sum, Burns—although, out of consideration for his correspondent, he did not send the money back—warned him never to repeat the experiment. At last, however, he was compelled

to give in. After being seriously ill for about a year, and thus almost prevented from contributing to Thomson's publication, he was obliged, on the 12th of July, 1796, to ask for a payment of £5 to meet a haberdasher's bill.

Ill-health, mental dejection, and pecuniary straits, had indeed now encompassed Burns round on every side. He had sunk into a habitual tippler—not a contented one. Remorse was gnawing at him continually. He had always had and still retained a strong tincture of religious feeling, though not of what passes for orthodoxy; he could hardly be regarded as a believer in revelation, but clung hard to the idea of a future life. In money matters he continued honourable, and at his decease he left no debts. Rheumatic pains, and other maladies consequent upon his irregularities, assailed him, he became captious with his wife, whose affection had nevertheless worn well; then fever supervened, closing in delirium. The poet lay on his death-bed, while his wife, expecting another confinement, was incapable of tending him; harassed also by the pertinacity of some lawyer, on whom one of his latest utterances bestowed a curse.

The end came on the 21st of July, 1796. Burns died, aged thirty-seven years and a half. The nation which had afforded him the post and the annual £70 of an excise officer did not cease to remember him in death. A public funeral was accorded to his remains, and was attended by vast multitudes. He left behind him, with his widow, four sons; a fifth had died in infancy. A considerable sum was raised for their benefit. Soon also an edition of Burns's poems complete so far as the then known materials allowed—was brought out under the editorship of a cordial admirer, Dr. Currie, an eminent physician in Liverpool. It fostered the poet's fame, but was not needed to establish this; for in fact there is hardly in all literature an instance of such immediate and immense popularity—permeating the whole body politic of his countrymen—as that of Burns's poems. Everybody understood them, everybody enjoyed them; all were proud that Scotland should have produced a Burns, that he should reflect so much and so expressly national a renown on his country, and that themselves should be the sons of such a land, and compatriots of such a man. This enthusiastic acceptance of their native poet is certainly a great glory to Scotchmen; and any one who is bent upon remembering to their discredit that they left the man Burns to live and die an exciseman should bear in mind also that they had already repositied the poet Burns in their heart of hearts, and that at this day there are probably ten Scotchmen to whom Burns and his work are breathing and potent realities, for one Englishman to whom Shakespeare is any more than a name. It may certainly be said that the more they admired the poet, the less willing should his countrymen have been to leave the man huddled in obscurity; this (as I said at starting) is a point already more than sufficiently debated elsewhere.

At the present time of day it would be almost a futility to analyse, in such space and in such method as I have at my disposal, the individual or characteristic merits of the poems of Burns. Every Scotchman is born to an intuition of them; which is as much as saying that whatever is strongest, deepest, broadest, and finest, in that remarkable concrete the Scotch national character, finds its

euthanasia in these immortal verses. The ideal Scotchman is the man to whom Burns's poems most come home. They give all his distinctive faculties and foibles; only with this modification necessary to the excellence of the poetic result; that the prudential and prosaic attributes—what one might call the minus quantities—of the Scotch character are left in proportion less than the reality, while the plus quantities—the geniality, fervency, and even rampancy, of whatever kind—are thrown in with a prodigal and affectionate exuberance. But all are there—the less as well as the more kindly excesses. Burns is in fact the demigod—the prophet, priest, and king—of Scotland; the Scotchman who, more than any other man or men, knits together at the present moment Scotchmen all over the globe, and may prolong and intensify for ages the nationalising work in which the Battle of Bannockburn and the anti-prelatical reformation under Knox were earlier, yet it may be hardly so powerful, coefficients. This is after all the greatest of Burns's many and great poetic merits—that he has Scotticised poetry (in saying this, we are, of course, not to forget the precursors of Burns's poetry); has established an unbounded ascendant over the Scottish mind, and has drawn to him all hearts of his countrymen like the draught of a roaring fiery furnace. The merit is one not so easily assessable by criticism as by history; but, where it exists, as here, in pre-eminent degree, criticism has pretty well to abdicate her functions, and confess that a greater than herself is the arbiter. But, beyond this (and excluding all minor considerations), we have to recognise in especial three superb gifts in Burns's poetry—a power of clear piercing expression; a perfect soul of singable or declamable song; and, above all, a sympathy so vivid and intimate as to pass continually into the domain of imagination, and give forth imaginative results and potencies. Of defects or inequalities of value in various poems or classes of poems by Burns, I need not here say a word.

Burns was nearly five feet ten in height, with black curly hair and dark eyes; everyone knows the general look of his portraits. He was quick-tempered—sudden and voluble in resentments. Though he wrote so many poems for musical airs, he had little or no technical knowledge of music; he even had no ear for tunes, and his voice was unmelodious, at any rate in his earlier youth. At one time he meditated writing a national drama. Of the works which he actually executed, he regarded "Tam O'Shanter," the product of a single day, with most predilection. This masterpiece was written at Ellisland, and was first published in 1793.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

This edition claims to be one of the most complete yet issued. While not neglecting other sources of information, the editor is chiefly indebted to the editions of Cunningham, Alexander Smith, and G. A. Aitken.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POEMS—

	PAGE
Adam Armour's Prayer	175
Address of Beelzebub to the President of the Highland Society ..	155
Address, spoken by Miss Fontenelle on her Benefit Night ..	184
Address to a Haggis	74
Address to Edinburgh	95
Address to the Deil	29
Address to the Shade of Thomson	169
Address to the Tooth-ache	188
Address to the Unco' Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous	125
Ah, Woe is Me, my Mother dear	232
American War, The	192
Answer to a Poetical Epistle, sent to the Author by a Tailor ..	219
Auld Farmer's Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie, The ..	103
Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons, The	128
Bard's Epitaph, A	220
Brigs of Ayr, The	97
Calf, The	105
Cotter's Saturday Night, The	51
Court of Equity, The	122
Dean of Faculty, The	194
Death and Dr. Hornbook	81
Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie	42
Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq., A	147
Despondency: An Ode	115
Discreet Hint, The	243
Dream, A	140
Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson	172
Elegy on the same	175
Elegy on Miss Burnet, of Monboddo	169
Elegy on Peg Nicholson	171
Elegy on the Death of Robert Dundas, Esq., of Arnston ..	161
Elegy on the Death of Robert Ruisseaux	217
Elegy on the Year 1788	213
Epitaph on Fergusson	195
Epitaph on Holy Willie	47
Extempore on some Commemorations of Thomson	168
Farewell, The	124
Fickle Fortune	164
First Psalm, The	153
First Six Verses of the Ninetieth Psalm	154
Five Carlins, The	180
Fragment: Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my Care	233
Fragment: Leezie Lindsay	234
Fragment: Night was still, The	232
Fragment: No Cold Approach	234
Fragment: On Maria	233

CONTENTS

xiii

	PAGE
Fragment: On Sensibility	232
Fragment: Wren's Nest, The	233
Fragment: Your friendship much can make me blest	232
Halloween	33
Hermit, The	197
Holy Fair, The	85
Holy Willie's Prayer	45
Humble Petition of Bruar Water to the Noble Duke of Athole, The	200
I hae been at Crookieden	198
Inventory, The, In answer to a Mandate by the Surveyor of Taxes	117
Jolly Beggars, The	58
Kirk's Alarm, The, A Satire	71
Laddies by the Banks o' Nith, The	171
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn	135
Lament for Mary, Queen of Scots	177
Lament for Prince Charles Edward Stuart, The	238
Lament, occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a Friend's Amour	144
Lines on Fergusson	195
Lines on meeting with Lord Daer	160
Lines on scaring some Water-fowl in Loch Turit	139
Lines sent to a Gentleman whom the Poet had offended	225
Lines to Miss Cruikshank	134
Lines to Sir John Whitefoord, Bart.	169
Lines written in a Wrapper, enclosing a Letter to Captain Grose	189
Lines written in Friar's-Carse Hermitage, on the Banks of Nith	204
Second Version	205
Lines written in the Parlour of the Inn at Kenmore	202
Lines written on a Bank-note	159
Lines written to a Gentleman who had sent him a bank-note, and offered to continue it free of Expense	208
Lines written while standing by the Fall of Fyers	203
Love for Love	233
Man was made to Mourn: A Dirge	40
Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice	223
Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son, A	146
Motto Prefixed to the Author's First Publication	234
Nature's Law: A Poem, humbly inscribed to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.	127
New Psalm for the Chapel of Kilmarnock, A	239
New Year's Day: A Sketch	209
Ode for General Washington's Birthday	241
Ode on the Departed Regency Bill	236
Ode sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Oswald	214
Ode to Ruin	150
On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies	119
On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland	190
On Glenriddel's Fox breaking his Chain	234
On Mrs. Riddel's Birthday	224
On Reading in the Newspaper the Death of John M'Leod, Esq.	162
On seeing Miss Fontenelle in a Favourite Character	185
On Sensibility, To Mrs. Dunlop	164
On the Birth of a Posthumous Child	155
On the Death of a Favourite Child	183
On the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair	157
On the Illness of a Favourite Child	224
Ordination, The	92
Passion's Cry: A Fragment	198
Poem, addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise	225

	PAGE
Poem on Life, addresses to Colonel De Peyster.. ..	228
Poetical Address to William Tyler, Esq.... ..	203
Poetical Inscription, for an Altar to Independence	163
Poetical Invitation to John Kennedy	226
Poet's Progress, The	221
Poet's Welcome to his Illegitimate Child.. ..	138
Poor Maille's Elegy.. ..	44
Prayer in the Prospect of Death, A	151
Stanzas on the same occasion.. ..	152
Prayer left at a Reverend Friend's House, A	152
Prayer under the pressure of Violent Anguish, A	154
Prologue spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries, on New Year's Day evening	211
Prologue spoken by Mr. Woods on his Benefit Night	196
Remorse: A Fragment	159
Rights of Woman, The: An Occasional Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Benefit Night	166
Ronalds of the Bennals, The	230
Ruined Maid's Lament, The (as re-written by William Motherwell)	207
Scotch Drink.. ..	68
Scot's Prologue, for Mr. Sutherland's Benefit Night	210
Sketch inscribed to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox.. ..	215
Slave's Lament, The	216
Sonnet on hearing a Thrush Sing on a Morning Walk	165
Sonnet on the Death of Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel	165
Stanzas on the Duke of Queensbury	207
Sylvander to Clarinda	176
Tam o' Shanter: A Tale	23
Tam Samson's Elegy.. ..	48
To Alexander Cunningham, Esq.	242
To a Louse, on seeing One on a Lady's Bonnet at Church	120
To a Mountain Daisy	133
To a Mouse, on turning her up in her Nest with the Plough	137
To Captain Riddel, of Glenriddel, on returning a Newspaper	206
To Chloris	163
To Clarinda; on the Poet's leaving Edinburgh	187
To the Same. (Before I saw Clarinda's Face).. ..	187
To Clarinda; with a Present of a Pair of Drinking Glasses	136
To John M'Murdo, Esq.	212
To the Same.. ..	212
To John Taylor	170
To Miss Ferrier, enclosing the Elegy on Sir J. H. Blair.. ..	158
To Miss Jessy Lewars, Dumfries, with a Present of Books	227
To Miss Logan, with Beattie's Poems as a New Year's Gift	191
To Mrs. C., on receiving a work of Hannah More's	227
Torbolton Lasses, The	229
Tragic Fragment: An Exclamation from a Great Character.. ..	33
Twa Dogs, The	75
Twa Herds, The, or the Hold Tulzie	106
Verses intended to be written below Noble Earl's Picture	231
Verses to an old Sweetheart	146
Verses to John Rankine	216
Verses to John Rankine, of Adamhill, suggested by his old sarcastic Dream of being refused Admission to the Infernal Regions	235
Verses to John Maxwell, of Terraughty, on his Birthday	167
Verses to Miss Graham, of Fintray, with a Present of Songs	164

CONTENTS

xv

PAGE		PAGE
228	Verses written under the Portrait of Fergusson	195
203	Verses written under Violent Grief	147
163	Versicles on Signposts	240
226	Vision, A	167
221	Vision, The	109
138	Vowels, The: A Tale	186
44	Whistle, The	179
151	Willie Chalmers	217
152	Winter: A Dirge	28
152	Winter Night, A	56
154	Wounded Hare, The	185
211	EPISTLES—	
196	Epistle from Esopus to Maria	293
159	Epistle to a Young Friend	269
	Epistle to Dr. Blacklock, in answer to a Letter	286
166	Epistle to Gavin Hamilton, Esq., Mauchline, recommending a Boy	273
230	Epistle to Hugh Parker	285
207	Epistle to James Smith	249
68	Epistle to James Tennant, of Glenconner	275
210	Epistle to John Goudie, Kilmarnock	253
215	Epistle to John Lapraik, an old Scottish Bard	255
216	Epistle to John Rankine	271
165	Epistle to Major Logan	277
165	Epistle to Mr. M'Adam, of Craigengillan	276
207	Epistle to the Guidwife of Wauchope House	279
176	Epistle to the Reverend John M'Math	267
23	Epistle to William Creech: Written at Selkirk	281
48	Epistle to William Simpson, Ochiltree	261
242	Extempore Epistle on Naething, to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.	295
120	First Epistle to Davie, a brother Poet	244
133	First Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintray	283
137	Fourth Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintray	293
206	Second Epistle to Davie	248
163	Second Epistle to Lapraik	265
187	Second Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintray	288
187	Third Epistle to John Lapraik	265
136	Third Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq., of	291
212	THE HERON BALLADS—	
170	No. 1.—Here's Heron yet for a' that	297
158	No. 2.—The Election: "Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright"	298
227	No. 3.—An excellent new Song: "Buy braw Troggin"	301
191	No. 4.—John Busby's Lamentation	302
227	EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.—	
229	Black-headed Eagle, The: A Fragment	319
33	Bottle and an Honest Friend, A	319
75	Creed of Poverty, The	313
106	Epigram on Mrs. Riddel	323
231	Epigram to Miss Ainslie in Church	322
146	Epitaph on James Grieve	322
216	Epitaph on Robert Muir	321
	Epitaph on William Graham	312
225	Extempore on William Smellie, F.R.S.E.	308
167	Extempore, pinned to a Lady's Coach	313
164		

	PAGE
Farewell, A	304
Grace after Dinner	320
Another	320
Grace 'fore Dinner, A	310
Henpeck'd Husband, The	309
Highland Welcome, The	307
Innocence	316
Inscription on a Goblet	312
Invitation to a Medical Gentleman to attend a Masonic Anniversary	315
Keekin' Glass, The	321
Lines on John Rankine	318
Lines on Miss Davies	311
Lines on Viewing Stirling Palace	308
Lines on War	315
Lines, spoken extempore, on being appointed to the Excise	311
Lines written in a Lady's Pocket-book	313
Lines written under the Portrait of the celebrated Miss Burns	309
On a Celebrated Ruling Elder	306
On a Country Laird	317
On a Henpeck'd Country Squire	307
On the Same	307
On the Same	307
On a Friend	305
On Andrew Turner	310
On a Noisy Polemic	306
On a Noted Coxcomb	306
On a Person nicknamed "The Marquis"	314
On a Schoolmaster	309
On a Suicide	318
On a Wag in Mauchline	306
On Bacon	305
On being shown a Beautiful Country Seat	318
On Burns' Horse being impounded	305
On Captain Francis Grose	310
On Captain Lascelles	322
On Celebrated Lawyers	322
On Chloris requesting a Sprig of Blossomed Thorn	323
On Commissary Goldie's Brains	321
On Drinking	315
On Elphinstone's Translations of Martial's Epigrams	309
On Excisemen : Lines written on a Window in Dumfries	314
On Gabriel Richardson, Brewer, Dumfries	316
On Gavin Hamilton	305
On Grizzel Grim	311
On Incivility shown to the Bard at Inverary	300
On John Bushby	318
On John Dove, Innkeeper, Mauchline	306
On Miss Jean Scott, of Ecclefechan	307
On Mr. Burton	312
On Mrs. Kemble	312
On Mr. W. Cruikshanks	310
On Rough Roads	321
On Seeing the beautiful Seat of Lord Galloway	317
On the Same	317
On the Same	317
To the Same, on the Author being threatened with his resentment	317
On Tam the Chapman	304

CONTENTS

xvii

PAGE

PAGE

304	On the Author's Father	304
320	On the Death of a Lap-dog, named Echo	310
320	On the Kirk of Lamington in Clydesdale	311
310	On the occasion of a National Thanksgiving for a Naval Victory	314
309	On the Poet's Daughter	316
307	On the Sickness of Miss Jessy Lewars	319
316	On her Recovery	319
312	On Robert Aitken, Esq.	305
y 315	On Robert Riddel	314
321	On Wat	310
318	On Wee Johnny	305
311	Parson's Looks, The	313
308	Poetical Reply to an Invitation	313
315	Another	323
311	Reply to a Note from Captain Riddel	323
313	Reply to the Threat of a Censorious Critic	308
309	Reproof, The	316
306	Selkirk Grace, The	314
317	Toast, The (in reply to a call for a Song)	319
307	Toast, The (Lovely Jessy)	320
307	To an Artist	323
307	To Dr. Maxwell	318
305	To Miss Jessy Lewars	321
310	To Mr. Renton, of Lamerton	312
306	To Mr. Syme, on refusing to dine with him	312
306	To Mr. Syme, with a present of a dozen of Porter	323
314	To the Beautiful Miss Eliza J——n	320
309	To the Editor of the Star	318
318	True Loyal Natives, The	311
306	Verses addressed to the Landlady of the Inn at Roslin	315
305	Verses written on a Window of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries	308
318	Verses written on the Window of the Inn at Carron	

SONGS AND BALLADS —

305	Address to the Woodlark	509
310	Adown Winding Nith	485
322	Ae fond Kiss	415
323	Afton Water (Flow gently, sweet Afton)	434
321	Ah, Chloris !	443
315	Amang the Trees where humming Bees	455
309	Anna, thy Charms	450
314	As I cam' o'er the Cairney Mount	433
316	Auld Lang Syne	325
305	Auld Rob Morris	396
311	Banks of Dee, The	393
300	Banks of Doon, The: First Version	425
318	Banks of Doon, The: Second Version	426
306	Banks of Doon, The: Third Version	426
307	Banks of Nith, The	403
312	Banks of the Devon, The	371
312	Bannocks o' Barley	451
310	Battle of Killiecrankie, The	402
321	Battle of Sherifi-Muir, The	492
317	Behold the Hour	487
317	Belles of Mauchline, The	347
317	Bess and her Spinning Wheel	420
317	Beware o' Bonnie Ann	384

	PAGE
Birks of Aberfeldy, The	363
Blithe was She	378
Blooming Nelly	385
Blue-Eyed Lass, The	402
Blythe hae I been	480
Bonnie Banks of Ayr, The.. .. .	358
Bonnie Dundee	359
Bonnie Lad that's far awa', The	409
Bonnie Lass of Albany, The	518
Bonnie Lesley	473
Bonnie Peg	369
Bonnie wee Thing, The	413
Bonny Peggy Alison	343
Bonny Peg-a-Ramsay	470
Braes of Ballochmyle, The.. .. .	398
Braving angry Winter's Storms	381
Brose and Butter	397
Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn	324
By Allan Stream	484
Caledonia	462
Canst Thou leave Me thus, My Katy ?	505
Captain's Lady, The	389
Cardin' o't, The	444
Carle an' the King come	518
Carle of Kellyburn Braes, The	430
Carles of Dysart, The	435
Cassillis' Banks	450
Ca' the Ewes : First Version	459
Ca' the Yowes : Second Version	496
Charming Month of May, The	501
Chevalier's Lament, The	433
Chloris (A Fragment)	500
Chloris	500
Cock up your Beaver	407
Come Boat Me o'er to Charlie	379
Come down the Back Stairs	361
Come, let Me take Thee	486
Come, rede Me, Dame	406
Comin' through the Braes o' Cupar	432
Comin' through the Rye	440
Contented wi' Little	505
Cooper o' Cuddie, The	443
Countrie Lassie	423
Craigie-burn Wood : Another Version	406
Cure for all Care, The	349
Dainty Davie	486
Damon and Sylvia	363
Day returns, The	386
Deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman, The	438
Deluded Swain, The Pleasure	489
Deuk's dang o'er my Daddie, O, The	437
Down the Burn, Davie	487
Dumfries Volunteers, The	467
Duncan Gray	371
Eliza	350
Eppie Adair	399
Evan Banks	398

CONTENTS

xix

PAGE		PAGE
	Fair Eliza	424
363	Fairest Maid on Devon Banks	520
378	Fair Jenny	488
385	Fareweel to a' our Scottish Fame	420
402	Farewell, The	458
480	Farewell, The, to the Brethren of Saint James's Lodge, Tarbolton	353
358	Farewell, thou Stream	503
359	Fête Champêtre, The	463
409	Forlorn, my Love, no Comfort near	515
518	For the sake o' Somebody	443
473	Frae the Friends and Land I love	404
369	Gallant Weaver, The	436
413	Galla Water	474
343	Gloomy December	453
470	Gowden Locks of Anna, The	455
398	Green grow the Rashes, O !	344
381	Gude e'en to you, kimmer	340
397	Guidwife, count the Lawin	408
324	Had I a Cave	484
484	Had I the wyte she bade me	439
462	Happy Friendship	401
505	Hee Balou !	452
389	Her Daddie Forbad	357
444	Here is the Glen	492
518	Here's a Health to them that's awa'	465
430	Here's his Health in Water	452
435	Here's to thy Health, my bonnie Lass	457
450	Her flowing Locks	346
459	Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher	517
496	Hey, the Dusty Miller	368
501	Highland Laddie, The	449
433	Highland Lassie, The	336
500	Highland Mary (Ye Banks and Braes and Streams around)	357
500	Highland Widow's Lament, The	469
407	How cruel are the Parents	511
379	How lang and dreary is the Night	377
361	How lang and dreary is the Night	498
486	Hunting Song	347
406	Husband, Husband, cease your Strife	490
432	I do confess Thou art sae Fair	410
440	I dream'd I lay where Flowers were springing	328
505	I hae a Wife o' my ain	417
443	I'll aye ca' in by yon Town	447
423	I'm owre Young to Marry yet	362
406	Is there, for Honest Poverty	506
349	It is na, Jean, thy Bonnie Face	411
486	Jamie, come try Me	387
363	Jeannie's Bosom	439
386	Jenny M'Craw : A Fragment	457
438	Jessy	519
489	Jockey's ta'en the parting Kiss	431
437	John Anderson, my Jo	396
487	John Barleycorn	331
467	Joyful Widower, The	359
371	Katharine Jaffray	352
350	Lady Mary Ann	428
399	Lady Onlie	432
398		

	PAGE
Lament: Written when the Poet was about to leave Scotland	335
Landlady, count the Lawin'	374
Lassie wi' the lint-white Locks	502
Lass o' Ballochmyle, The	355
Lass of Ecclefechan, The	442
Lass that made the Bed to Me, The	444
Last braw Bridal, The: A Fragment	457
Last May a braw Wooer	516
Last time I came o'er the Moor, The	352
Lazy Mist, The	488
Let not Woman e'er complain	499
Logan Braes	480
Lord Gregory	475
Lovely Davies	416
Lovely Lass of Inverness, The	438
Lovely Polly Stewart	449
Lover's Morning Salute to his Mistress, The	499
Luckless Fortune	327
Macpherson's Farewell	364
Mark yonder Pomp	512
Mary Morison	476
Mauchline Belles, The	346
Mauchline Lady, The	336
Meg o' the Mill: First Version	466
Meg o' the Mill: Second Version	466
Menie	351
Mirk o' December, The	448
Montgomery's Peggy	335
Musing on the roaring Ocean	377
My ain kind Dearie, O	472
My Bonnie Mary	388
My Collier Laddie	419
My Father was a Farmer	329
My Handsome Nell	326
My Harry was a Gallant gay	383
My Heart's in the Highlands	395
My Heart was once as Blythe and Free	339
My Hoggie	366
My Jean	345
My Lady's Gown, there's Gairs upon 't	454
My lovely Nancy	490
My Love she's but a Lassie yet	387
My Nannie, O	341
My Nannie's awa'	506
My Peggy's Face	453
My Tocher's the Jewel	407
My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing	472
Nithsdale's welcome Hame	420
Now Spring has clad the Grove in Green	513
O aye, my Wife she dang Me	460
O Bonny was yon rosy Brier	514
O can ye Labour Lea	392
O' a' the Airts the Wind can blaw	390
O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam	418
O guid Ale comes	389
O, Kenmure's on and awa'	325
O Lassie, art Thou sleeping yet?	508

CONTENTS

xxi

	PAGE
O lay thy Loof in mine, Lass	463
O Love will venture in	421
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet	471
O Merry hae I been teethin' a Heckle	397
On Cessnock Banks: (Improved Version)	354
On Chloris being ill.. .. .	510
One Night as I did wander.. .. .	342
On the Seas and far away	494
Open the door to Me, Oh!.. .. .	477
O Philly, happy be that day	503
O saw ye, my Dearie	413
O steer her up	459
O that I had ne'er been Married	338
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day	328
Out over the Forth.. .. .	442
O wat ye wha's in yon Town	447
O wat ye what my Minnie did	456
O, were I on Parnassus' Hill!	393
O were my Love yon Lilac fair	394
O wert Thou in the cauld Blast	460
O wha is She that loe's Me	461
O Whistle and I'll come to You, my Lad	361
O why the Deuce should I repine?	342
O, Willie brew'd a peck of Maut	400
Peggy.. .. .	337
Phillis the Fair	483
Piper, The: A Fragment	457
Ploughman, The	373
Poor and Honest Sodger, The	478
Rantin' Dog the Daddie o't, The.. .. .	338
Rattlin' Roarin' Willie	380
Raving Winds around her blowing	376
Red, red Rose, A	439
Rigs o' Barley, The.. .. .	333
Robin.. .. .	345
Robin shure in Hairst	342
Rose-bud by my early Walk, A	380
Ruined Farmer, The	392
Sae far Away	446
Saw ye my Phely?.. .. .	498
Shelah O'Neil	370
She says She lo'es Me best of a'	497
She's Fair and Fause	437
Sic a Wife as Willie had	427
Simmer's a pleasant Time.. .. .	384
Song of Death, The.. .. .	434
Song (O Poortith cauld)	474
Sons of old Killie, The	350
Smiling Spring comes in Rejoicing	435
Stay, my Charmer	365
Strathallan's Lament	365
Streams that glide in Orient Plains	382
Sweet closes the Evening	405
Sweetest May	343
Tailor, The	383
Tam Glen	403
Their Groves o' sweet Myrtle	510

	PAGE
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary	370
There'll never be Peace till Jamie comes Hame.. .. .	408
There's a Youth in this City	395
There's News, Lasses, News	362
There was a bonnie Lass	471
There was a Lass	369
There was a Lass, and she was fair	481
There was a Wife	360
This is my ain Lassie	512
Thou hast left me ever	488
Tibbie Dunbar	381
Tither Morn, The	414
To daunt me	378
To Mary	468
To Mary in Heaven.. .. .	334
To thee, lov'd Nith	451
'Twas na her bonnie blue E'e	511
Up in the Morning Early	367
Wae is my Heart	452
Wandering Willie	476
Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray	372
Weary Pund o' Tow, The	417
Wee Willie Gray	389
Welcome to General Dumourier	470
Wha is that at my Bower Door?.. .. .	412
What can a Young Lassie do?	413
'Then rosy May comes in wi' Flowers	385
When She cam' ben.. .. .	375
Whistle o'er the Lave o't	391
Will you go to the Indies, my Mary?	356
Wilt Thou be my Dearie?	491
Winter it is Past, The	441
Winter of Life, The	468
Women's Minds	376
Ye hae lien wrang, Lassie	375
Ye Jacobites by Name	424
Yon Wild Mossy Mountains	410
Young Highland Rover, The	368
Young Jamie, Pride of a' the Plain	441
Young Jessie.. .. .	478
Young Jockey	400
Young Peggy	348

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

POEMS.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

'Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke.'—GAWIN DOUGLAS

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
An' drouthy neebors neebors meet;
As market-days are wearin' late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou an' unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 nosses, waters, slaps, an' styles,
 lie between us an' our hame.
We are sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gath'rin' her brows like gath'rin' storm,
Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men an' bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A bletherin', blusterin', drucken blellum;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober ;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller :
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on ;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon !
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale :—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
An' at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou' for weeks thegither !
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;
An' aye the ale was growing better :
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious ;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
The storm without might rair and rustle—
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy !
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed !
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
An' sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand.
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey meare, Meg,—
A better never lifted leg.—
Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire,
Despising wind, an' rain, an' fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghæists an' houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the foord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
An' past the birks an' meikle stane,
Whare drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
An' thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
An' near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
The doublin' storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmerin' thro' the groanin' trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilk bare beam the beams were glancin';
An' loud resounded mirth an' dancin'.—

Inspirin' bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou can'st mak us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

The swats sac ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
'Till, by the heel an' hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
An', wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks an' witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, an' reels
Put life an' mettle in their heels:
At winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, an' large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses;
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And (by some dev'lish cantraip slight)
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's bane in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutt'd frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted,
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible an' awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, an' curious,
The mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious:
The piper loud an' louder blew,
The dancers quick an' quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
An' coost her duddies to the wark,
An' linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been queans
A' plump an' strappin' in their teens;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But withered beldams, auld an' droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Low, y' an' flingin' on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench an' valie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore ;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
An' perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
An' shook baith meikle corn an' bear,
An' kept the country-side in fear.)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, an' she was vauntie.—

Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend Grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my muse her wing maun coug ;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
To sing how Nannie lap an' flang,
(A souple jade she was, an' strang,)
An' how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
An' thought his very een enriched ;
Ev'n Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
An' hotched an' blew wi' might an' main :
'Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
An' roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"
An' in an instant a' was dark :
An' scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plunderin' herds assail their byke

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief !" resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech an' hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou 'lt get thy fairin',
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin' !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
An' win the key-stane o' the brig ;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross ;
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake !
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
An' flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail :
The carlin clauht her by the rump,
An' left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed :
Whane'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think ! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare.

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw ;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw :
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae ;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May :
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join ;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine !

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be beat,
Because they are Thy will !
Then all I want (O, do Thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

"O Prince ! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war !"—MILTON.

I.

O THOU ! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches !

II.

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnèd bodies be ;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel

III.

Great is thy power, an' great thy fame ;
Far kenn'd and noted is thy name :
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far :
An', faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

IV.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin'
Tirlin the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurka

V.

I've heard my reverend Grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon.
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch croon.

VI.

When twilight did my Grannie summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bammie'
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin',
Wi' heavy groan.

VII.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentint' light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough.

VIII.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stoor, "quaick—quaick"
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

IX.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues
Owre howkit dead.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

X.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirm in vain:
For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
As yell's the bill.

XI.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse:
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

XII.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction;
An' nighted trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

XIII.

An' aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

XIV.

When masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell!

XV.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry sward,
In shady bow'r:

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

XVI.

Then you, ye auld, snee-drawing dog
 Ye came to Paradise incog,
 An' play'd on man a curs'd brogue,
 (Black be your fa'!)
 An' gied the infant warld a shog,
 Maist ruin'd a'.

XVII

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk,
An' sklentend on the man of Uzz
Your spitefu' joke?

XVIII.

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
And lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl,
Was warst ava?

XIX

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

XX.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're auld an'.
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him to the kin'.
To your black pit :
But, faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkin',
An' cheat you yet.

XXI.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

AN EXCLAMATION FROM A GREAT CHARACTER.

ALL villain as I am, a damned wretch,
A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting sinner,
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness ;
And with sincere, tho' unavailing, sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress.
With tears indignant I behold the oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you ;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity ;
Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds,
Whom Vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to Ruin.
—Oh, but for kind, tho' ill-requited, friends,
I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you !
O injur'd God ! thy goodness has endow'd me
With talents passing most of my compeers,
Which I in just proportion have abus'd
As far surpassing other common villains,
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more.

HALLOWEEN.

THE following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood ; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations ; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own. —BURNS.

" Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
The simple pleasures of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art." —GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
There, up the cove, to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night.

II.

Amang the bonnie, winding banks
Where Doon rins, 'wimplin', clear,
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An shock his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine ;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin' :
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs.
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then, first and foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance ;
They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
For muckle anes an' straught anes,
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wandered through the bow-kail,
An' pou't for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther ;
The vera wee-things, todlin', rin,
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther ;
An' gif the custoc's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them ;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they've placed them
To lie that night.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks o' corn :
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn :
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost
When kiutlin' in the fause-house
Wi' him that night.

VII.

The midwife's weel-hoarded nits
An' land an' round divided,
An' mory lads' an' lasses' fates
Are there that night decided ;
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly ;
Some start awa wi' saucy pride
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e ;
Wha 'twas she wadna tell ;
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel' :
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wad never mair part ;
'Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see 't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-tail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie ;
An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie ;
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it ;
While Willie lap, an' swoor, by jing,
'T was just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel' an' Rob in ;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
'Till white in aze they're sobbin' ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonnie mou',
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behind their backs
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
An' slips out by hersel':
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins graipit for the bauks
And in the blue-clue throws then
Right fear't that night

XII.

An' aye she win't, an' aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin';
'Till something held within the pat,
Guid Lord! but she was quaukin'!
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel',
Or wheth. : 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whetner it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin'
To speir that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
"Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple at the glass,
I gat frae uncle Johnnie":
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She notic't na, an aizele brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
How daur you try sic a cartin',
As seek the foul thief onie place,
For him to spae your fortune?
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' died deleeret
On sic a night.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XV.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,—
I mind 't as weel 's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was nae past fyfteen;
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green;
An' ay a rantin' kirn we gat,
An' just on Halloween
It fell that night.

XVI.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever, sturdy fallow:
He's sin' gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That liv'd in Achmacalla:
He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o't;
But mony a day was by himsel',
He was sae sairly frightened
That vera night."

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense.
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin';
The graip he for a harrow taks,
An' haurls at his curpin;
An' every now an' then he says,
"Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me, and draw thee
As fast this night."

XIX.

He whistl'd up Lord Lennox' march,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd and eerie:

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

'Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' grundle ;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbld wi' a winkle
Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation !
An' young an' auld came rinnin' out,
To hear the sad narration ;
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
'Till, stop ! she trotted thro' them a' ;
An' wha was it but grumphie
Asteer that night !

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,
To win three wechts o' naething ;
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in :
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red-cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures ;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca'
Syne bauldly in she enters :
A ratton rattled up the wa',
And she cried, Lord, preserve her !
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin' ;
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome carlin ;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
'Till skin in blypes cam haurlin'
Aff's nieves that night.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlen ;
But, och ! that night, amang the shaws,
She gat a fearfu' settlin' !
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin.
Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays ;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin', dancin' dazzle ;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae.
Between her an' the moon,
The deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon :
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool !
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit ;
But mist a fit, an' in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three are ranged,
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
To see them duly changed :
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin' Mar's-year did desire,
Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary ;
An' unco' tales, an' funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheery ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Till butter'd so'ens, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin' ;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'
Fu' blythe that night.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

'Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou ?'
Began the rev'rend sage ;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage ?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

III.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride :
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return,
And ev'ry time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

IV.

"O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway ;
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law
That man was made to mourn.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

V.

" Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn ;
Then age and want—oh ! ill-match'd pair !—
Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

" A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land
Are wretched and forlorn !
Thro' weary life this lesson learn—
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

" Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

" See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

" If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law design'd—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn ?

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

X.

"Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast ;
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last !
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Has ever, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn !

XI.

"O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !"

*THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF
POOR MAILIE,*

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibblin' on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch :
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin by.
Wi' glowrin' e'en an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's ;
He saw her days were near-hand ended.
But, waes my heart ! he could na mend it !
He gapèd wide, but naething spak—
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case !
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

So may his flock increase, and grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo' !

" Tell him he was a master kin'
An' ay was guid to me and mine ;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

" O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives !
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel ;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay, an' ribs o' corn.

" An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets !
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come thro' the sheers :
So wives will gi'e them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead

" My poor toop-lamb, my son an' hei:
O, bid him breed him up wi' care !
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast !
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame :
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

" An' niest my yowie, silly thing.
Gude keep thee frae a tether string !
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop,
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell .
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel' !

" And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath
I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith :
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

" Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale ;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blather."
This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
And clos'd her een amang the dead.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose ;
Our bardie's fate is at a ciose,

Past a' remead ;
The last sad cape-stane o' his woes ;
Poor Mailie's dead ;

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed :
He's lost a friend and neibor dear
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;
A lang half-mile she could descry him ;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed :
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense :
I'll say 't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread ;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips ;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the Tweed :
A bonnier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape !
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin' dread ;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
For Mailie dead.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O, a' ye bards on bonnie Doon !
An' wha on Ayr your chanter's tune !
Come, join the melancholious croon
O Robin's reed !
His heart will never get aboon
His Mailie dead !

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thyself,
Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
A' for Thy glory,
And no' for ony guid or ill
They've done afore 'till

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
Whan thousands Thou hast left in night,
That I am here, afore Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation ?
I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
'Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Whare damnèd devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample ;
To show Thy grace is great and ample ;
I'm here a pillar in Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example,
To a' Thy flock.

[O L—d, Thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singin' there, and dancin' here,
Wi' great and sma' ;
For I am keepit by Thy fear,
Free frae them a'.]

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But yet, O L—d ! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust ;
And sometimes, too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in ;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin.

[O L—d ! yestreen, Thou kens, wi' Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg.
O may it ne'er be a livin' plague
To my dishonour,
And I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.]

Besides, I farther maun allow,
Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow—
But, L—d, that Friday I was fou',
When I cam' near her,
Or else, Thou kens, Thy servant true
Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset Thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he's sae gifted ;
If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until Thou lift it.

L—d, bless Thy chosen in this place,
For here Thou hast a chosen race :
But G—d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace
And public shame.

L—d, mind Gaw'n Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
Wi' great and sma',
Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us ;—
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

L—d, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr ;
Thy strong right hand, L—d, mak' it bare
Upo' their heads,
L—d, visit them, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O L—d my G—d, that glib-tongued Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin',
To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
And swat wi' dread,
While Auld wi' hinging lip gaed snakin',
And hid his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
Nor hear their pray'r ;
But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
And dinna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be Thine,
Amen, Amen !

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Tak's up its last abode ;
His soul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road.

Stop ! there he is, as sure's a gun,
Poor, silly body, see him ;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,—
Observe wha's standing wi' him !

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye ;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance ye've heard my story.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye hae nane !
Justice, alas ! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit ;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.

WHEN this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields"; and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the deil ?
Or great M'Kinlay thrawn his heel !
Or Robertson again grown weel,
To preach an' read ?
"Na, waur than a' !" cries ilka chiel,
"Tam Samson's dead !"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sob, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean,
In mournin' weed ;
To death, she's dearly paid the kane—
Tam Samson's dead !

The brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in waefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead ;
Death's gi'en the lodge an unco devel—
Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire up like a rock ;
When to the lochs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock ?—
Tam Samson's dead !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore;
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time o' need;
But now he lags on death's hog-score,—
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts be-dropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since dark in death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie moorcocks, crouselly craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
With ruten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa',—
Tam Samson's dead!

That waefu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frac couples freed;
But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters;
In vain the burns cam' down like waters,
An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin', clatters,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
An' aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trun.pet,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
"L—d, five!" he cry'd, an' owre did stagger—
Tam Samson's dead!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil;
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.

I.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his nattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And, weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his christie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in.
At service out, amang the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

v.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd, fleet ;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears ;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new ;—
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

vi.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warned to obey ;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :
“An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel an' assisting might :
They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright!”

vii.

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

viii.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;
A strappan youth ; he tak's the mother's eye ;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en :
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae basifu' an' sae grave ;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heart-felt raptures !—bliss beyond compare !
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
" If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

X.

Is there in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild ?

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food :
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'bible, ance his father's pride ;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And " Let us worship GOD ! " he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps " Dundee's " wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive " Martyrs," worthy of the name ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Or noble "Elgin" beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny :
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How HE, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :
How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's
command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING !
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request
That HE, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of GOD ;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

XXI.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart :
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

A WINTER NIGHT.

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm !
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you,
From seasons such as these ?"—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
Far south the list,
Dim-dark'ning through the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift :

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-chok'd,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this b--ttle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scour.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee ?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e ?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muff'd, view'd the dreary plain ;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole :—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

" Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man bestows.
See stern oppression's iron grip,
Or mad ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder o'er a land !
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide ;
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance unrefin'd,
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.
Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly honour's lofty brow,
The pow'rs you proudly own ?
Is there, beneath love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone !
Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted honour turns away,
Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing pray'rs !
Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast !
Oh ye ! who sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
Ill-satisfied keen nature's clam'rous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift' heap !
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine "

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel fortune's undeserved blow ?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss ! "

I heard nae mair, for chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer—
A cottage-rousing crew.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God,

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or wavering like the bauckie bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast ;
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest ;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poosie Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies :
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang ;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rag,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order ;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm—
She blinket on her sodger :
An' ay he gied the tozie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an aumos dish.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

It's smack still, die crack still,
Just like a cadge's whup,
Then staggering and swagging
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE—*Soldier's Yea.*

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum
Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Almoray;
I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum
Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the flowing banners,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me with Elton's drum and me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum
Lal de daudle, &c.

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging o'er my shoulder,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my staff, and my pocket,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum
Lal de daudle, &c.

When tho' with hoar'd locks, I must seek the winter shocks
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes far from home,
When the to her bag I sen, and the to the little tell,
I could meet a troop of her at the sound of a drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus
V' nile frighted rattons backward leux,
And seek the benmost bore ;
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out Encore !
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uprear.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.

TUNE—*Soldier Laddie.*

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventur'd the soul, and I risked the body,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair;
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were sae busy:
At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up an' made a face;
'Then turn'd, an' laid a smack on Grizzie,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.

TUNE—*Auld Sir Symon.*

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He's there but a 'prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck,
A hizzie's the half o' my craft,
But what could ye other expect,
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing!
I ance was abus'd in the kirk,
For touzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer:
There's ev'n, I'm tauld, i' the Court
A Tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak' faces to tickle the mob?
He rails at our mountebank squad—
It's rivalry just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry;
The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
Gude L—d! he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling.
For mony a pursie she had hookit,
And had in mony a well been doukit.
Her love had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.

Tune.—O an ye wae's dunt guidman

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he fear'd nane,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But, ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return:
Nae comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,
As weel as poor gut-scraper ;
He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier—

He swore by a' was swearing worth,
To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
And sae the quarrel ended.

But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the caird address'd her :

AIR.

Tune—Clout the caudron.

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station :
I've travell'd round all Christian ground,
In this my occupation.
I've ta'en the gold, an' been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron :
But vain they search'd, when off I marched
To go and clout the caudron.

I've ta'en the gold, &c

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise an' caperin',
An' tak' a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron.
An' by that stoup, my faith and houp,
And by that dear Kilbaigie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weat my craigie.

An' by that stoup, &c.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love, o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man of spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But urchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
And shor'd them Dainty Davie
O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.
He had nae wish but—to be glad,
Nor want but—when he thirsted ;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE—*For a' that an' a' that.*

I am a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that :
But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that ;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife enough for a' that.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, an' a' that ;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that ;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.

For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, an' a' that :
But for how lang the flee may stang,
Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft ha'e put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that ;
But clear your decks, and here's the sex
I like the jads for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that ;
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sang the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook wi' a thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth ;
They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowan drouth.
Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
The poet did request,
To loose his pack an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best ;
He, rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, an' found them
Impatient for the chorus.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.

Tune—Jolly Mortals, All your Glasses.

See! the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!

A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?

A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.

A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all cry out—Amen!

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief and care;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7

LET other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch drink;
Whether thro' wimplin' worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haug's adorn,
An' aits set up their awnie horn,
An' pease an' beans, at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin' in the boilin' flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us leevin',
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin'
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin';
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin',
Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
At 's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head ;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
 Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in !
Or reekin' on a new-year morning
 In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
 An' gusty sucker !

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare ! to see thee fizz an' freath
 I' th' lugget caup !
Then Burnewin comes on like death
 At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for ain or steel ;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumbliin' cuifs their dearies slight ;
 Wae worth the name !
Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neibors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley-bree
 Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
 To taste the barrel.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But mony daily weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
 E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash
Fell source o' mony a pain an' brach!
Twins mony a poor, doylt, drucken hash,
 O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her worst foes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor, plackless devils like mysel'!
 It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his grundle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' whiskey punch
 Wi' honest men.

O whiskey! soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's—;

Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast,
 May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes's charter'd boast,
 Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the whiskey stells their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
 There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor d—n'd drinkers.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Fortune ! if thou 'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whiskey gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
 Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal 't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

A SATIRE.

I.

ORTHODOX, orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience,
There's a heretic blast
Has been blawn i' the wast,
That what is not sense must be nonsense.

II.

Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac,
Ye should stretch on a rack;
To strike evil doers wi' terror ;
To join faith and sense
Upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

III.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
It was rash, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;
Provost John is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And orator Bob is its ruin.

IV.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild,
Tho' your heart 's like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye,
Auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

V.

Rumble John, Rumble John,
Mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd ;
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like adle,
And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

II.

Simpur James, Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chace in your view ;
I'll lay on your head,
That the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

VII.

Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney,
Are ye buirdin' the penny,
Unconscious what evil await ?
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
Alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

VIII.

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld,
There's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk ;
Though ye can do little skaith,
Ye'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite, ye can bark.

IX.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster,
If for a saunt ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits ;
Yet to worth let's be just,
Royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

X.

Jamie Goose, Jamie Goose,
Ye ha'e made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant ;
But the doctor's your mark,
For the L—d's haly ark ;
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.

XI.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie,
Gi'e the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your "liberty's chain" and your wn :
O'er Pegasus' side
Ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he——

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XII.

Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk,
Ye may slander the book,
And the book nane the waur, let me tell ye;
'Tho' ye're rich, and look big,
Yet lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

XIII.

Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie,
What mean ye, what mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may ha'e some pretence
To havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

XIV.

Irvine side, Irvine side,
Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
O' manhood but sma' is your share,
Ye've the figure, 't is true,
Even your faes will allow,
And your friends, they daur grant you nae mair.

XV.

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock,
When the L—d makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit,
There's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

XVI.

Holy Will, Holy Will,
There was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant,
When ye're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

XVII.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
Seize your sp'ritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff,
Will be powther enough,
And your skulls are a storehouse o' lead.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

XVIII.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your muse is a gipsie,
E'en tho' she were tipsie
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-pace!
Aboon them a' ye tak' your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
'Till all their weel-swail'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guid man, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak' her spew
Wi' perfect scommer,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit ;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit !

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies ;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis !

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
For'gather'd 'nce upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure ;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs ;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar ;
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride—nae pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Even wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messan'.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang-syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowkit,
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd awa.

Our Laird gets in his rackèd rents,
His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents;
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Our whipper-in, wee, blastit wonner
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan';
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't eneugh;
A cotter howkin' in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Baring a quarry, an' sic like;
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented:
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But, then, to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk
As I wad by a stinkin' brock.
I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash:
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches?

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched s ane wad think
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided ;
An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side ;
An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak' the bodies unco happy ;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts ;
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins
They bar the door on frosty win's ;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
The luntin' pipe, an' sneeshin' mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' thro' the house, —
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre often play'd.
There's mony a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont fo'k,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha aiblins, thrang a parliamentin',
For Britain's guid his saul indentin' —

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
An' saying aye or no 's they bid him :
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
Or may be, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais tak's a waft,
To mak' a tour, an' tak' a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auid entails ;
Or by Madrid he takes the route,
To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowte ;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles ;
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak' himsel' look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid !—for her destruction
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction !

LUATH.

Hech man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate !
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last !

O would they stay aback frae Courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !

For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
Fient haet o' them 's ill-hearted fellows ;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure ?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It's true they needna starve nor sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their bane,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak' enow themsels to vex them;
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink and wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty:
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.
There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is gentry's life in common.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night :
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ;
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan :
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na men, but dogs ;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd :
Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true's the Deil's in hell
Or Dublin city :
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
's a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty ;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches ;
An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes, kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre :
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel' !
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill.
And todlin' down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker :
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

I there wi' something did for'gather,
That put me in an eerie *awither*;
An' awfu' scythe, *out-owre* ~~me~~ shouter,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three taed leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava;
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

"Guid-e'en," quo' I; "Friend! hae ye been mawin',
When ither folk are busy sawin'?"
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye gaun,
Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe,—*"My name is Death,
But be na fley'd."*—Quoth I, "Guid faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie;
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!"

"Guidman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't:
We'll ease our shanks an' tak' a seat,
Come, gie's your news;
This while ye hae been mony a gate,
A' mony a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread.
An' choke the breath;
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me ;
Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
An' faith, he'll waur me.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan !
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan
An' ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin'
And pouk my hips.

"See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart ;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill,

"'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen
I threw a noble throw at ane ;
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain ;
But-deil-ma-care,
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortify'd the part,
That when I look'd to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock :
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin rock.

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
As soon's he smells 't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells 't.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

"And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles
He's sure to hae :
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C.

"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees ;
True sal-marinum o' the seas ;
The farina of beans and pease,
He has 't in plenty ;
Aqua-fortis, what you please,
He can content ye.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons ;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se* ;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And mony mae."

"Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now,"
Quo' I, "If that thae news be true !
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew
Sae white and bonnie,
Nae doubt they 'll rive it wi' the plew ;
They 'll ruin Johnnie !"

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, "Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak' ye nae fear :
They 'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh
In twa-three year.

"Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap an' pill.

"An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair ;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

"A countra laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An' pays him well
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was laird himsel'.

"A bonnie lass, ye kenn'd her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame:
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

"That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill an' slay,
An's weel paid for't!
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his damn'd dirt:

"But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead's a herrin':
Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin'!"

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak' the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd mysel',
And sae did Death.

THE HOLY FAIR.

"A ROBE of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Eye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion."—HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walk'd forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.



THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin';
The hares were hirplin' down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightsomely I glow'r'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin' up the way;
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes;
Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes:
The third cam' up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
An' tak's me by the hands,
"Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck,
Of a' the ten commands
A screed some day.

V.

"My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is Superstition here,
An' that's Hypocrisy.
I'm gaun to Mauchline holy fair,
To spend an hour in daffin':
Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
We will get famous laughin'
At them this day."

VI.

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't ;
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot ;
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin' !"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready ;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' mony a weary body,
In droves that day.

VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith ;
Gaed hoddin' by their cotters ;
There, swankies young, in braw braid claith,
Are springin' owre the gutters ;
The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter ;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,
An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glow'r black bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry side they're gath'rin',
Some carrying dails, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy bleth'rin'
Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra gentry,
There, Racer Jess, and twa-three wh-res,
Are blinkin' at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck,
An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,
For fun this day.

X.

Here, some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes ;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces ;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day

XI.

O happy is that man an' blest !
Nae wonder that it pride him !
Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin' down beside him !
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him ,
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom,
Unkenn'd that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation :
For Moodie speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' Moodie's face,
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear now he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin' !
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' an' he's jumpin' !
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
Oh, how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plaisters,
On sic a day !

XIV.

But, hark ! the tent has chang'd its voice !
There's peace and rest nae langer :
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger.
Smith opens out his cauld harangues
On practice and on morals ;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs and reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For Pebbles, frae the water fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' God,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While Common-Sense has ta'en the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,
Fast, fast, that day.

XVII.

Wee Miller, neist the guard relieves,
An' orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith! the birkie wants a manse,
So, cannily he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now but an' ben, the change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint-stowp clatters.
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' logic, and wi' scripture,
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on drink! it gi'es us mair
Than either school or college:
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Be't whiskey gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

xx.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent,
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're making observations ;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' forming assignations
To meet some day.

xxi.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin',
An' echoes back return the shouts ;
Black Russell is na spairin':
His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow ;
His talk o' Hell, whare devils dwell ;
Our vera " sauls does harrow " *
Wi' fright that day.

xxii.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fu' o' lowin' brunstane,
Whase ragin' flame, an' scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear
"T was but some neibor snorin'
Asleep that day.

xxiii.

'T wad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How mony stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill,
When they were a' dismiss ;
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches :
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

* *Hamlet* (see Act 1, sc. 5).

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gies them 't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel'
How bonnie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

XXVI.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow and croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

XXVII.

How mony hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane,
As saft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine;
There's some are fou o' brandy;
An' mony jobs that day begin
May end in houghmagandie
Some ither day.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE ORDINATION.

"For sense they little owe to frugal heav'n—
To please the mob they hide the little giv'n."

I.

KILMARNOCK wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha' leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations,
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam' in wi' Maggie Lauder;
But Oliphant aft made her yell,
An' Russell sair misca'd her;
This day Mackinlay tak's the flail,
And he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

III.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger;
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;
Or Zipporah, the scauldin' jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed
And bind him down wi' caution,
That stipend is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion ;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression ;
Especial, rams that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin',
Spare them nae day

VI.

Now auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
Thy horns fu' canty ;
Nae you 'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Thy pasture's scanty ;
I shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' runts o' grace the pick and wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we 'll weep,
To think upon our Zion ;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin' ;
Come, screw the pegs, wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin' ;
Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
An' a' like lamb-tails flyin'
Fu' fast this day !

VIII.

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin :
Our patron, honest man ! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin' ;
And, like a godly, elect bairn,
He's wal'd us out a true ane,
An' sound this day

IX.

Now, Robertson, harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever :
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they 'll think you clever :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Or, nae reflection on your lair,
Ye may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton repair,
And turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

X.

Mutrie, and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones:
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin' baudrons:
And ay' he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons:
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstane squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein' through the city;
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it's unco pretty:
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak' to Jamie Beattie
Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel',
Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions:
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin' onions!
Now there—they're packèd aff to hell,
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O, happy day! rejoice!
Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demur 'ecoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys,
That Heresy can torture:
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
And cove her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,
To every New Light mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion :
If mair they deave us with their din,
Or patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labour plies !
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy sons, Edina ! social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail ;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale ;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim ;
And never may their sources fail !
And never envy blot their name !

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn.
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Fair Burn - strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes ! had their royal home :
Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
Their royal name low in the dust !
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !
Tho' rigid law cries out, " 'T was just ! "

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, my sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led !

VIII.

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr 't stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn-bush
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wil!-whistling o'er the hill
Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field—
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the pane' ric close,
With all the venal soul or dedicating prose?
No! tho' his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward!
Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The god-like bliss, to give, alone excels.

'T was when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potato-bings are snuggèd up frae skaith
O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toils,
Unnumber'd buds, an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piler
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.

'T was in that season, when a simple bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about :
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate ;
[Or penitential pangs for former sins,
Led him to rove by quondam Merran Dins ;]
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out, he knew not where nor why)
The drowsy Dungeon clock had number'd two,
And Wallace tow'r had sworn the fact was true :
The tide-swoll'n Firth, wi' sullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e :
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings he heard ;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the gos drives on the wheeling hare ;
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers :
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owe the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face :
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
N'ew Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guid e'en :

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na', frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheepshan!
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank !
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith, that date I doubt ye'll never see ;
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;
Will your poor narrow footpath of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet—
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time ?
There's men o' taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream,
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !—
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfain,
I'll be a brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn !
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continu'd a'-day rains,
Wi' deep'ning deluges o'erflow the plains :
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthened tumbling sea—
Then down ye'll hurl (deil nor ye never rise!)
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say o't!
The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;
Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;
Or cuifs of later times wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection!
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy Proveses, and mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay,
Ye dainty Deacons and ye douce Conveeners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners!
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers;
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration ;
And, agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story !
Nae langer thrifty citizens an' douse,
Meet owre a pint, or in the council-house ;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country ;
Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d——d new
Brigs and Harbours !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,
[That's ay a string auld doytet Grey-beards harp on,
A topic for their peevishness to carp on]
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd :
To liken them to your auld warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal ;
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;
[Nae difference but bulkiest or tallest,
With comfortable Dulness in for ballast ;
Nor shoals nor currents need a Pilot's caution,
For regularly slow, they only witness motion.]
Men wha grew wise prigg'in' owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins,
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them wi' a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense for once betrayed them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell ; but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Adown the glitt'ring stream they featly danc'd ;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd .
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet ;
While ards of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung,—
O had M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heav'nly band engage,
When thro' his dear strathspeys they bore with Highland rage,
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The genius of the stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowring horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn ;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd rocks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide ;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair :
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode :
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of death ;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wrath

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING
SALUTATION TO HIS

AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIP OF CORN TO HANSEL
IN THE NEW YEAR.

A GUID New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gae'd like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonny grey:
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year.
Sin' thou was my guid-father's meere:
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie!
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd i' muckle pride,
When we bure hame my bonnie bride:
An' sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart I could hae bragget wide,
For sic a pair.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hohle,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win' !
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far, behin' !

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
An' tak' the road !
Town's bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow :
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed ;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma' droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle :
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
In guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, and fech't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and pow'r,
'Till spritty knes wad rair't and risket.
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer ;
I kenn'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or sinimer.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

In cart or car thou never reestit ;
The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it ;
Thou never lap, and stent', and breastit,
Then stood to blaw ;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a' ;
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst :
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Mony a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought !
An' mony an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat !
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin'
An' thy auld days may end in starvin'
For my last fow,
A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN, ON HIS TEXT,

"And they shall go forth, and grow up like CALVES of the stall."
Malachi iv. 2.

RIGHT, Sir ! your text I'll prove it true,
Though Heretics may laugh ;
For instance ; there's yoursel' just now,
God knows, an unco Calf !

And should some patron be so kind
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find
Ye're still as great a Stirk.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenl^y power,
You e'er should be a Stot !

Tho', when some kind, connubial dear
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns.

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the Nowte.

And when ye're numbered wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous Bullock !"

THE TWA HERDS:

OR, THE HOLY TULZIE.

"Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war."—Pope.

O' a' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes ?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast,
These five and twenty simmers past,
O ! dool to tell,
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel'.

O, Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle,
And think it fine :
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
Sin' I hae min'.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O, sirs ! whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respectit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves electit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank ?
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,
He let them taste.
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank,—
O sic a feast !

The thummart, willcat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale,
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
Owre a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-Light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin ;
Could shake them owre the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa—O ! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
An' names, like "villain," "hypocrite,"
Ilk ither gi'en,
While New-Light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither's liein' !

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's Duncan, deep, and Peebles, shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, het and cauld,
Till they agree.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Consider, sirs, how we're beset ;
There's scarce a new herd that we get
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
I winna name ;
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
And that cunn'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
And baith the Shaws,
That aft hae made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought aye death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats amang oursel',
There's Smith for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
And that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come, join your counsel and your skills
To cower the lairds,
And get the brutes the powers themsel's
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France :
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
And guid M'Math,
Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin'-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.
There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and e'ed the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' boast-provoking smeeke,
 The auld clay biggin';
An' heard the rest'less rattons squeak
 About the riggin'.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 And done naething,
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' clerkit
 My cash account:
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, Blockhead! cool!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
 Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the sneck did draw:
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
 Come full in sight.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
I glow'r'd as eerie's I'd been ducht
In some wild glen ;
When sweet, like mod' & worth, she blusht,
And stepp'd ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs,
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token :
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace"
Was strongly mark'd in her face ;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her ;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
'Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
And such a leg ! my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it,
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand ;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
There, mountains to the skies were tost :
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam ;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods ;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds :
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore ;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head :
Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern ;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 With features stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows ;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their Southron foes.

His Country's Saviour, mark him well !
Bold Richardton's heroic swell ;
The chief on Sark who glorious fell,
 In high command ;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

There, where a scepter'd Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
 In colours strong ;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
 They strode along.

Thro' many a wild romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love,)
 In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe
The learned sire and son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw ;
 That, to adore.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Brydone's brave ward I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye :
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
Where many a patriot name on high
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

WITH musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heav'nly seeming Fair ;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
 She did me greet.

"All hail ! my own inspirèd bard !
In me thy native Muse regard ;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low !
I come to give thee such reward
 As we bestow.

"Know, the great genius of this land
Has many a light, ærial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
 Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share ;
Some fire the soldier on to dare :
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
 Corruption's heart :
Some teach the bard—a darling care—
 The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, arden indling spirits, pour ;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
 They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot lore,
 And grace the hand.

"And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild, poetic rage,
 In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

"Hence Fullarton, the brave and young ;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue ;
Hence sweet, harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel lays'
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
The artisan ;
All choose, as various they're inclin'd
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein :
Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage-skill ;
And some instruct the shepherd train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the lover's harmless wile ;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile ;
Some soothe the labourer's weary toil
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains

"Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard ;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name,
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r :
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays,
Of other times.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar ;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

"Or when the deep green-mantl'd earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild, send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven ;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends ;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow ;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art ;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

" Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

" Then never murmur nor repine ;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine :
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine—
A rustic Bard.

" To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect ;
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

" And wear thou this,"—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head :
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh ;
O life ! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !
Dim, backward, as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro'
Too justly I may fear !
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

II.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward :
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same ;
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

III.

How blest the solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well !
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream ;
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As, wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part ;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art :
But, ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys
Which I too keenly taste,
The solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest !
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here
At perfidy ingrate !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

v.

O ! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown !
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own !
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish !
The losses, the crosses,
That active men engage !
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age !

THE INVENTORY.

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I ha'e four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle.
My lan'-afore's a gude auld *has-been*,
An' wight an' 'fu' a' his day's been.
My lan'-ahi veel gaun fillie,
That aft ha'ae me hame *Killie*,
An' your auld burro' mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime—
But ance, whan in my wooing pride,
I, like a blockhead boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(L—d pardon a' my sins, an' that too !)
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
My fur ahin's a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie !
Forbye a cowte, o' cowte's the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

If he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.—

Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new ;
An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken ;
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys
Run-deils for rantin' an' for noise ;
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other.
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
An' aften labour them completely ;
An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the question targe them tightly,
Till, faith, wee Davoc's turn'd sae gleg,
Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as ony in the dwelling.—

I've nane in female serving station,
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation !)
I ha'e nae wife, and that my bliss is,
An' ye ha'e laid nae tax on misses ;
An' then if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the deevils darena touch me.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heav'n sent me ane mair than I wanted.
My sor.sie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddy in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace ;
But her, my bonnie sweet wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already,
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
B' the L—d ! ye'se get them a' thegither

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin' ;
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ;
Thro' dirt an' dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;
My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The kirk and you may tak' you that,
It puts but little in your pat ;
Sae dinna put me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list, wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under noted ;
Then know a' ye whom it concerns,

Subscripsi huic

ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, February 22, 1786.

VERSES ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me !
Our billie's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin' core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar
In social key ;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea !

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
An' in their dear petitions place him :
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea !

O fortune, they hae room to grumble !
Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle
Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble,
And been nae plea ;
But he was gleg as the wumble,
That's owre the sea !

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear ;
'T will mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee ;
He was her laureate monie a year,
That's owre the sea !

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

He saw misfortune's cauld nor'-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
So, took a berth afore the mast,
 An' owre the sea.

So tremble under fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree ;
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
 An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding :
 He dealt it free :
The muse was a' that he took pride in
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel ;
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
 And fu' o' glee ;
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil
 That's owre the sea.

Fareweel my rhyme-composing billie !
Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnilie !
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie
 Tho' owre the sea !

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET, AT CHURCH.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie !
Your impudence protects you sairly :
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace ;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar' rasset squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fair'rils, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and grey as ony grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie!
How daur ye do't?

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin'!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion!
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

THE COURT OF EQUITY

[As Printed in Aitken's Aldine Edition, 1893.]

In Truth and Honor's name. Amen.
Know all men by these presents plain,
This twalt o' May at Mauchline given;
The year' tween eighty-five an' seven;
We (all marauders) by profession,
As per extractum from each Session;
In way and manner here narrated,
Pro bono Amor congregated;
And by our Brethren constituted,
A Court of Equity deputed:
With special authoris'd direction,
To take beneath our strict protection
The stays out-bursting, quondam maiden,
With growing life and anguish laden,
That by the rascal is deny'd
Who led her thoughtless steps aside;
He who disowns the ruin'd fair one,
And for her wants and woes does care none;
The wretch that can refuse assistance
To those whom he has given existence;
The knave who takes a private stroke
Beneath his sanctimonious cloak!
The coof who stan's on clishmaclavers
When lasses hafflins offer favors;
All who in any way or manner
Distain the (bold marauder's) honor,
We take cognizance there anent,
The proper judges competent
First, Poet Burns, he takes the Chair;
Allow'd by a', his title's fair;
And past *nem. con.* without dissension,
He has a duplicate pretension.
The second, Smith, our worthy Fiscal,
To cow each pertinacious rascal:
In this, as ev'ry other state,
His merit is conspicuous great.
Richmond, the third, our trusty Clerk,
Our minutes regular to mark;
And sit dispenser of the law
In absence of the former twa.
The fourth our messenger-at-arms,
When failing all the milder terms,

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Hunter, a hearty, willing Brother,
Weel skill'd in dead an' living leather.
Without preamble, less or more said,
We body politic aforesaid,
With legal, due whereas, and wherefore,
We are appointed here to care for
The interests of our Constituents,
And punish contravening truants,

* * * *

Then Brown an' Dow above-design'd
For clags an' clauses there subjoin'd,
We, Court aforesaid, cite and summon,
That on the fourth o' June in comin',
The hour o' Cause, in our Court ha'
At Whitefoord's Arms, ye answer Law.
But, as reluctantly we punish,
An' rather mildly would admonish :
Since better punishment prevented
Than obstinacy sair repented ;
Then, for that ancient secret's sake
You have the honor to partake ;
An' for that noble ladge you wear,
You, Sandie Dow, our Brother dear,
We give you as a man and mason,
This private, sober, friendly lesson.
Your crime, a manly deed we view it,
A man alone can only do it ;
But, in denial persevering,
Is to a scoundrel's name adhering.

* * * *

To tell the truth 's a manly lesson,
An' doubly proper in a Mason.

* * * *

This, our *futurum est* Decreet,
We mean it not to keep a secret ;
But in our summons here insert it,
And whoso dares may controvert it,
This, mark'd before the date and place is ;
Subsignum est per Burns the Preses.

(L.S.) B. . .

This summons and the Signet mark
Extractum est, per Richmond, Clerk,

R. . . d.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

At Mauchline, twenty-fifth of May,
About the twalt hour o' the day,
You twa, in *propria persona*,
Before design'd Sandie and Johnnie,
This summons legally have got,
As *vide* Witness under-wrote ;
Within the house of John Dove, Vintner,
Nunc facio hoc—Guillelmus Hunter.

THE FAREWELL.

"The valiant in himself, what can he suffer !
Or what does he regard his single woes ?
But when, alas ! he multiplies himself,
To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
To helpless children ! then, O then ! he feels
The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,
And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
Such, such am I ! unloose !"

THOMSON'S *Edward and Elzener*.

I.

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
Far dearer than the torrid plains,
Where rich ananas blow !
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear !
A brother's sigh ! a sister's tear !
My Jean's heart-rending throe !
Farewell, my Bess ! tho' thou'rt bereft
Of my parental care ;
A faithful brother I have left,
My part in him thou'lt share !
Adieu, too, to you too,
My Smith, my bosom frien' ;
When kindly you mind me,
O then befriend my Jean !

II.

What bursting anguish tears my heart !
From thee, my Jeannie, must I part !
Thou, weeping answ'rest, "No !"
Alas ! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace,
I, for thy sake, must go !
Thee, Hamilton and Aiken dear,
A grateful, warm adieu !
I, with a much-indebted tear,
Shall still remember you !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

All-hail then, the gale then,
Wafts me from thee, dear shore !
It rustles and whistles—
I'll never see thee more !

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,
OR THE
RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye together ;
The rigid righteous is a fool,
The rigid wise anither ;
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May has some pyles o' caff in ;
So be'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON.—*Eccles.* ch. vii. ver. 16

I.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neibours' fauts and folly !
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happier's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals ;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What mak's the mighty differ ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin'.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gi'es now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop :
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco lee-way.

V.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown,
Debauchery and drinking :
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Immolation of expenses !

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gi'e poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases ;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it ,
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 't is He alone
Decidedly can try us ;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

NATURE'S LAW.

A POEM,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

"Great nature spoke, observant man obeyed."—POPE.

I.

LET other heroes boast their scars,
The marks of sturt and strife ;
And other poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life :
Shame fa' the fun, wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber !
I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number.

II.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
"Go on, ye human race !
This lower world I you resign ;
Be fruitful and increase.
The liquid fire of strong desire
I've pour'd it in each bosom ;
Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
And there, is beauty's blossom !"

III.

The hero of these artless strains,
A lowly bard was he,
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains,
With mickle mirth an' glee ;
Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current ;
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

IV.

He felt the powerful, high behest,
Thrill, vital, thro' and thro' ;
And sought a correspondent breast,
To give obedience due :
Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs
From mildews of abortion ;
And lo ! the bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

v.

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another Burns,
With future rhymes, an' other times,
To emulate his sire ;
To sing auld Coil in nobler style,
With more poetic fire.

vi.

Ye powers of peace, and peaceful song,
Look down with gracious eyes ;
And bless auld Coila, large and long,
With multiplying joys ;
Lang may she stand to prop the land,
The flow'r of ancient nations ;
And Burnses spring, her fame to sing,
To endless generations !

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"Dearest of distillation ! last and best !
—— How art thou lost ! ——"

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !
Your honours' heart wi' grief 't wad pierce,
To see her sittin' on her ——
Low i' the dust,
An' scriechin' out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust !

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On aqua-vitæ ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction.
An' move their pity.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier youth,
The honest, open, naked truth :
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble :
The muckle deevil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' glooin' ?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb !
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant them :
If honestly they canna coon
Far better than them.

In gath'rin' votes you were a slack ;
Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw ;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle,
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whissle ;
An' d-mn'd excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin' a stell,
Triumphant crushin' 't like a mussel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,—
A blackguard smuggler right behind her,
An' cheek-for-chow a chuffie vintner,
Colleaguin join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves ?

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire an' out o' sight !
But could I like Montgomeries fight,
Or gab like Boswell,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

THE POLITICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

God bless your honours, can ye see 't,
The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
We winna bear it ?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To mak' harangues ;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I 'se warran' ;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran ;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
The Laird o' Graham ;
An' ane, a chap that 's d—mn'd auldtarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ;
True Campbells, Frederick, an' Ilay ;
An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie ;
An' mony ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Thee, Sodger Hugh, my watchman stented,
If bardies e'er are represented ;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend your hand :
But when there 's ought to say anent it,
Ye 're at a stand.

Arouse, my boys ; exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle ;
Or, faith ! I 'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang,
She 'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
Anither sang.

This while she 's been in crankous mood,
Her lost militia fir'd her bluid ;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,)
Play'd her that pliskie !
A' now she 's like to rin red-wud
About her whiskey.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till 't,
Her stannan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
 She'll tak' the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
 I' th' first she meets !

For G—d's sake, sirs ! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle House repair,
 Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,
 To get remead.

Yon ill-tengu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks ;
But gie him 't het, my hearty cocks !
 E'en cove the caddie !
An' send him to his dicing box
 An' sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's,
 Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
 Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
 The coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
She's just a devil wi' a rung ;
An' if she promise auld or young
 To tak' their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
May still your mither's heart support ye ;
Then, though a minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an hearty,
 Before his face.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

God bless your honours a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
 That haunt St. Jamie's !
Your humble poet sings and prays
 While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise ;
Their lot au'd Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born, martial boys,
 Tak' aff their whiskey.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms ;
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burthen on their shoulder ;
They downa bide the stink o' pouter ;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
 To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throu'ther,
 To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
 An' there's the foe ;
He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
Death comes—wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him ;
 An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
 In faint huzzas !

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raice a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
 In clime an' season ;
But tell me whiskey's name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither !
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam ;
Freedom and whiskey gang thegither !—
Tak' aff your dram !

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786.

I.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

II.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet,
The purpling east.

III.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

IV.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield ;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

V.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the "share" uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VI.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

VII.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskillful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er !

VIII.

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

IX.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

TO MISS CRUIKSHANK,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Written on the blank leaf of a book, presented to her by the author.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming in thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r !
Never Borer's hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights !
Never, never reptile thief,
Riot on thy virgin leaf !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Nor even Sol too fiercely view,
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!
May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem:
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

LAMENT FOR JAMES,

EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

I.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream,
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

II.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleachèd white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes along:—

III.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

IV.

"I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain :
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane :
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bl - n ;
But I maun lie bef - e the storr
And ithers plant them in my room.

V.

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown ;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown :
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

VI.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs !)
My noble master lies in clay ;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride—his country's stay—
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

VII.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
The voice of woe and wild despair ;
Awake ! resound thy latest lay—
Then sleep in silence evermair !
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom

VIII.

"In poverty's low, barren vale
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round ;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found :
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IX.

"Oh! why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen grey with time;
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!—
Oh! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

X.

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,
NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which mak's thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
's a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave
And never miss't

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen !
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
'Till, crash ! the cruel coultter past
Out thro' thy cell.
That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou 's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch could !
But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promis'd joy.
Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

**THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS
ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.**

THOU' s welcome, wean ! mischanter fa' me,
If ought of thee, or yet thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tyta or daddy.
Wee image of my bonnie Betty,
I, fatherly, will kiss and daut thee,
As dear an' near my heart I set thee
Wi' as guid will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That's out o' h-ll.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
An' tease my name in kintra clatter :
The mair they talk I'm kenn'd the better,
E'en let them clash !
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gi'e ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
My funny toil is now a' tint,
Sin' thou cam' to the warld asklent,
Which fools may scoff at ;
In my last plack thy part's be in't—
The better half o't.

And if thou be what I wad hae thee,
And tak' the counsel I shall gi'e thee,
A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
If thou be spar'd :
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
An' think't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may aye inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,
An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failin's,
'Twill please me mair to hear and see't
Than stockit mailens.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN
LOCH-TURIT,

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunts forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.
Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the clifly brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels :
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave
Scorn at least to be his slave.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason ;
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason.

ON reading, in the public papers, the "Laurate's Ode,"
with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no
sooner dropt asleep than he imagined himself transported to
the birth-day levee ; and in his dreaming fancy made the follow-
ing ADDRESS.—BURNS.

I.

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty !
May Heav'n augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new birth-day ye see,
A humble poet wishes !
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord an' lady;
"God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said ay;
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III.

For me, before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaister;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith ! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spaarges,)
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges ;
But, G-d-sake ! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
An' boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my Liege ! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection ;
An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gi'e her for dissection !
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

IX.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent !
While nobles strive to please ye
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gi'es ye ?
Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak' Diana's pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,
By night or day.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
To mak' a noble aiver ;
So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver :
There, him at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver ;
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,
He was an unco shaver
For mony a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Altho' a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer :
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys o' Peter,
Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trowth ! ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

XIII.

Ye royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
Ye lately come athwart her ;
A glorious galley, stem an' stern,
Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter ;
But first hang out, that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple arm,
An', large upon her quarter
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak' you guid as weel as braw,
An' gi'e you lads a-plenty :
But sneer na British boys awa',
For kings are unco scant ay ;
An' German gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want ay
On ony day.

XV.

God bless you a' ! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautit ;
But ere the course o' life be thro',
It may be bitter sautit :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

An' I hae seen their coggie fu',
That yet hae tarrow'd at it;
But or the day was down, I trow,
The lagger they hae clautit
Fu' clean that day.

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR

"Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself!
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe."—HOMER

I.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-mark'd distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

III.

No idly-feign'd poetic pains
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft-attested Pow'rs above;
The promis'd father's tender name;
These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown!
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

And must I think it?—is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth!
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth,
Her way may lie through rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

VI.

Ye wingèd hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn, that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore harrass'd out with care and grief
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The time, unheeded, sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

X.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !
Scenes never, never, to return !
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn !
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander through
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

VERSES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART.

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear ;
Sweet early object of my youthful vows !
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,—
Friendship ! 't is all cold duty now allows.
And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more,—
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart ;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid :
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young ;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast,
Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF.

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth be pressin';
Remembrance oft may start a tear,
But oh! that tenderness forbear,
Though 't wad my sorrows lessen.
My morning raise sae clear and fair,
I thought sair storms wad never
Bedew the scene; but grief and care
In wildest fury hae made bare
My peace, my hope, for ever!
You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel
For a' the joy I borrow,
In solitude—then, then I feel
I canna to mysel' conceal
My deeply ranklin' sorrow.
Farewell! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken;
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee—
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken!

DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're surnam'd like His Grace;
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tired—and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.
This may do—maun do, sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folks for a wamefu';
For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can glough;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
Sae I shall say, an that's nae flatt'rin',
It's just sic poet, and sic patron.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

The poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him,
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only—he's no just begun yet.

The patron (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant
He downa see a poor man want ;
What's no his ain, he winna tak' it,
What ance he says, he winna break it ;
Ought he can lend, he'll no refus 't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd ;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang :
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature :
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of d-mn-tion ;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth and justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
Abuse a brother to his back ;
Steal thro' a winnock frae a wh-re,
But point the rake thar tak's the door ;
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstone,
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving ;
No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own ;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin' !
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
When vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath ;
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him.
While o'er the harp pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgot my Dedication ;
But when divinity comes 'cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 't was nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to you :
Because (ye need na tak' it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever——
I had amaist said, ever *pray* ;
But that's a word I need na say :
For prayin' I hae little skill o't ;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
But I'll repeat each poor man's pray'r
That kens or hears about you, Sir——

“ May ne'er misfortune's growling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk !
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart
For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
Five bonnie lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows stout an' able

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;
Till his wee curlic John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !”

I will not wind a lang conclusion
Wi' complimentary effusion :
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which pow'rs above prevent)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more ;
For who would humbly serve the poor ?
But by a poor man's hopes in heav'n !
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognise my master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my friend and brother !

ODE TO RUIN.

I.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall !
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all !
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Then low'ring and pouring,
The storm no more I dread ;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,
Oh ! hear a wretch's prayer !
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid
To close this scene of care !
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day ;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay ?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face ;
Enclasp'd, and grasp'd
Within thy cold embrace !

A PRAYER.

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !
If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;
Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me
With passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.
Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good ! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.
Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good ; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURKE

STANZAS.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms!
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms:
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.
Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way:
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for Heav'nly mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heav'nly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran
O Thou great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

A PRAYER,

LEFT, BY THE AUTHOR, AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE
IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
I know Thou wilt me hear,
When, for this scene of peace and love,
I make my prayer sincere.

II.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleased to spare!
To bless his filial little flock,
And show what good men are.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope—their stay—their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush—
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

V.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand—
Guide Thou their steps alway!

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heav'n!

PARAPHRASE OF THE FIRST PSALM

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Walks before his God.

THE man shall flourish like the tree,
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

BUT he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, test
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good before
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH
PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !
Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at Thy command ;
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.
Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.
Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought ;
Again Thou say'st, " Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought !"
Thou layest them with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.
They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night, cut down, it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

A PRAYER

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being ! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.
Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not set
From cruelty or wrath !
Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !
But, if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine !

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD.

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair !
November hirkles o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form ;
And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree
Should shield thee frae the storm.
May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw !
May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother-plant,
And heal her cruel wounds !
But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer-morn :
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.
Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land !

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB,

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

LONG life, my Lord, an' health be yours,
Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors ;
Lord grant nae duddie desperate beggar,
Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
Faith, you and Applecross were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight;
I doubt na! they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water;
Then up amang thae lakes and seas,
They'll mak' what rules and laws they please;
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin';
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them,
Till (God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts directed)
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
May to Patrician rights aspire!
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier o'er the pack vile,
An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance,
To cove the rebel generation,
An' save the honour o' the nation?
They an' be d——d! what right hae they
To meat or sleep, or light o' day?
Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them?
But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear!
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna' say but they do gailies;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
An' tirl the hallions to the birses;
Yet while they're only poind't and herriet,
They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit;
But smash them! crash them a' to spails!
An' rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour;
Let wark an' hunger mak' them sober!
The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsou',
Let them in Drury-lane be lesson'd!
An' if the wives an' dirty brats
E'en thigger at your doors an' yetts,
Flaflan wi' duds an' grey wi' beas',
Frightin' awa your deucks an' geese,
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler,

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back !
Go on, my Lord ! I lang to meet you,
An' in my house at hame to greet you ;
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right han' assign'd your seat
'Tween Herod's hip an' Polycrate,—
Or if you on your station tarrow,
Between Almagro and Pizarro,
A ser't, I'm sure ye're well deservin't ;
An' till ye come—Your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB.

June 1st, Anno Mundi, 5790.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER
BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave ;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the dark'ning air,
And hollow whistl'd in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train ;
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd well,
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'T was Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world —

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

- " My patriot son fills an untimely grave !"
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ;
" Low lies the hand that oft was stretched to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride !
" A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heart-felt sigh !—
" I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;
I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow :
But ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.—
" My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name ?
No ; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.
" And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtues last ;
That distant years may boast of other Blairs !"
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

TO MISS FERRIER,

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

NAE heathen name shall I prefix
Frae Pindus or Parnassus ;
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
Made Homer deep their debtor ;
But, gi'en the body half an e'e,
Nine Ferriers wad done better !

Last day my mind was in a bog,
Down George's Street I staid ;
A creeping, cauld, preeing fog
My very senses daid.

Do what I dought to set her free,
My saul lay in the mire ;
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e—
She took the wing like fire !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you ;
And wish and pray, in rhyme sincere,
A' guid things may attend you.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf !
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief !
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass !
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, thro' thy curs'd restriction.
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
And, for thy potence, vainly wish'd
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee, I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet auld Scotland more.
R. B.—*Kyle.*

REMORSE.

A FRAGMENT.

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison, the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine ;"
But when, to all the evil of misfortune,
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self,"
Or, worser far, the pangs of keen remorse—
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involvèd others,
The young, the innocent, who fondly lovèd us,
Nay, more—that very love their cause of ruin !
Oh, burning hell ! in all thy store of torments,
There's not a keener lash !
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs ;
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace ?
Oh, happy, happy, enviable man !
Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul !

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day!
Sae far I sprach'd up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests;
(Wi' rev'rence be it spoken!)
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships o' the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord!—stand out, my shin!
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son!—
Up higher yet, my bonnet!
An' sic a Lord!—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, oh! for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
An' how he star'd an' stammer'd!
When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpan on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd.

To meet good Stuart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes,
Thinks I, they are but men!
But Burns, my Lord—guid G-d! I doited!
My knees on ane anither knoited,
As faltering I gaed ben!

I sidling shelter'd in a neuk,
An' at his lordship steal't a look,
Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense an' social glee,
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I markèd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn
Henceforth to meet, with unconcern,
 One rank as weel's another ;
Nae honest, worthy man need care,
To meet wi' noble, youthful DAER,
 For he but meets a brother.

**ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
DUNDAS, Esq., OF ARNISTON.**

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks ;
Down foam the rivulets, red with dashing rains ;
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan ;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry-swelling waves !
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad, to your sympathetic scenes I fly ;
Where, to the whistling blast and waters' roar
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear !
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance ey'd, and sway'd her rod ;
She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,
And sunk, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men :
See, from his cavern, grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes ;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry :

Mark ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times ;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way :
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong .
Hark ! injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains :
Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll !
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure,
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

**ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH
OF JOHN M'LEOD, Esq.**

**BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF
THE AUTHOR.**

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms :
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But, cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung :
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no with'ring blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

TO CHLORIS.

'T is Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lour ;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind ;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind !

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part ;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove :
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION,

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd ;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have, a slave ;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MYCH HONOURED FRIEND, MRS. DUNLOP
OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell :
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well !

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray :
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Toiling o'er his little joys :
Hapless bird ! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow ;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

FICKLE FORTUNE.

Though fickle fortune has deceived me,
She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill ;
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
But, if success I must never find,
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

VERSES TO MISS GRAHAM, OF FINTRAY.

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift ;—tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals ;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piet her sanction seals.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF
ROBERT RIDDEL, Esq., OF GLENRIDDEL.

APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood—no more !
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul :
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.
How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes ?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend !
How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?

That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies !
Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe !
And soothe the Virtues weeping on his bier :
The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer,
Is 'n his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.
Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

SONNET ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN
A MORNING WALK.

WRITTEN JANUARY 25TH, 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR.

SING on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain :
See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies !
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER
BENEFIT NIGHT.

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings ;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lip the Rights of Man ;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is, protection,
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our Second Right—but needless, here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'t is decorum—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough, rude man had naughty ways ;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet !—

Now, thank our stars ! these Gothic times are fled,
Now, well-bred men—and ye are all well-bred !—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct, neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'t is dear, dear admiration !
In that blest sphere alone we live and move ;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such a host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms ?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions !
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah ! ça ira ! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VERSES TO JOHN MAXWELL, OF TERRAUGHTY.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwell's vet'ran chief
Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sybil leaf
 This natal morn;
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
 Scarce quite half worn.—

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second night, ye ken, is given
 To ilka Poet)

On thee a tack o' seven times seven
 Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
 Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
 In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
 In social glee,

Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny,
 Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the Deil be daur na steer ye:
Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye;
 For me, shame fa' me,

If niest my heart I dinna wear ye,
 While BURNS they ca' me!

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were kild, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.
The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din:
A'hort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.
By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.
Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posie—"Liberty!"
And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear:
But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!
He sang wi' joy this former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,—
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

**EXTEMPORE ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS
OF THOMSON.**

Dost thou not rise, indignant shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life,
Thy senseless turf adorn?
Helpless, alrne, thou clamb the brae,
Wi' mickle honest toil,
And claught the unfading garland there—
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.
And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted—
Would thou hae Nobles' patronage?
First learn to live without it!
To whom hae much, more shall be given,
Is every great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST, AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the year !
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ,
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

LINES SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, BART.,
OF WHITEFOORD,

WITH "THE LAMENT FOR THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN."

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st, I, the patron, loved ;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we, too, go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

ELEGY ON MISS BURNET, OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in o rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heav'n above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flow'ry shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But, like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
Thou left us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying,
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod—
I'll pay you like my master.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

TUNE—*Up and waur them a'.*

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith,
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie,
But he'll sair them as he sair'd the king,
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

CHORUS.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The Johnstones hae the guidin' o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa.

The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, the country's boast?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark here's Whistlebirk,
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The *Johnstones* hae the guidin' o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa.

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON.

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare,
As ever trode on ain;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And rode through thick and thin;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And wanting even the skin.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest ;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.
Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And the priest he rode her sair ;
And much oppress'd and bruis'd she was,
As priest-rid cattle are, etc., etc.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS
IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

"Should the poor be flattered?"—SHAKESPEARE.

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides !
He's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae us torn !
The ae best fellow e'er was born !
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd !
Ye hills ! near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers !
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers !
Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens !
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin !
Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea ;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
In scented bowrs :
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,

I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maunkies whiddin thro' the glade,
Come, join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;
Ye whistling plover ;
An' mourn ye whirring paitrick brood !—
He's gane for ever.

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake ;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldnicht tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn !

O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe ?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year !
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear
For him that's dead !

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair
In grief thy fallow mantle tear !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare,
The worth we've lost !
Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light !
Mourn, empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright.
My Matthew mourn !
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.
Oh, Henderson ! the man—the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound ?
Like thee, where shall I find another
The world around ?
Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger !—my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man ;
I tell nae common tale o' grief—
For Matthew was a great man.
If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast—
For Matthew was a poor man.
If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart—
For Matthew was a brave man.
If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—
For Matthew was a bright man.
If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man,
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'—
For Matthew was a kind man !

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man,
This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,
This was thy billie, dam, and sire—
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin' sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
May dool and sorrow be his lot!
For Matthew was a rare man.

But now, his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's was a bright one!
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, Heav'nly light, man.

ADAM ARMOUR'S PRAYER.

Gude pity me, because I'm little,
For though I am an elf o' mettle,
And can, like ony wabster's shuttle,
Jink there or here;
Yet scarce as lang 's a guid kail whittle,
I'm unco queer.

And now thou kens our wofu' case,
For Geordie's Jurr we're in disgrace,
Because we stang'd her through the place,
And hurt her spleuchan',
For which we daurna show our face
Within the clachan.

And now we're dern'd in glens and hollows,
And hunted, as was William Wallace,
Wi' constables, those blackguard falkows,
And sogers baith;
But Gude preserve us frae the gallows,
That shamefu' death!

Auld grim black-bearded Geordie's sel',
O shake him o'er the mouth o' hell,

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

There let him hing, and roar, and yell,
 Wi' hideous din,
 And if he offers to rebel,
 Just heave him in.
 When death comes in, wi' glimmering blink,
 And tips auld drucken Nanse the wink,
 May Hornie gie her doup a clink
 Ahint his yett,
 And fill her up wi' brimstone drink
 Red, reeking, het.
 There's Jockie and the hav'rel Jenny,
 Some devils seize them in a hurry,
 And waff them in th' infernal wherry
 Straught through the lake,
 And gi'e their hides a noble curry,
 Wi' oil of aik.
 As for the Jurr, poor worthless body,
 She's got mischief enough already;
 Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy,
 She's suffered sair;
 But may she wintle in a woodie,
 If she wh—e mair.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

WHEN dear Clarinda, matchless fair,
 First struck Sylvander's raptured view,
 He gaz'd, he listened to despair,
 Alas! 't was all he dared to do.
 Love, from Clarinda's heavenly eyes
 Transfix'd his bosom thro' and thro';
 But still in Friendship's guarded guise,
 For more the demon fear'd to do.
 That heart, already more than lost,
 The imp beleaguer'd all *perdue*;
 For frowning Honour kept his post—
 To meet that frown he shrunk to do.
 His pangs the Bard refused to own,
 Tho' half he wish'd Clarinda knew;
 But anguish wrung the unweeting groan—
 Who blames what frantic Pain must do!
 That heart, whose motley follies biend,
 Was sternly still to Honour true:
 To prove Clarinda's fondest friend,
 Was what a lover sure might do!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The Muse his ready quill employed,
No nearer bliss he could pursue;
That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd—
"Send word by Charles how you do!"
The chill behest disarmed his Muse,
Till passion, all impatient, grew:
He wrote, and hinted for excuse,
'T was, 'cause "he'd nothing else to do."
But by those hopes I have above!
And by those faults I dearly rue!
The deed, the boldest mark of love,
For thee, that deed I dare to do!
Oh could the Fates but name the price
Would bless me with your charms and you!
With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice,
If human heart and power could do!
Then take, Clarinda, friendship's hand,
(Friendship, at least, I may avow;)
And lay no more your chill command,—
I'll write, whatever I've to do.

SYLVANDER.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

I.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

II.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis, wild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae :
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang !

IV.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign banda,
And never-ending care.

V.

But as for thee, thou false woman !—
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae !
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor the balm that drops on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

VI.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine !
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

VII.

Oh ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

THE WHISTLE.

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still ruing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This whistle's your challenge—to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, sir, or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

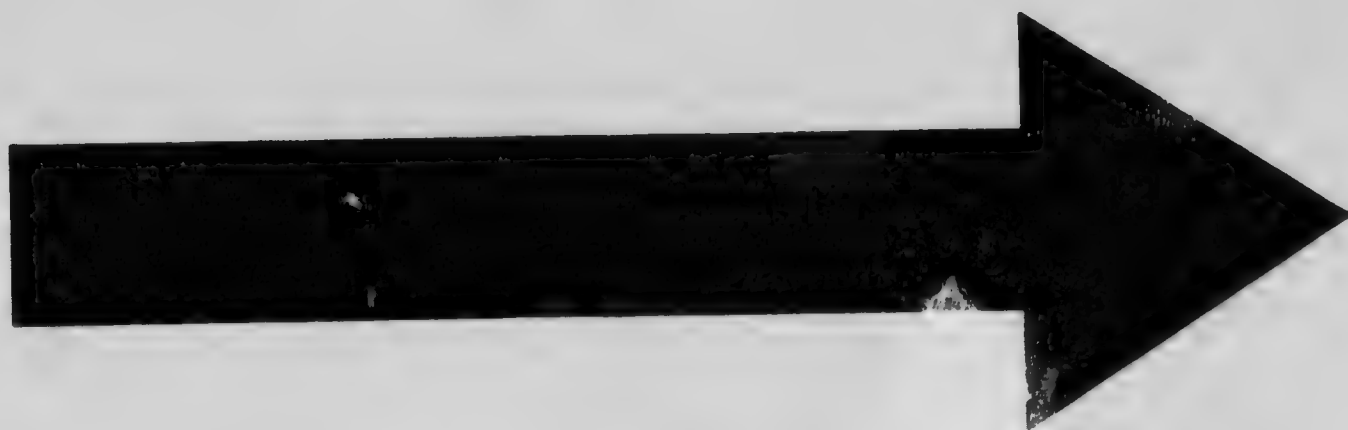
Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

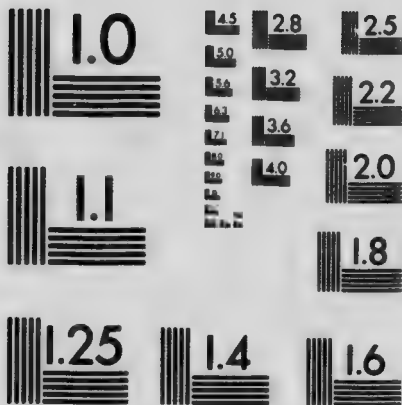
Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, "Toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,"
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
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THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being o'er, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy ;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage ;
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine !
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
But who can with fate and quart-bumpers contend ?
Though fate said—a hero shall perish in light ;
So up rose bright Phœbus,—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink :
“Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink !
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime !

“Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay :
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day !”

THE FIVE CARLINS.

TUNE—*Cherry-Chace.*

I.

THERE were five carlins in the south ;
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town,
To bring them tidings hame.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Not only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there ;
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.

III.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh ;
And Marjory o' the mony lochs,
A carlin auld and teugh.

IV.

And blinkin' Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side ;
And whiskey Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide.

V.

And black Joan, frae Crichton-peel,
O' gipsy kith an' kin ;—
Five wighter carlins were na foun'
The south countrie within.

VI.

To send a lad to London town,
They met upon a day ;
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
Their errand fain wad gae.

VII.

O mony a knight, and mony a laird.
This errand fain wad gae ;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but twae.

VIII.

The first he was a belted knight,
Bred o' a border-clan ;
And he wad gae to London town,
Might nae man him withstan' ;

IX.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say ;
And ilka ane about the Court
Wad bid to him guid-day.

X.

Then niest cam in a sodger youth,
An' spak' wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to London town,
If sae their pleasure was.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XI.

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend ;
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

XII.

Now, wham to chuse, and wham refus',
At strife thir carlins fell ;
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

XIII.

Then out spak' mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak' up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

XIV.

For the auld guidman o' London Court
She dinna care a pin ;
But she wad send a sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

XV.

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow ;
Her ancient weed was russet grey,
Her auld Scots bluid was true.

XVI.

"The London Court set light by me—
I set as light by them ;
And I will send the sodger lad
To shaw that Court the same."

XVII.

Then up sprang Bess of Annandale,
And swore a deadly aith,
Says, "I will send the border-knight,
Spite o' you carlins baith.

XVIII.

"For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain ;
But I hae try'd this border-knight,
An' I'll try him yet again."

XIX.

Then whiskey Jean spak' owre her drink,
"Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' London Court,
His back 's been at the wa'.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XX.

"And mony a friend that kiss'd his caup,
Is now a fremit wight;
But it's ne'er be said o' whiskey Jean,—
I'll send the border-knight."

XXI.

Says black Joan frae Crichton-peel .
A carlin stoor and grim,—
"The auld guidman, an' the young guidman,
For me may sink or swim."

XXII.

"For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh in their sleeve;
But wha blows best the horn shall win,
I'll spier nae courtier's leave."

XXIII.

Sae how this weighty plea may end
Nae mortal wight can tell:
God grant the king, and ilka man,
May look weel to himsel'!

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

Oh, sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever;
For ever—oh no! let not man be a slayer,
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,
Ere the Spoiler had nipt thee in blossom;
When thou shrunk from the scowl of the loud winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh, still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled breath,
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Where suffering no longer can harm ye,
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
And sigh for his life's latest morrow.

• ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT,

DECEMBER 4TH, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better ;
So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes ;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed ;
And last, my Prologue-business slyly hinted.

"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times :
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears,—
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears,
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance ;
Paint Vengeance, as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land ?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying ?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay, more, the world shall know it
And so, your servant ! gloomy Master Poet !

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief ;
I also think—so may I be a bride !
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye ;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five :
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch !
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'd in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:

Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf,
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise!

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE

IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'd'st act a part.

R. B.

THE WOUNDED HARE.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field!
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn;
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

TWAS where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her dark'ning vapour throws.
And cruelty directs the thick'ning blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling Vowels to account.
First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge, he grined *ai*!
Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
The jostling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next, the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assigned.
The cobweb'd Gothic dome resounded, Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!
In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:
So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering, U,
His dear friend and brother scarcely knew!
As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

TO CLARINDA.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses,—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
"The whole of human kind!"
"To those who love us!"—second fill;
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us!—
A third—"to thee and me, love!"

TO THE SAME.

ON THE POET'S LEAVING EDINBURGH.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch wanders to the dreary pole,
So mark'd by the sun.
To what dark frozen night
Shall poor wanderer I be;—
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy?
We part—but, by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.
She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

TO THE SAME.

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face,
My heart was blythe and gay,
Free as the wind, or feather'd race
That hop from spray to spray.
But now dejected I appear,
Clarinda proves unkind;
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
But no relief can find
In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
When I the fair have found;
On every tree appear my verses
That to her praise resound.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
My faithful love disdains,
My vows and tears her scorn excite,
Another happy reigns.
Ah, though my looks betray,
I envy your success ;
Yet love to friendship shall give way,
I cannot wish it less.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED
BY THAT DISORDER.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang ;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance ;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes ;
Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan ;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle !
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup ;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see !
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-ache, surely 'st the o'ell,
Among them a' !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick ;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-ache !

LINES WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,

ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose ?
Igo and ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he south or is he north ?
Igo and ago,
Or drownèd in the river Forth ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies !
Igo and ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis !
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he to Abram's bosom gane ?
Igo and ago,
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Where'er he be, the L—d be near him
Igo and ago,
As for the deil, he daur na steer him !
Iram, coram, dago.
But please transmit the enclosed letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.
So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.
So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation !
Iram, coram, dago.

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS
THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's ;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it :
A chiel's amang you 'akin' notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it !

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
And wow ! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It's ten to one ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save 's ! colleaguin'
 At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
Ye gipsy gang that deal in glamour,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches ;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight b——es !

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled ;
But now he's quat the spurtle blade
 And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
 I think t' call it.

He has a fouth o' auld luck-nackets :
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmount guid ;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Afore the flood.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;
Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender ;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass ;
A broom-stick o' the witch o' Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he 'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg :
The knife that nicked Abel's craig
He 'll prove you fully
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gully.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fr' 'lows wi' him ;
And port, O port ! shine thou a wee,
And then ye 'll see him !

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose !
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose !—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee ;
I 'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee !

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

JANUARY 1ST, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true,
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

I.

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man :
Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man ;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man !
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man :
But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man :
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
Was kept at Boston ha', man ;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man ;
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;
But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hackèd sma', man.

IV.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saragota shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as long's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man ;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man ;
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thraw, man ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man ;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man ;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man ;
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thrav, man,
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man ;
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man !"

VIII.

Behind the throne then Granville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man ;
While sleet Dundas arous'd the class,
Be-north the Roman wa', man :
An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Inspired Bardies saw, man ;)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd "Willie, rise !
"Would I nae fear'd them a', man !"

IX.

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.,
Gowf'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthrons raise, an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man ;
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man ;
An' swear fu' rude, thro' dirt an' bluid
To make it guid in law, man.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

I.

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry ;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary :
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.—

II.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was numbered ;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd.—
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire ;
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p—— in the fire.—

III.

Squire Hal besides had, in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy ;
So, their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.—

IV.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision :
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam.

V.

In your heretic sins may ye live, and die,
Ye heretic eight and thirty !
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

With your Honours and a certain King,
In your servants this is striking—
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

VERSES.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure !
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

LINES ON FERGUSSON.

Ill-fated genius ! Heaven-taught Fergusson !
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
To think life's sun did set ere we! begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career ?
Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow !

EPITAPH ON FERGUSSON.

"No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
'No storied urn nor animated bust';
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate
Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fired,
Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,
And, thankless, starv'd what they so much admired.

This tribute, with a tear, now gives
A brother Bard—he can no more bestow.
But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
A nobler monument than Art can shew.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT,

MONDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1787.

WHEN by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame :
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot ;
What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe ?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song ;
But here an ancient nation fam'd afar,
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, CALEDONIA ! name for ever dear !
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear !
Where every science—every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Is known ; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle, pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught reason's beam ,
Here History paints with elegance and force,
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course ;
Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan,
And Harley rouses all the God in man,
When well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit, unite
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place,)
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here !
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet ;
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name ;
Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

O Thou, dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land !
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire !
May every son be worthy of his sire !
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's, chain

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Still self-dependent in her native state,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

THE HERMIT.

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD, IN THE HERMITAGE BELONGING
TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLE, IN THE WOOD OF ABERFELDY.

WHOE'ER thou art, these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in

 This desert drear ;
That fell remorse a conscience bleeding
 Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours ;
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers ;
For well I saw in halls and towers

 That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
 In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice encrusted ;
I saw that honour's sword was rusted ;
That few for aught but folly lusted ;
That he was still deceived who trusted

 To love or friend ;
And hither came, with men disgusted,
 My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
 I wear away

My life, and in my office holy
 Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing,
The limpid stream!et yonder flowing
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
 My simple food ;

But few enjoy the calm I know in
 This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot than e'er I felt before in
A palace—and with thoughts still soaring
 To God on high,

Each night and morn with voice imploring,
 This wish I sigh :—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

"Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorse's throb, or loose desire;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire—
To God I fly."

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet,
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer;
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care—
If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine!

I HAE BEEN AT CROOKIEDEN.

I HAE been at Crookieden,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Viewing Willie and his men,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
There our foes that burnt and slew,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
There, at last, they gat their due,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
Satan sits in his black neuk,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Breaking sticks to roast the Duke,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
The bloody monster gae a yell,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And loud the laugh gaed round a' hell,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

PASSION'S CRY.

A FRAGMENT.

By all I loved, neglected and forgot,
No friendly face e'er lights my squalid cot;
Shunn'd, hated, wrong'd, unpitied, unredrest,
The mocked quotation of the scorner's jest!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Ev'n the poor support of my wretched life,
Snatched by the violence of legal strife.
Oft grateful for my very daily bread
To those my family's once large bounty fed ;
A welcome inmate at their homely fare,
My griefs, my woes, my sighs, my tears they share ;
(Their vulgar souls unlike the sou's refined,
The fashioned marble of the polished mind !*)

* * * * *

In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear ;
Above the world, on wings of Love, I rise—
I know its worst, and can that worst despise :
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
Montgomery, rich reward, o'er pays them all !
Mild zephyrs waft thee to life's farthest shore,
Nor think of me and my distresses more,—
Falsehood accurst ! No ! still I beg a place,
Still near thy heart some little, little trace ;
For that dear trace the world I would resign :
O let me live, and die, and think it mine !

" I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd cc
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne !"†
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night ;
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose ;
Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquished foes :
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye ;
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly :
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire ;
Love grasps its scorpions—stifed they expire ;
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone :
Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields !

By all on high adoring mortals know !
By all the conscious villain fears below !
By your dear self !—the last great oath I swear—
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear !

* Lines 5 to 12 first printed in Aitken's Ed., 1893.

† See Pope's "Sappho to Phaon."

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

I.

My Lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
Emboldened thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phoebus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-with'ring, waste my foamy stream,
And drink my crystal tide.

II.

The lightly-jumpin', glowrin' trouts,
That through my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;
If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whit'ning sands amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

III.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That, to a bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry :
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me ;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

IV.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes.
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel',
Worth gaun a mile to see.

V.

Would then my noblest master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees
And bonnie spreading bushes.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

VI.

The sober lav'rock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear.
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

VII.

This too, a covert shall insure,
To shield them from the storms ;
And coward maukins sleep secure,
Low in their grassy forms :
The shepherd here shall make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

VIII.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds, with all their wealth,
As empty idle care.
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

IX.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequ'ring thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

X.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool
Their shadows' wat'ry bed !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

XI

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—" Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses !"

LINES WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

**OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN
AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.**

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
"Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scattered, clothe their ample sides ;
Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace, rising on its verdant side ;
The lawns, wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste ;
The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream ;
The village, glitt'ring in the noon-tide beam—

* * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell :
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods ;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire ;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half-reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds.
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds :
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'n-ward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

LINES WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods,
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds,
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear astonish'd, rends.
Dim seen through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding fours.
Still, thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * *

POETICAL ADDRESS TO WILLIAM TYTLER, Esq.

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,—
A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.
Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.
My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne ;
My fathers have fallen to right it ;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.
Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine ;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem ;
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 't was as lucky for them.

But, loyalty, truce ! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter !
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care :
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night ;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

LINES

WRITTEN IN FRIAR'S-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON THE BANKS OF NITH.

FIRST VERSION.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul :—
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Day, how rapid in its flight—
Day, how few must see the night ;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor gleam ;
Fame an idle restless dream ;
Pleasures, insects on the wing
Round Peace, the tend'rest flower of Spring
'Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own ;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts—save the flower.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS,

For the future be prepar'd,
Guard whatever thou can'st guard ;
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou can'st not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their consequence thy care :
Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence, with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art ;
Keep His goodness still in view,
Thy Trust—and thy Example, too.
Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide ;
Quoth the Beadsman of Nithside.

WRITTEN IN FRIAR'S-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITHSIDE.

SECOND VERSION.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.
As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning-star advance,
Pleasure, with her siren air,
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.
As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
As Life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease,
There, ruminate with sober thought ;
On all thou 'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not—Art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Wast thou cottager or king ?
Peer or peasant ?—no such thing !
Did many talents gild thy span ?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
Say, "To be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid Self-enjoyment lies ;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base."

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break.
'Till future life--future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before !

Stranger, go ! Heav'n be thy guide !
Quoth the Beadsman of Nithside.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, OF GLENRIDDEL

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through,
Sir,
With little admiring or blaming ;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir ;
But of *meet* or *unmeet* in a *fabric complete*,
I boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.
My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet ;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it !

STANZAS ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story ?
His forbears' virtues all contrasted—
The very name of Douglas blasted—
His that inverted glory.
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore ;
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt ;
Follies and crimes have stained the name
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt.

THE RUINED MAID'S LAMENT.

(AS RE-WRITTEN BY WM. MOTHERWELL.)

OH meikle do I rue, fause love,
Oh sairly do I rue,
That e'er I heard your flattering tongue
That e'er your face I knew.
Oh I hae tint my rosy cheeks,
Likewise my waist sae sma' ;
And I hae lost my lightsome heart
That little wist a fa'.
Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
O' mony a saucy quean ;
When, gin the truth were a' but kent,
Her life's been waur than mine.
Whene'er my father thinks on me,
He stares into the wa' ;
My mither, she has ta'en the bed
Wi' thinkin' on my fa'.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
My heart wad burst wi' pain ;
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain.

Alas ! sae sweet a tree as love
Sic bitter fruit should bear !
Alas ! that e'er a bonnie face
Should draw a sauty tear !

But Heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got ;
Or leaves the painfu' lass he lov'd
To wear a ragged coat.

LINES

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER,
AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And, faith, to me 'twas really new !
How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted ?
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted
To ken what French mischief was brewin' ;
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin' ;
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks ;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt :
If Denmark, any body spak' o't ;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't ;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin' ;
How libbel Italy was singin' ;
If Spaniards, Portuguese, or Swiss
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss :
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's Court, kept up the game :
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him !
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;
If sleekit Chathan Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin' ;
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpeners, bawds, and opera girls;
If that dait buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails;
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser.—
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

ELLISLAND, *Monday Morning*, 1790.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A SKETCH.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain;
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf, as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me a-moralizing:
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight, deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever!"
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight:
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as Heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woeful night.—

Since then, my honor'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us th' important *now* employ,
And live as those who never die.
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight, life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight, pale Envy to convulse,)
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

SCOT'S PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend like whiskey, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
Would shew the tragic muse in a' her glory.
Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless 'ell?
Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword,
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless, Scottish Queen !
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman :
A woman—tho' the phrase may seem uncivil—
As able and as wicked as the Devil !
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age :
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads !

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the muses' servants by the hand ;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them ;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say the folks hae done their best !
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caition
Ye 'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back !
For us and for our stage should ony spier,
" Whase aught thae chiels mak's a' this bustle here ? "
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you !
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before ye strike.—
And gratefu' still I h— ye 'll ever find us,
For a' the patronag— meikle kindness
We've got frae a' p— ions, sets an' thanks :
God help us ! we're out poor—ye 'se get but thanks.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW YEAR'S-DAY
EVENING, 1790.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity :
Tho', by-the-bye, abroad why will you roam ?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home :
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new-year !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story.
The sage, grave, ancient, cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day."
If wiser, too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 't would be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—"think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flushed with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye faithful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak, endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq.

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth
As I this trifle send!
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem.

TO THE SAME.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair !
O, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

For Lord or Kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born !
But oh ! prodigious to reflect !
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck !
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place !
Of what enjoyments thou has rest us !
In what a pickle thou hast left us !

The Spanish empire's tint a-head,
An' my auld toothless Bawtie's dead ;
The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
And our guid wife's wee birdie cocks ;
The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil :
The tither's something dour o' treadin'
But better stuff ne'er clav'd a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupit,
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
An' gied you a' baith gear an meal ;
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck !—

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een,
For some o' you ha'e tint a frien' ;
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en,
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gie again.

Observe the very nowte an' sheep,
How dowff and dowie now they creep ;
Nay, even the yirth itse' cries cry,
For Embrugh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn !
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care,
Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, half-shackl'd Regent,

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But, like himsel', a full, free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man !
As muckle better as you can.

January 1st, 1789.

ODE SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. OSWALD.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation ! mark
Who in widow-weed appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse !

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace ?
Note that eye, 't is rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See these hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest.
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest—
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest !

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(Awhile forbear, ye tort'ring fiends ;)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends ?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies ;
'T is thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hellward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year ?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here ?
O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n !
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

SKETCH

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite ;
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white ;
How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction —
I sing : if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle !
But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits ;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right ;—
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man ! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks ;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil ;
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours ;
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him ;
Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd him ;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe ;
Have you found this, or t' other ? there's more in the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
Whose rhymes you 'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign to peruse ;
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels ?
My much-honoured Patron, believe your poor poet,
Your courage, much more than your prudence, you show it
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
He 'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle ;
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal them,
He 'd up the back-stairs, and by G—d he would steal 'em ;
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em ;
It is not, out-do-him—the task is, out-thieve him !

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,
For the lands of Virginia, ginia O :
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more ;
And, alas ! I am weary, weary O :
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more ;
And, alas ! I am weary, weary O.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, ginia O :
There streams for ever flow, and the flowers for ever blow,
And, alas ! I am weary, weary O :
There streams for ever flow, and the flowers for ever blow,
And, alas ! I am weary, weary O.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, ginia O ;
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And, alas ! I am weary, weary O :
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And, alas ! I am weary, weary O.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE,

ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET, THAT A GIRL IN THAT PART OF
THE COUNTRY WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a' ;
Some people tell me gin I fa',
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
And winna say o'er far for thrice,
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest,
But now a rumour's like to rise,
A whaup's i' the nest.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX.

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him;
Nor anxious fear, nor canker care,
E'er mair come near him.
To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
Except the moment that they crush't him:
For sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em,
Tho' e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em,
And thought it sport.
Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak' a man;
But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him than!

WILLIE CHALMERS.

MR. W. CHALMERS, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his *Dulcinea*. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows (R. B.):—

MADAM,—

I.

Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
And eke a braw new brechan,
My Pegasus I'm got astride,
And up Parnassus pechin;
Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush:
The doited beastie stammers;
Then up he gets, and off he sets,
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name
May cost a pair o' blushes ;
I am nae stranger to your fame,
Nor his warm-urgèd wishes.
Your bonnie face sae mild and sweet
His honest heart enamours,
And faith ye 'll no be lost a whit,
Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers.

III.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
And Honour safely back her,
And Modesty assume your air,
And ne'er a ane mistak' her :
And sic twa love-inspiring e'en
Might fire even holy palmers ;
Nae wonder then they've fatal been
To honest Willie Chalmers.

IV.

I doubt nae Fortune may you shore
Some mim-mou'd pouter'd priestie,
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
And band upon his breastie :
But oh ! what signifies to you
His lexicons and grammars :
The feeling heart 's the royal blue,
And that 's wi' Willie Chalmers.

V.

Some gapin', glowrin', countra laird,
May warsle for your favour ;
May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
And hoast up some palaver.
My bonny maid, before ye wed
Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

VI.

Forgive the Bard ! my fond regard
For ane that shares my bosom
Inspires my muse to gie'm his dues,
For de'il a hair I roose him.
May powers aboon unite you soon,
And fructify your amours,—
And every year come in mair dear
To you and Willie Chalmers.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE,

SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b—h,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin's bauld,
I didna suffer ha'f sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouse
I gie the dames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse,
An' jag-the-flae.

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life wi' grief,
An' bluidy rants,
An' yet he's rank'd among the chief
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet.
An' snugly sit among the saunts
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upon anither plan,
Than garrin' lasses cawp the cran
Clean heels owre body,
And sairly thole their mither's ban
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for sport,
How I did wi' the Session sort,—
Auld Clinkum at the inner port
Cry'd three times—"Robin!
Come hither, lad, an' answer for't,
Ye're blamed for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I pat a Sunday's face on,
An' snoov'd awa' before the Session;
I made an open fair confession—
I scorn'd to lie;
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

A fornicator-loun he call'd me,
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
"But, what the matter?
(Quo' I) I fear unless ye geld me,
I'll ne'er be better!"
"Geld you! (quo' he) an' what for no?
If that your right hand, leg, or toe
Should ever prove your spiritual foe,
You should remember
To cut it aff—an' what for no
Your dearest member!"
"Na, na (quo' I), I'm no for that,
Gelding's nae better than 't is ca't;
I'd rather suffer for my faut,
A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw 't,
Tho' I should rue it.
"Or, gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a'—I've just ae ither—
When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gie her 't a' thegither
An' let her guide it."
But, sir, this pleas'd them warst of a',
And, therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said "Guid night," an' cam awa',
An' left the Session;
I saw they were resolvèd a'
On my oppression.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.
Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng?
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

THE POET'S PROGRESS.

A POEM IN EMBRYO.

THOU Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The peopled fold thy kindly care have found,
The horned bull, tremendous, spurns the ground;
The lordly lion has enough and more,
The forest trembles at his very roar;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
The puny wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power:
Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure:
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog, in their robes, are snug
E'en silly women have defensive arts,
Their eyes, their tongues—and nameless other parts
But O thou cruel stepmother, and hard,
To thy poor fenceless, naked child, the Bard!
A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still:
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn :
No nerves olfact'ry, true to Mammon's foot,
Or grunting, grub sagacious, evil's root :
The silly sheep that wanders wild astray,
Is not more friendless, is not more a prey ;
Vampyre-booksellers drain him to the heart,
And viper-critics cureless venom dart.

Critics! appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame,
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes,
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose :
By blockhead's daring into madness stung,
His heart by wanton, causeless malice wrung,
His well-won bays—than life itself more dear—
By miscreants torn who ne'er one sprig must wear ;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounces on thro' life,
Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injur'd page,
He heeds no more the ruthless critics' rage.

So by some hedge the generous steed deceased,
For half-starved, snarling curs a dainty feast ;
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

* * * * *

A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight ;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets :
A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
Learned *Vive la bagatelle ! et Vive l'amour !*
So travelled monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin—nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood ;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood :
His solid sense by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scot's ell ;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

* * * * *

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

* * * Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the brown surtout—the same ;
His grisly beard just bristling in its might—
’T was four long nights and days from shaving-night ;
His uncomb'd, hoary locks, wild-staring thatch'd
A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatched ;
Yet, tho' his caustic wit was biting-rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

* * * * *
O Dulness, portion of the true blest !
Calm, shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
Thy sons ne'er madden in the extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams ;
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober, selfish ease they sip it up ;
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder “some folks” do not starve !
The grave, sage heron thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the thread of Hope,
When thro' disastrous night, they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that “fools are Fortune's care” ;
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain ;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring Heaven, or vaulted Hell !

MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd !
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd !
If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd ;
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.
Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but ru'd the rash deed.
We'll sculpture thee, Marbie, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
Wha' once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

Now health forsakes that angel face,
Nae mair my dearie smiles;
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
An a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel Powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak' for thee!
Ye heavens, how great is my despair,
How can I see him die!—

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY,

NOVEMBER 4TH, 1793.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd—
"What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning.
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.
"Now Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal-day!
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn cannot match me."
"Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send ;
(Not moony madness more astray ;)
Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part !
Ah ! why should I such scenes outlive ?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.

AE day, as Death, that grusome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad ;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter ;
Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'rin' at the bitches,
"By G—! I'll not be seen behind them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without at least ae honest man
To grace this damned infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"L—d G—d !" quoth he, "I have it now :
There's just the man I want, i' faith !"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

POEM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal ;
Alake ! alake ! the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin' ! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches !

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it ;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind ;
And while my heart wi' life-blood daunted,
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the Auld year gang out moaning
To see the New come, laden, groaning
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin'
To thee and thine ;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell Death was nearly nicked ;
Grim loun ! he gat me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
 And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll tak' a care o't,
A tentier way :
Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't
For ance and aye !

TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corse,
Lord, man, there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy;
And down the gate, in faith, they're worse,
And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
Till some bit callan bring me news
That you are there ;
And if we dinna hae a bouze
I'se ne'er drink mair.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

It's no I like to sit and swallow,
Then like a swine to puke and wallow;
But gie me just a true good fallow,
Wi' right ingine,
And spunkie ance to make us mellow,
And then we'll shine.

Now, if ye're ane o' warld's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
And sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' you no friendship will I troke,
Nor cheap nor dear

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
Ye hate, as ill's the vera deil,
The flinty heart that canna feel—
Come, Sir, here's tae you.
Hae, there's my haun', I wiss you weel,
And guid be wi' you.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer—
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare.
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend—the Bard.

TO MRS. C—,

ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH MORF'S.

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor!
Though sweetly female every part,
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Does both the sexes honour.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

She show'd her taste refin'd and just
When she selected thee,
Yet deviating, own I must,
For so approving me.
But kind still, I mind still
The giver in the gift,
I'll bless her, and wiss her
A Friend aboon the Lift.

POEM ON LIFE,

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

My honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speer
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it
And fortune favour worth and merit
As they deserve,
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne, wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and fripp'ry deck her;
Oh! flick'ring, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Aye wav'ring like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan.
Watches, like baudrons by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on—
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us 'aft;
Syne weave, unseen, the spider snare
O' hell's damn'd waft.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Poor man, the flie aft bizzes bye,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi' joy
And hellish pleasure ;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.
Soon, heels o'er gowdie, in he gangs,
And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.
But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen,
The Lord preserve us frae the devil !
Amen ! Amen !

THE TORBOLTON LASSES.

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
Ye'll there see bonny Peggy ;
She kens her faither is a laird,
And she forsooth's a leddy.
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune :
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courtin'.
Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
And tak' a look o' Mysie ;
She's dour and din, a deil within,
But aiblins she may please ye.
If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny,
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense—
She kens hersel she's bonny.
As ye gae up by yon hillside,
Speer in for bonny Bessy ;
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye licht,
And handsomely address ye.
There's few sae bonnie, nane sae guid,
In a' King George' dominion ;
If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
It's Bessy's ain opinion.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNAIS.

In Torbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man;
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare 't,
Braid money to tocher them a', man,
To proper young men, he 'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I 'll warrant ye've seen
As bonny a lass or as braw, man;
But for sense and guid taste she 'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa', man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak' this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man,
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa', man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
For mair than a towmond or twa, man;
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get at her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man;
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She steals our affections awa', man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa', man,
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel', but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor hae't in her power to say na, man;
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a crow, man,
I can haud up my head with the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man,
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
'Twa' hundred, as white as the snaw, man
A ten-shilling hat, a Holland cravat ;
There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had frien's weel stockit in means,
To leave me a hundred or twa, man ;
Nae weel-tochered aunts, to wait on their drants
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,
Or claughtin 't together at a', man,
I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
But deevel a shilling I awe, man.

VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE.

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow ?
And whose that eye of fire ?
And whose that generous, princely mien
E'en rooted foes admire ?

Stranger ! to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works inspire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves ;
His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern ;
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye—
It dwells upon Glencairn !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

AH, WOE IS ME, MY MOTHER DEAR

PARAPHRASE OF JEREMIAH, CHAPTER XV., VERSE 10.

AH woe is me, my mother dear !
A man of strife ye've born me :
For sair contention I maun bear ;
They hate, revile, and scorn me.
I ne'er could lend on bill or band,
That five per cent. might blest me ;
And borrowing, on the tither hand,
The deil a ane wad trust me.
Yet I, a coin-denied wight,
By Fortune quite discarded ;
Ye see how I am, day and night,
By lad and lass blackguarded !

THE NIGHT WAS STILL.

A FRAGMENT.

THE night was still, and o'er the hill,
The moon shone on the castle wa' ;
The mavis sang, while dewdrops hang
Around her on the castle wa',
Sae merrily they danced the ring
Frae e'enin' till the cock did crow ;
And ay the o'erword o' the spring
Was Irvine's bairns are bonnie a'.

FRAGMENT ON SENSIBILITY.

RUSTICITY'S ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind ;
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The *good* excuse will find.
Propriety's cold, cautious rules
Warm fervour may o'erlook ;
But spare poor sensibility
Th' ungentle, harsh rebuke.

YOUR FRIENDSHIP.

A FRAGMENT.

YOUR friendship much can make me blest,
O why that bliss destroy !
Why urge the only, one request
You know I will deny !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought ;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I song!

GO ON, SWEET BIRD, AND SOOTHE MY CARE.

A FRAGMENT.

For thee is laughing Nature gay,
For thee she pours the vernal day ;
For me in vain is Nature drest,
While Joy's a stranger to my breast.

FRAGMENT ON MARIA.

How gracefully Maria leads the dance !
She's life itself : I never saw a foot
So nimble and so elegant. It speaks,
And the sweet whispering Poetry it makes
Shames the musician.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

ITHER, seek they ken a' what,
Features, carriage, and a' that ;
Gie me loove, an' I coot
Loove, loove mak's a' the sport.
Let loove sparkle in hee's e'e,
Let her be the man but me ;
That's the richer gude I prize,
There the luv'er's treasure lies.

THE WREN'S NEST.

A FRAGMENT.

THE Robin to the Wren's nest
Cam' keekin in, cam' keekin in ;
O weel's me on your auld pow,
Wad ye be in, wad ye be in ?
Thou's ne'er get leave to lie without,
And I within, and I within,
Sac long's I hae an auld clout
To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

A FRAGMENT.

WILL ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be?

A FRAGMENT.

No cold approach, no altered mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart.

MOTTO PREFIXED TO THE AUTHOR'S FIRST
PUBLICATION.

THE simple Bard, unbroke by rules of art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart;
And if inspired, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
Hers all the melting thrill, and hers the kindling fire.

ON GLENRIDDEL'S FOX BREAKING HIS
CHAIN.

A FRAGMENT.

(These lines are printed in Burns's autograph, in the Glenriddel volume of Poems).

THOU, Liberty, thou art my theme;
Not such as idle poets dream,
Who trick thee up a heathen goddess
That a fantastic cap and rod has;
Such stale conceits are poor and silly;
I paint thee out, a Highland filly,
A sturdy, stubborn, handsome dapple,
As sleek 's a mouse, as round 's an apple,
Thou when thou pleasest can do wonders;
But when thy luckless rider blunders,
Or if thy fancy should demur there,
Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.
These things premised, I sing—a Fox
Was caught among his native rocks,

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

And to a dirty kennel chained,
How he his liberty regained.
Glenriddel ! a Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain,
Could'st thou enslave a free-born creature,
A native denizen of Nature ?
How could'st thou, with a heart so good
(A better ne'er was sluiced with blood),
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee ?
The staunchest Whig Glenriddel was,
Quite frantic in his country's cause ;
And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
And with his brother-Whigs canvassing
The Rights of Men, the Powers of Women,
With all the dignity of Freemen.
Sir Reynard daily heard debates
Of Princes', Kings', and Nations' fates
With many rueful, bloody stories
Of Tyrants, Jacobites, and Tories :
From liberty how angels fell,
That now are galley-slaves in hell ;
How Nimrod first the trade began
Of binding Slavery's chains on Man ;
How fell Semiramis—God damn her !
Did first with sacrilegious hammer
(All ills till then were trivial matters),
For man dethron'd forge henpeck fetters ;
How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
Thought cutting throats was reaping glory,
Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
Taught him great Nature's Magna Charta :
How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd
Resistless o'er a bowing world,
And, kinder than they did desire,
Polish'd mankind with sword and fire ;
With much too tedious to relate,
Of ancient and of modern date,
But ending still, how Billy Pitt
(Unlucky boy !), with wicked wit,
Has gagg'd old Britain, drained her coffer,
As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.
Thus wily Reynard, by degrees,
In kennel listening at his ease,
Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
As much as some folks at a College ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
Her aggrandisement, diminution,
How fortune wrought us good from evil;
Let no man, then, despise the Devil,
As who should say, "I ne'er can need him,"
Since we to scoundrels owe our freedom.

* * * * *

ODE ON THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL.

DAUGHTER of Chaos' doting years,
Nurse of ten thousand hopes and fears,
Whether thy airy, unsubstantial shade
(The rights of sepulture now duly paid)
Spread abroad its hideous form
On the roaring civil storm,
Deafening din and warring rage
Factions wild with factions wage;
Or underground, deep-sunk, profound,
Among the demons of the earth,
With groans that make the mountains shake,
Thou mourn thy ill-starr'd blighted birth;
Or in the uncreated Void,
Where seeds of future being fight,
With lessen'd step thou wander wide
To greet thy mother—Ancient Night,
And as each jarring monster-mass is past,
Fond recollect what once thou wast.

In manner due, beneath this sacred oak,
Hear, Spirit, hear! thy presence I invoke!
By a monarch's heaven-struck fate,
By a disunited State,
By a generous Prince's wrongs,
By a Senate's strife of tongues,
By a Premier's sullen pride,
Louring on the changing tide;
By dread Thurlow's powers to awe—
Rhetoric, blasphemy, and law;
By the turbulent ocean—
A Nation's commotion,
By the harlot-caresses
Of borough addresses,
By days few and evil,
(Thy portion, poor devil!)

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

By Power, Wealth, and Show
 (The gods by men adored),
By nameless Poverty
 (Their hell abhorred),
By all they hope, by all they fear,
 Hear! and appear!

Stare not on me, thou ghastly Power!
Nor, grim with chained defiance, lour:
No Babel-structure would I build
 Where, order exil'd from his native sway,
Confusion may the Regent-sceptre wield,
 While all would rule and none obey:
Go, to the world of man relate
The story of thy sad, eventful fate;
And call presumptuous Hope to hear,
And bid him check his blind career;
And tell the sore-prest sons of Care,
 Never, never to despair!

Pain! Charles's speed on wings of fire,
The object of his fond desire,
Be not his boldest hopes, at hand;
Pain! ... the triumph of the Portland Band;
Mark how they lift the joy-exulting voice,
And how their num'rous creditors rejoice;
But just as hopes to warm enjoyment rise,
Cry Convalescence! and the vision flies.

Then next portray a dark'ning twilight gloom,
 Eclipsing sad a gay, rejoicing morn,
When proud Ambition to th' untimely tomb
 By gnashing, grim, despairing fiends is borne:
Paint Ruin, in the shape of high Dundas
 Gaping with giddy terror o'er the brow;
In vain he struggles, the fates behind him press,
 And clam'rous hell yawns for her prey below.
How fallen that, whose pride late scaled the skies!
And this, like Lucifer, no more to rise!
Again pronounce the powerful word;
See Day, triumphant from the night, restored.
Then know this truth, ye sons of men!
 (Thus ends thy moral tale),
Your darkest terrors may be vain,
 Your brightest hopes may fail.

THE LAMENT
FOR PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

AFAR the illustrious Exile roams,
Whom kingdoms on this day should hail;
An inmate in the casual shed,
On transient pity's bounty fed,
 Haunted by busy memory's bitter tale!
Beasts of the forest have their savage homes,
 But he, who should imperial purple wear,
Owns not the lap of earth where rests his royal head!
 His wretched refuge, dark despair,
While ravening wrongs, and woes pursue,
And distant far the faithful few
 Who would his sorrows share.
False flatterer, Hope, away!
 Nor think to lure us as in days of yore;
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,
 To prove our loyal truth—we can no more,
And, owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
 Submissive, low adore.
Ye honoured, mighty Dead,
 Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your King, your Country, and her laws,
From great Dundee, who smiling Victory led,
 And fell a martyr in her arms,
 (What breast of northern ice but warms!)
To bold Balmerino's undying name,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim;
Not unrevenged your fate shall lie,
 It only lags, the fatal hour,
Your blood shall, with incessant cry,
 Awake at last th' unsparing Power;
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
 The snowy ruin smokes along
With doubling speed, and gathering force,
 Till deep it, crushing, whelms the cottage in the vale;
So Vengeance' arm, ensanguin'd, strong,
 Shall with resistless might assail,
Usurping Brunswick's pride shall lay,
And Stuart's wrongs, and yours, with tenfold weight, repay.

Perdition, baleful child of night!
Rise and revenge the injured right

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Of Stuart's royal race :
Lead on the unuzzled hounds of hell,
Till all the frightened echoes tell
The blood-notes of the chase !
Full on the quarry point their view,
Full on the base usurping crew,
The tools of faction, and the nation's curse !
Hark, how the cry grows on the wind ;
They leave the lagging gale behind,
Their savage fury, pitiless, they pour ;
With murdering eyes already they devour ;
See Brunswick spent, a wretched prey,
His life one poor, despairing day,
Where each avenging hour still ushers in a worse !
Such havoc, howling all abroad,
Their utter ruin bring ;
The base apostates to their God,
Or rebels to their King.

A NEW PSALM
FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK,
ON THE THANKSGIVING-DAY FOR HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY.

O SING a new song to the Lord,
Make, all and every one,
A joyful noise even for the king,
His restoration.

The sons of Belial in the land
Did set their heads together ;
"Come, let us sweep them off," said they,
Like an o'erflowing river.

They set their heads together, I say,
They set their heads together ;
On right and left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver.

Thou madest strong two chosen ones,
To quell the Wicked's pride ;
That Young Man, great in Issachar,
The burden-bearing tribe.

And him, among the Princes, chief
In our Jerusalem,
The judge that's mighty in Thy law,
The man that fears Thy name.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Began to faint and fail ;
Even as two howling, ravenous wolves
To dogs do turn their tail.

The ungodly o'er the just prevail'd,
For so Thou hadst appointed ;
That Thou might'st greater glory give
Unto Thine own anointed.

And now Thou hast restored our State.
Pity our Kirk also ;
For she by tribulations
Is now brought very low.

Consume that high-place Patronage,
From off Thy holy hill ;
And in Thy fury burn the book—
Even of that man M'Gill.

Now hear our prayer, accept our song,
And fight Thy Chosen's battle :
We seek but little, Lord, from Thee :
Thou kens we get as little.

VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

His face with smile eternal drest,
Just like the landlord to his guest,
High as they hang with creaking din,
To index out the Country Inn.

He looked just as your sign-post Lions do,
With aspect fierce, and quite as harmless too.

A Head, pure, sinless quite of brain and soul,
The very image of a barber's Poll ;
It shews a human face, and wears a wig,
And looks, when well preserv'd, amazing big.

ODE
FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Eolian I awake ;
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take !
See gathering thousands, while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring,
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared—
No more the despot of Columbia's race !
A tyrant's proudest insults brav'd,
They shout—a People freed ! They hail an Empire saved.

Where is man's godlike form ?
Where is that brow erect and bold—
That eye that can unmov'd behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created fury dared to raise ?
Avaunt ! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Canst laud the hand that struck the insulting blow !
Art thou of man's Imperial line ?
Dost boast that countenance divine ?
Each skulking feature answers, No !
But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain the Royalty of man !

Alfred ! on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
And roused the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own !
Dare injured nations form the great design
To make detested tyrants bleed ?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed !
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honour braving,
England, in thunder calls, "The tyrant's cause is mine !"
That hour accurst how did the fiends rejoice,
And hell, thro' all her confines, raise the exulting voice,

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

That hour which saw the generous English name
Linkt with such damnèd deeds of everlasting shame !
Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes ;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled ?
Immingled with the mighty dead !
Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies !
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death !
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep ;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in Freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage ?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
That arm which, nerv'd with thundering fate,
Brav'd usurpation's boldest daring !
One quench'd in darkness, like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

TO ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, Esq.,

WRITER, EDINBURGH.

My godlike friend—nay, do not stare,
You think the phrase is odd-like :
But "God is Love," the saints declare,
Then surely thou art god-like.
And is thy ardour still the same ?
And kindled still at Anna ?
Others may boast a partial flame,
But thou art a volcano !
Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond
Death's tie-dissolving portal ;
But thou, omnipotently fond,
May'st promise love immortal !
Thy wounds such healing powers defy,
Such symptoms dire attend them,
That last great antihectic try—
Marriage perhaps may mend them.
Sweet Anna has an air—a grace,
Divine, magnetic, touching ;
She talks, she charms—but who can trace
The process of bewitching ?

THE DISCREET HINT.

"LASS, when your mither is frae hame
May I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower window,
And creep in frae the cauld?
As come to your bower window,
And when it's cauld and wat,
Warm me in thy fair bosom—
Sweet lass, may I do that?"

"Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
When our gudewife's frae hame,
As come to my bower window,
Whare I am laid my lane,
To warm thee in my bosom,—
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk—
Young man, do ye hear that?"

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

(DAVID SILLAR, SCHOOLMASTER AND BARD.)

I.

January, 1784

WHILE winds frae off Ben Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin' jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien an' snug :
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side ;
But hanker and canker
To see their cursèd pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd ;
How best o' chieles are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't ;
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier :
"Mair spier na, nor fear na," *
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

* Kamsay's "Vision."

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress !
Yet then content could make us blest ;
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile :
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma' ;
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But either house or hal' ?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year :
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune :
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank :
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest :
It's no in makin' muckle mair ;
It's no in books ; it's no in lear ;
To make us truly blest ;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest :
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang :
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless, and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell!
Esteeming and deeming,
It a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest,)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy
And joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention bu. her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IX.

O, all ye pow'rs who rule above !
O Thou, whose very self art love !
Thou know'st my words sincere !
The life blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear !
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r !
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care !

X.

All hail ! ye tender feelings dear !
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow !
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you !
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill ;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean !

XI.

O, how that name inspires my style !
The words come skelpin', rank and file,
Amaist before I ken !
The ready measure rins as fine
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will jump,
'Till ance he's fairly het ;
And then he'll hiltch, an' a stilt, and jimp,
An' rin an unco fit :
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

AULD NEIBOR,—

I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrant frien'ly letter ;
Tho' I maun say 't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair,
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
Some less maun sair

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, grey haira.

But Davie, lad, I'm rede ye're glaikit ;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit ;
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke ;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin' the words to gar them clink ;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons ;
An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan ;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink,
The devil haet, that I sud ban
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin' ;
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
An' while ought's there
Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
An' fash nae mair.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Leeze me on rhyme ! its aye a treasure,
My chief, amais, my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie !
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie :
The warl' may play you mony a shavie ;
But for the Muse, she 'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even though limp'in' wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH.

" Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society !
I owe thee much !——"—ELAIR.

DEAR SMITH, the slee'st, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair of shoon
Just gaun to see you ;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak' amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her first plan ;
And in her freaks, on every feature
She's wrote, " The Man."

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon :
Hae ye a leisure moment's time
To hear what's comin' ?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash ;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black prent ;
But still, the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries "Hoolie!
I rede you, honest man, tak' tent !
 Ye'll shaw your folly.

"There's ither poets much your better,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
 A' future ages ;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
 Their unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows !
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
 Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

But why o' death begin a tale ?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave care owre side !
And large, before enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak' the tide.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Mak's hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield ;
For ance, that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin', hirplin', owre the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin' ;
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
An' social noise ;
An' fareweel, dear deluding woman !
The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves ;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain ;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim some fortune chase ;
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey :
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin' ;
To right or left, eternal swervin',

They zigzag on ;
'Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin',
They aften groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining !
Is fortune's fickle Luna waning ?

E'en let her gang !
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, "Ye Pow'rs !" and warm implore,
"Tho' I should wander terra o'er,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Ay rowth o' rhymes.

"Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
And maids of honour !
And yill an' whiskey gie to cairds,
Until they sconnor.

"A title, Dempster merits it ;
A garter gie to Willie Pitt ;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.
But gie me real, sterling wit,
And I'm content.

"While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the muses dinna fail
To say the *grace*."

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
As weel's I may ;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and woes,
I rhyme away.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
How much unlike !
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke !

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces,
In your unletter'd, nameless faces !
In arioso trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But, gravissimo, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scaium, ram-stam boys,
The rattling squad :
I see you upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang onywhere :
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
But quit my sang,
Content wi' you to mak' a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOLDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE ! terror of the Whigs,
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girmin', looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
Waes me ! she's in a sad condition ;
Fie ! bring Black-Jock, her state physician,
To see her water.
Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple ;
Haste, gi'e her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death ;
See, how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath !

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption,
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her.
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor are the chief
Wha are to blame for this mischief,
But gin the Lord's ain folks gat leave,
A toom tar-barrel,
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

For me, my skill's but very sma',
And skill in prose I've nane ava ;
But quietlenswise, between us twa,
Weel may ye speed !
And tho' they sud you sair misca',
Ne'er fash your head.

E'en swinge the dogs, and thresh them sicker !
The mair they squeel ay chap the thicker :
And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker
O' something stout !
It gars an owther's pulse beat quicker,
And helps his wit.

There's naething like the honest nappy ;
Whare'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft, and sappy,
'Tween morn and morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie,
In glass or horn ?

I've seen me daez't upon a time,
I scarce could wink or see a styme ;
Just ae hauf-mutchkin does me prime,
(Ought less is little),
Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
As gleg's a whittle.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1st, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' pairicks scraichin' loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin' seen,
 Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
 I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
And there was muckle fun an' jokin',
 Ye need na doubt:
At length we had a hearty yokin'
 At sang about.

There was ae sang, among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife:
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
 Or Beattie's wark?"
They tauld me 't was an odd kind chiel
 About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear 't,
And sae about him there I spier 't,
Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
 He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam' near 't,
 It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel',
 Or witty catches:
'Twcen Inverness and Teviotdale,
 He had few matches.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Then up I gat, an' swear an' aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Tho' rude an' rough :
Yet crooning to a body's sel',
Does weel enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet; what the matter ?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak' a sang ?"
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're may-be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools ;
If honest nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars ?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shoofs,
Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes !
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak ;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek !

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire !
That's a' the learning I desire ;
Then, though I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it !
That would be lear enough for me,
If I could get it !

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fu',
I'se no insist,
But gif ye want a friend that 's true—
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel' ;
As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me ;
Tho' I maun own, as mony still
As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me !
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair ;
May be some ither thing they gi'e me
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there ;
We'se gi'e ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' rhymin'-ware
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin' water ;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart ;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish war'ly race,
Wha think that havin's, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To catch-the-plack !
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack,

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
 "Each aid the others,"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers !

But, to conclude my long epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle ;
Twa lines frae you would gar me fiddle,
 Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
 Your friend and servant.

SECOND EPISTLE TO LAPRAIK.

April 21st, 1783.

WHILE new ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,
Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
 Their ten hours' bite,
My awkward muse sair pleads and begs
 I would na write.

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sac busy,
 This month an' mair,
That, trouth, my head is grown right dizzy,
 An' something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad :
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jad !
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
 This vera night ;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

" Shall bauld Iapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae wee! for our deserts,
In tams sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
An' thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink:
Quoth I, " Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
An' if ye winna mak' it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak' proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland-harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp;
She's but a b—tch.

She's gi'en me mony a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, though I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A baillie's name?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffled mark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel' nae sheepshank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

"O Thou wha gi'es us each guid gift!
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
Thro' Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride!"

Were this the charter of our State,
"On pain o' hell be rich an' great,"
Damnation then would be our fate
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We lea'n our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he!"

O mandate, glorious and divine!
The ragged followers o' the Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year!

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SIMPSON, OCHILTREE.

May, 1783

I GAT YOUR letter, winsome Willie ;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
Tho' I maun say 't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
Your flatterin' strain.

But I sc believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie satire, sidelin's sklentet
On my poor Musie ;
Tho' in sic phraisin' terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame ;
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel,
A deathless name.

(O Fergusson ! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !
My curse upon your whunstane 'hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh gentry !
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lassie gi'e my heart a screed,
As while they're like to be my dead
(O sad disease !)
I kittle up my rustic reed ;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanter's winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes & resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd stile ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
Beside New-Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to mony a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line !
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing Auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bare the gree, as story tells,
Frae Southron billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.

O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry !

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray :
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day !

O Nature ! a' thy shews an' forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Whether the summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night !

The muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
'Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander
 An' no think lang ;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang !

The war'ly race may judge an' drive
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch, an' strive—
Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither !"
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal ;
May Envy wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal !

While highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;
While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies,
While terra firma, on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen :
I had amaist forgotten clean
Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this "New Light,"
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, and sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gi'e,
But spak' their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
 Like you or me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
Just like a sark, or pair of shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewing,
And shortly after she was done,
They gat a new one.

This pass'd for certain—undisputed :
It ne'er cam' i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chieks gat up and wad confute it,
And ca'd it wrang ;
And muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
For 't was the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
And out o' sight,
And backlins comin', to the leuk
She grew mair bright.

This was denied—it was affirm'd ;
The herds and hirsels were alarm'd ;
The reverend grey-beards raved an' stormed,
'That beardless laddies
Should think they better were informed
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
An' mony a fallow gat his licks
Wi' hearty crunt ;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hanged and brunt.

This game was played in monie lands,
And "auld-light" caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But "new-light" herds gat sic a cove,
Folk thought them ruined stick-an stowe,
Till now, amais't on every knowe
Ye'll find ane placed ;
An' some their "new-light" fair avow
Just quite barefaced.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Nae doubt the "auld-light" flocks are bleatin';
Their zealous herds are vexed an' sweatin';
Myself, I've even seen them greetin'
 Wi' girmin' spite,
To hear the moon sa sadly lied on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns!
Some "auld-light" herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak' a flight,
An' stay a month amang the moons,
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gi'e them;
An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
An' when the "new-light" billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a "moonshine matter";
But though dull prae-folk Latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie.

THIRD EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK.

September 13th, 1785

GUID speed an' furdur to you, Johnny,
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonny;
Now when ye're nickan down fu' canny
 The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
 To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
 Like drivin' wrack;
But may the tapmast grain that wags
 Come to the sack.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,
Sae my auld stumple pen I gat it
 Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
 Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
 On holy men,
While deil a hair yoursel' ye're better,
 But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sel's;
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
 To help, or roose us,
But browster wives an' whiskey stills,
 They are the muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
An', if ye mak' objections at it,
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
 An' witness take,
An' when wi' usquabae we've wat it
 It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
An' a' the vittell in the yard,
 An' theekit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,
 An' be as canty
As ye were nine year less than threlty,
 Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
 An' quat my chanter;
Sae I subscribe myself in haste
 Yours, RAB THE FANTER

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH.

September 17th, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cow'r
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,
Or in gulravage rinnin' scow'r
 To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
 In idle rhyme.

My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
 Lest they should blame her,
An' rouse their holy thunder on it
 And anathem her.

I own 't was rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, country bardie,
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Lewse h—ll upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin', cantin' grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gawn, misca't waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid 's the priest
 Wha sae abus't him.
An' may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed,
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
 By worthless skellums,
An' not a muse erect her head
 To cove the blellums?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O, Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud,
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be,
But twenty times, I rather wou'd be
An atheist clean
Than under gospel colours hid be,
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause
He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth ;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what?—to gi'e their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right, an' ruth,
To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion ! maid divine !
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who, in her rough imperfect line,
Thus daurs to name thee
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those
Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
In spite o' foes :

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyterial bound,
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd ;
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd ;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
(Which gies you honour),
Ev'n, sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
An' if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, good sir, in aye
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I.

May, 1784

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento ;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps, turn out a sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought
Ev'n when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restrick'd :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But, och ! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted ;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still, th' important end of life
They equally may answer ;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neibor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

V.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel', as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it :
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing ;
But, och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling !

VII.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honour ;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

VIII.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that be your border :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature ;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature :
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An Atheist laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

X.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gi'e a random sting,
It may be little minded ;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
Is sure a noble anchor !

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth !
Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
May prudence, fortitude, and truth
Erect your brow undaunting !
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser :
And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did th' adviser !

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin' !
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
Your dreams an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin',
Straught to auld Nick's.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Ye hae sae mony cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak' a devil o' the saunts,
 An' fill them fou ;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black !
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing ;
It's just the blue-gown badge an' claithing
O' saunts : tak' that, ye lea'e them naething
 To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhymin' ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair ;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
Yon sang, ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
My muse dow scarcely spread her wing !
I've play'd mysel' a bonnie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill !
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king,
 At Bunker's Hill.

'T was ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a rovin wi' the gun,
An' brought a pairrick to the grun',
 A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt ;
I strait it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for't ;
 But, deil-ma-care !
Somebody tells the poacher-court
 The hale affair.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot ;
I was suspected for the plot :

I scorn'd to lie ;
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouter an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear !
The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin' time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
L—d, I'se hae sportin' by an' by,
For my gowd guinea .
Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
For 't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !
'T was neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers !

It pits me ay as mad's a hare ;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,
When time's expedient :
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

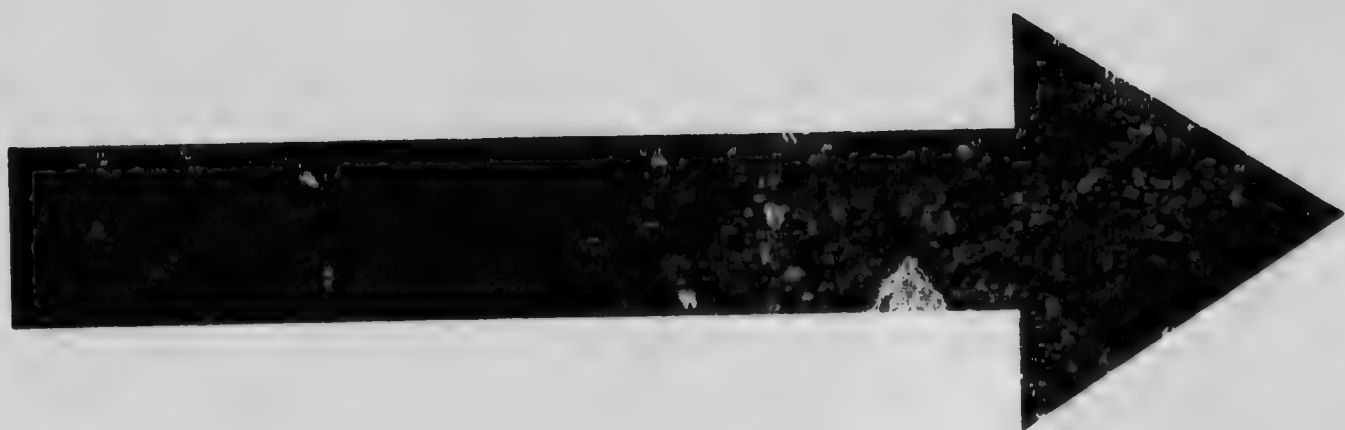
EPISTLE

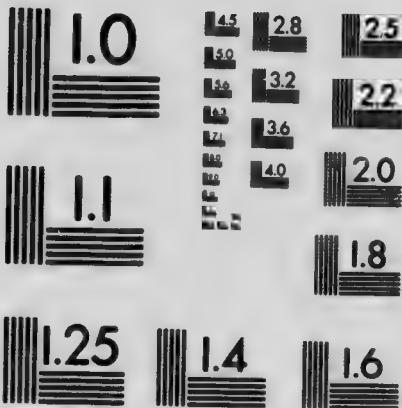
TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ., MAUCHLINE,

RECOMMENDING A BOY.

L. *Mosgaville, May 3rd, 1786*

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak' the tither day,
An' wad hae don't aff han' :





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But lest he learn the callan tricks,
As, faith, I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
An' tellin' lies about them :
As lieve then, I'd have then,
Your clerkship he should sair,
If sae be, ye may be
Not fitted othertwa.

II.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to swear ;
But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair example straught,
I ha'e na ony fear.
Ye'll catechise him every quirk,
An' shore him weel wi' hell ;
An' gar him follow to the kirk—
Aye when ye gang yoursel.
If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin' Friday ;
Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

III.

My word of honour I hae gi'en,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the Warld's worm ;
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the airles an' the fee,
In legal mode an' form :
I ken he weel a snick can draw,
When simple bodies let him !
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him.
To phrase you, an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns :
The pray'r still, you share still,
Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

EPISTLE
TO JAMES TENNANT, OF GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
How 's a' the folk about Glenconner?
How do ye this blae eastlin' win',
That 's like to blaw a body blin' ?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'.
I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on !
Reid, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Smith, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
An' in the depth of science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives an' wabsters see and feel.
But, hark ye, frien' ! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
For now I'm grown sae cursed douce,
I pray an' ponder but the house,
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston ;
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real gospel-groan :
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my e'en up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore :
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men :
When bending down wi' auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years an' cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
His worthy fam'ly, far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear !

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason Billie,

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy ;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither !
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An', Lord, remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
An' her kind stars ha'e airted till her
A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet ;
Tell them, frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For, 'faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious ;
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead 's the devil !
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
May guardian angels tak' a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell :
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story,
Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
And aye eneugh o' needfu' clink.
Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you !
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye'll fin' him just an honest man ;
Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,—RAB THE RANTER.

EPISTLE
TO MR. M'ADAM, OF CRAIGENGILLAN
ON RECEIVING AN OBLIGING LETTER FROM MR. M'ADAM.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud ;
"See wha tak's notice o' the bard !"
I lap and cry'd fu' loud.
Now de'il-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million ;
I'll cock my nose aboon them a'—
I'm roosed by Craigengillan !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

'T was noble, sir, 't was like yoursel',
To grant your high protection ;
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is aye a blest infection.

Though by his banes wha in a tub
Matched Macedonian Sandy !
On my ain legs, through dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye.

And when those legs to guid warm rail
Wi' welcome canna bear me ;
A lee dike-side, a sybow tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flowery simmers !
And bless your bonny lasses baith—
I'm tauld they're lo'esome kimmers !

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry !
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country !

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN.

HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie !
Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
We never heed,
But tak' it like the unback'd filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whyles we saunter
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter,
Uphill, down brae, till some mischanter,
Some black bog hole,
Arrests us, then the scathe an' banter,
We're forc'd to thole.

Hale be your heart ! hale be your fiddle !
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl',
Until you on a cummock driddle
A grey-hair'd carl

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heav'n send your heart-strings aye in tune,
And screw your temper-pins aboon,
A fifth or mair,
The melancholius, lazie croon
O' cankrie care!

May still your life from day to day
Nae 'lente largo' in the play,
But 'allegretto forte' gay
Harmonious flow:
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
Encore! Bravo!

A' blessin's on the cheery gang,
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule,
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool!

My hand-wa'd curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
Their tuneless hearts!
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts!

But come—your hand, my careless brither—
I' th'ither warl', if there's anither—
An' that there is, I've little swither
About the matter,
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
I'se ne'er bid better

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonny squad, priests wyte them sheerly,
For our grand fa';
But still—but still—I like them dearly—
God bless them a'!

Ochon! for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
The witching, curs'd, delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte,
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girnan spite.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin'—
An' every star within my hearin'!
An' by her e'en wha was a dear ane!
I'll ne'er forget;
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,
Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
Some car'traip h.
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
Then, *Vive l' amour!*

Faites mes baise-mains respectueuse,
To sentimental sister Susie,
An' honest Lucky; no to roose ye,
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple fate allows ye
To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;
But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Be't light, be't dark,
Sir Bard will do himsel' the pleasure
To call at Park.

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE.

[MRS. SCOTT, OF WAUCHOPE.]

GUIDWIFE,—

I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and biate,
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
An' tho' fcrfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn:
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing,
The tither stookèd raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS,

Ev'n then, a wish (I mind its pow'r),
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-whistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeding-heuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear :
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain ;
'Till on that hairst I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain :
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle !
I firèd, inspirèd,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared aye to speak.

Health to the sex ! ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common :
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither :
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her,
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men
That slight the lovely dears ;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The marled plaid ye kindly spare
By me should gratefully be ware ;
 'T wad please me to the Nine.
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
 Douce hingin' owre my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Fareweel then, lang heal then,
 An' plenty be your fa' :
 May losses and crosses
 'e'er at your hallan ca'.—R. NS.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH.

WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel-burnisht crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
 Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
 Willie's awa !

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight ;
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
 An' trig an' braw :
But now they'll busk her like a fright,
 Willie's awa !

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd ;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd ;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
 That was a law :
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
 Willie's awa !

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May spout like simmer puddock-stools
 In glen or shaw ;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
 Willie's awa !

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ;
He was a dictionar and grammar
 Amang them a' ;
I fear they'll now mak' mony a stammer,
 Willie's awa !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw !
The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa !

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace,
Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
As Rome ne'er saw ;
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa !

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken,
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw ;
Grief's gi'en his heart an unco kickin'.
Willie's awa !

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum,
And Calvin's fock, are fit to fell him ;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw ;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie's awa !

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw ;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa !

May I be slander's common speech ;
A text for infamy to preach ;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw ;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa !

May never wicked fortune touzle him !
May never wicked men bamboozle him !
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw !
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
Fleet wine awa !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

FIRST EPISTLE

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRAY.

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth :
'Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth :
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net ;
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines :
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing element of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well pleased, pronounced it very good ;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis-fatuus* matter,
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter :
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing and christens it—a Poet,
Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow.
A being form'd to amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends ;
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find ;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main !
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, prover' 'd, wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend !"
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
Who make poor *will* do wait upon *I should*—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?
Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
But come ye, who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguished—to bestow !
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes !
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid ?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit !
Seek not the proofs in private life to find ;
Pity the best of words should be but wind !
So to heav'n's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURN:

My poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again ;
The piebald jacket let me patch once more !
On eighteenpence a week I've lived before.
Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift :
That, placed by thee upon the wish'd for height,
Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

In this strange land, this south clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme ;
Where words ne'er crest the Muse's heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles ;
A land that prose ne'er view'd it,
Except when drunk he stacher'd through it :
Here, ambushed by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
The red peat gleams, a fier' kernel,
Enhusk'd by a fog infernal :
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters ;
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence ;
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
Wi' nae kenned face but Jenny Geddes.
Jenny, my Pegasean pride !
Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
And aye a wrestlin' leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose !
Was it for this, wi' canny care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire ?
At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled ?
Oh, had I power like inclination,
I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
To canter with the Sagitarre,
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar ;
Or turn the pole like any arrow ;
Or, when auld Phoebus bids good-morrow,
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

For I could lay my bread and kail
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' my tail.—
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat-reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read?—
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye'll find me in a better tune;
But till we meet and weet our whistle,
Tak' this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

EPISTLE TO DR. BLACKLOCK,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER.

Ellisland, 21st Oct., 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie!
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tauld mysel' by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak' my letter;
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins, honest Master Heron,
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study;
And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here!
Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
 Ye'll now disdain me!
And then my fifty pounds a year
 Will little gain me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Ye glaikit, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
• Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies ;
Ye ken yoursel' my heart right proud is—
I need na vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord, help me thro' this world o' care !
I'm weary sick o't late and air !
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers ;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers ?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair :
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife ;
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie ;
And eke the same to honest Lucky,
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
As e'er tread clay !
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm yours for ay.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

SECOND EPISTLE
TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRAY,
ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION BETWEEN
SIR JAMES JOHNSTONE AND CAPTAIN MILLER,
FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGH.

I.

FINTRAY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle's I am?
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

II.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Wha left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlin's;
And, bent on winning borough touns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster louns,
And kissing barefit carlins.

III.

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
Of mad, unmuzzl'd lions;
As Queensberry "buff and blue" unfurl'd,
And Westerha' and Hopeton hurl'd
To every Whig defiance.

IV.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star;
Besides he hated bleeding:
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
Or Ciceronian pleading.

V.

O! for a throat like huge Mons-meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VI.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows !)
 Led on the loves and graces :
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all-conquering, play'd his part
 Among their wives and lasses.

VII.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd corps ;
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
 Like Hecla streaming thunder :
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
 And bar'd the treason under.

VIII.

In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
 The wildest savage Tory :
And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
 With Cyclopean fury.

IX.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
 Resistless desolation !
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
 And threaten'd worse damnation.

X.

To these, what Tory hosts oppos'd ;
With these, what Tory warriors clos'd,
 Surpasses my describing :
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rush'd to the charge,
 Like raging devils driving.

XI.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate
 Amid this mighty tulzie !
Grim Horror grinn'd—pale Terror roar'd,
As Murther at his thrapple shor'd,
 And Hell mix'd in the brulzie !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XII.

As highland crags by thunder cleft,
When light'nings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle :
As flames amang a hundred woods ;
As headlong foam a hundred floods ;
Such is the rage of battle !

XIII.

The stubborn Tories dare to die ;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching sellers :
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bulls.

XIV.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring :
The muffled murderer of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

XV.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Grahame,
Auld Covenanters shiver.
(Forgive, forgive, much wrong'd Montrose !
While death and hell engulph thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever !)

XVI.

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns ;
But Fate the word has spoken ;
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas ! can do but what they can—
The Tory ranks are broken !

XVII.

O that my e'en were flowing burns !
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing !
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
And furious Whigs pursuing !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XV. I.

What Whig but wails the good Sir James?
Dear to his country by the names
Friend, patron, benefactor!
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
And Hopeston falls, the generous brave!
And Stewart, bold as Hector.

XIX.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow;
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe:
And Melville melt in wailing!
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice!
And Burke shall sing, "O Prince, arise!
Thy power is all-prevailing."

XX.

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
He hears, and only hears, the war,
A cool spectator purely.
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely.

XXI.

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire:
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
To grind them in the mire!

THIRD EPISTLE

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRAY.

LATE cripp'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg:
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor misery, heark'ning to her tale,
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?)

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug.
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve.
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve,
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
So heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

No so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain,
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one stronghold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!—
Fintray, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

FOURTH EPISTLE
TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRAY.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled muse may suit a bard that feigns ;
Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light !
And all the other sparkling stars of night ;
If aught that giver from my mind efface ;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace ;
Then roll to me along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years !
I lay my hand upon my swelling breast,
And grateful would, but cannot, speak the rest.

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

FROM those dear solitudes and frowzy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells ;
Where turnkeys make the jealous mortal fast,
And drag' from iron hands the spare repast ;
Where want 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in :
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more :
Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string :
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

" Alas ! I feel I am no actor here ! "
'T is real hangmen real scourges bear !
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ;
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy polled,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ;
Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Whilst sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye,
Blest Highland bonnet ! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war ;
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze ;
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines ;
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs, to display
That *veni, vidi, vici* is his way.

The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks :
Though there, his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
(What scandal call'd Maria's janty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger ?
Whose spleen, e'en worse than Burns's venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine—
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even the abuse of poesy abused ?
Who call'd her verse a parish workhouse, made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd ?)

A workhouse ! ha, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose !
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep !
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour ?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure ?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell ?
Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate thee worse ;
The vices also, must they club their curse ?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all ?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares ;
In all of these sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls ?
Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit ?
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true ?
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born :
For who can write and speak as thou and I ?
My periods that deciphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

EXTEMPORE EPISTLE ON NAETHING TO
GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

To you, sir, this summons I've sent.
Pray, whip till the prawnie is fraething ;
But if you demand wh' I want,
I honestly answer y'—naething.

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me,
For idly just living and breathing,
While people of every degree
Are busy employed about—naething.

Poor Centum-per-centum may fast,
And grumble his hurdies their claithing ;
He'll find, when the balance is cast,
He's gane to the devil for—naething.

The courtier cringes and bows,
Ambition has likewise its plaything,
A coronet beams on his brows ;
And what is a coronet?—naething.

Some quarrel the Presbyter gown,
Some quarrel Episcopal graithing ;
But every good fellow will own
The quarrel is a' about—naething.

The lover may sparkle and glow,
Approaching his bonnie bit gay thing ;
But marriage will soon let him know
He's gotten—a buskit up naething.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The Poet may jingle and rhyme,
In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
And when he has wasted his time,
He's kindly rewarded wi'—naething.

The thundering bully may rage,
And swagger and swear like a heathen ;
But collar him fast, I'll engage,
You'll find that his courage is—naething.

Last night wi' a feminine whig—
A Poet she couldna put faith in ;
But soon we grew lovingly big,
I taught her, her terrors were—naething.

Her whigship was wonderful pleased,
But charmingly tickled wi' ae thing,
Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
And kissed her, and promised her—naething.

The priest anathemas may threat—
Predicament, sir, that we're baith in ;
But when honour's reveillé is beat,
The holy artillery's—naething.

And now I must mount on the wave—
My voyage perhaps there is death in ;
But what is a watery grave ?
The drowning a Poet is—naething.

And now, as grim death's in my thought,
To you, sir, I make this bequeathing ;
My service as long as ye've ought,
And my friendship, by God, when ye've—naething.

THE HERON BALLADS.

BALLAD I.

"HERE'S HERON YET FOR A' THAT."

I.

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament an' a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?

For a' that, and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that;
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that?

II.

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
And wha is't never saw that?
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met
And has a doubt o' that?

For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, an' a' that.

III.

Tho' wit and worth in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
Wi' dukes an' lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

IV.

But why should we to nobles jouk?
And it's against the law that;
For why, a lord may be a gouk
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

V.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse an' a' that;
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
A man we ken, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
For we're not to be bought a' sold
Like nags, an' nowt, an' a' that.

VI.

Then let us drink—the Stewartry,
Keroughtree's laird, an' a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They would be blest that saw that.

BALLAD II.

THE ELECTION.

TUNE—*Fy, let us a' to the bridal.*

I.

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickering there;
For Murray's light horse are to muster,
And oh, how the heroes will swear!
And there will be Murray, commander,
And Gordon, the battle to win;
Like brothers, they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and kin.

II.

And there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An' he gets na bell for his haddin',
The deil gets na justice ava';
And there will be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy na sae black as the bane,
But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.

III.

And there will be Wigton's new sheriff;
Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped;
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, Lord! what's becom o' the head?
And there will be Cardonea, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,
A wight that will weather damnation,
For the devil the prey will despise.

IV.

And there will be Kenmure, sae generous
Whose honour is proof to the storm;
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.
But we winna mention Redcastle,
The body, e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 't were na the cost o' the rape.

V.

And where is our king's lord-lieutenant,
Sae famed for his gratefu' return?
The billie is getting his questions,
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.
And there will be Douglasses doughty,
New-christening towns far and near:
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the tail of a peer.

VI.

And there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead, wha's as guid as he's true;
And there will be Buittle's apostle,
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
A house o' great merit and note,
The deil ane but honours them highly,—
The deil ane will gi'e them his vote!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VII.

And there will be wealthy young Richard,
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck ;
For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
His merit had won him respect.
And there will be rich brother nabobs,
Though nabobs, yet men of the first,
And there will be Collieston's whiskers,
And Quintin, o' lads not the warst.

VIII.

And there will be stamp-office Johnnie,
Tak' tent how ye purchase a dram ;
And there will be gay Cassencarrie,
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam ;
And there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
Whase honour was ever his law ;
If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

IX.

And can we forget the auld Major,
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys ?
Our flattery we'll keep for some ither,
Him only it's justice to praise.
And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
And also Barskimming's guid knight,
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,
Wha luckily roars in the right.

X.

And there, frae the Niddisdale border,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves ;
Teugh Jockie, staunch Geordie, and Walie,
That griens for the fishes and loaves.
And there will be Logan M'Dowall,
Sculduddery and he will be there ;
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sodgering, gunpowder Blair.

XI.

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
And hey for the blessings 'twill bring !
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king ;
And hey for the sanctified Murray,
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored ;
He founder'd his horse amang harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

BALLAD III.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

TUNE—*Buy braw Beams.*

WHA will buy my troggin,
Fine election ware;
Broken trade o' Broughton,
A' in high repair.

Buy braw troggin
Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's
Fame and high renown,
For an auld sang—
It's thought the gudes were stown.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton
In a needle's ee;
Here's a reputation
Tint by Balmaghie.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
Sae was never born.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the stuff and lining,
O' Cardoness' head;
Fine for a sodger
A' the wale o' lead.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset
Buittle's scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop
Quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest an auld crab-apple,
Rotten at the core.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle
Sprawlin' like a taed.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast ;
By a thievish midge
They had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands ;
Gifted by black Jock
To get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin ?
If to buy ye 're slack,
Hornie's turnin' chapman,—
He'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin
Frae the banks o' Dee ;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

BALLAD IV.

JOHN BUSBY'S LAMENTATION.

'T WAS in the seventeen hunder year
O' Christ, and ninety-five,
That year I was the waest man
O' ony man alive.

In March, the three-and-twentieth day,
The sun raise clear and bright ;
But O, I was a waefu' man
Ere toofa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsman join'd
The Murray's noble name !

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land
Made me the judge o' strife ;
But now yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

'T was by the banks o' bonny Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray on the auld grey yaud,
Wi' winged spurs did ride,
That auld grey yaud, yea, Nid'sdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

An' there had been the yerl himsel',
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In the front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenken came to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed,
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Busbys a'
My gamesome Billy Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Herons' name,
We set nought to their score:
The Douglas and the Herons' name
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
A pair o' trusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
And christening kail-yards.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whose haly priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black?

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend !
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN.

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death foregather'd by the way,
Weel pleas'd, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thomas,
Wha chee sully lays down the pack,
And there blows up a hearty crack ;
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death they could na part :
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, *dear friend!* may guid luck hit you,
And, 'mang her favourites admit you !
If e'er Detraction shone to smit you,
May nane believe him.
And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON ROBERT AIKEN, Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with His image blest!
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss.
If there is none, he made the best of this.

ON GAVIN HAMILTON.

The poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or damn'd!

ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED

Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted,
The maister drunk,—the horse committed:
Puir harmless beast! tak' thee nae care,
Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (*mayor*).

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader know
That death has murder'd Johnny!
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul he ne'er had ony.

EPIGRAM ON BACON.

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of Bacon, each day in the year;
We've all things that's neat, and mostly in season:
But why always BACON?—come, give me a reason?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon ;
What was his religion ?
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane !
Strong ale was ablution—
Small beer, persecution,
A dram was *memento mori* ;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT him, Mauchlir's husbands a',
He aften did assist ye ;
For had ye staid whole years awa,
Your wives they ne'er had missed ye.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his grass,—
Perhaps he was your father.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter Hood in death does sleep ;—
To h—ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' b—h
Into thy dark dominion !

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender ;
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT, OF ECCLEFECHAN

OH! had each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeanny Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward!

ON A HENPECK'D COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman rul'd—
The devil rul'd the woman.

ON THE SAME.

O DEATH, had'st thou but spar'd his life
Whom we, this day, lament!
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
An' a' been weel content!

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't:
Tak' thou the carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ON THE SAME.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd shewn her,
She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a diff'rent complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense!

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME.

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

EXTEMPORE ON WILLIAM SMELLIE,

**AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY, AND MEMBER
OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.**

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same ;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'T was four long nights and days to shaving night ;
His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear unmatch'd :
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON

We cam' na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise :

But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us ;
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us !

LINES ON VIEWING STIRLING PALACE.

HERE Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd ;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands ;
The injur'd Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, no honour lost ;
Who know them best, despise them most.

THE REPROOF.

RASH mortal, and slanderous Poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame ;
Dost not know, that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, The more 't is a truth, Sir, the more 't is a libel ?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess :
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less ?

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

CURS'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife !
Who has no will but by her high permission ;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession ;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell !
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart ;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b——.

ON INCIVILITY SHEWN HIM AT INVERARY.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The lord their god, His Grace.
There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland cauld and hunger ;
If Providence has sert me here,
'T was surely in his anger.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATIONS OF
MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU, whom poesy abhors !
Whom prose has turnèd out of doors !
Heard'st thou that groan ?—proceed no further,
'T was laurell'd Marti—roaring Murther !

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes ;
O, Satan ! when ye tak' him,
Gi'e him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever de'ils he'll mak' 'em !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON ANDREW TURNER

IN se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine
Satan took stuff to mak a swine,
And cuist it in a corner ;
But wilily he chang'd his plan,
And shap'd it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want !
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent :
And, if it please Thee, Heav'nly Guide,
May never worse be sent ;
But, whether granted, or deny'd,
Lord, bless us with content !—AMEN.

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANKS.

HONEST Will's to heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him,
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them.

ON WAT.

Sic a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the very worms damn'd him
When laid in his grave.
"In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starv'd reptile cries !
"An' his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

THE Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip ! at the summons, old Satan came flying ;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonish'd ! confounded ! cry'd Satan, "By G—d !
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load !"

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON, IN
CLYDESDALE.

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A caulder kirk, and in't but few;
As cauld a Minister's e'er spak',
Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

LINES ON MISS DAVIES.

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

LINES,

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE, ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Och— hon! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels;
But—what'll ye say?
These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT ROBLIN.

My blessings on you, sonsy wife;
I ne'er was here before;
You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife,
Nae heart could wish for more.
Heav'n keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore;
And, while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door.

ON GRIZZEL GRIM.

HERE lies with death auld Grizzel Grim,
Lincluden's ugly witch;
O Death, how horrid is thy taste
To lie with such a b——!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM GRAHAM.

STOP, Thief ! dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath ;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again ?

ON MR. BURTON.

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or *Dem my eyes !*
Who, in his life, did little good,
And his last words were *Dem my blood !*

ON MRS. KEMBLE.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod ;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

TO MR. SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM.

December 17th, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation ;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'T were drink for first of human-kind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

THERE's death in the cup—sae beware !
Nay, more—there is danger in touching ;
But wha can avoid the fell snare ?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

SIR,—

Manuscript, 1786

Yours this moment I unsal,
And faith, I am gay and hearty !
To tell the truth an' shame the deil,
I am as fou as Bartie :

But foorsday, sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your party,
If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie.—R. B.

ANOTHER.

THE King's most humble servant I,
Can scarcely spare a minute ;
But I'll be wi' you by and bye,
Or else the devil's in it.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be ;
Bear this in mind,—“ Be deaf and blind ;
Let great folks hear and see.”

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pain they give ;
Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

THE PARSON'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny ;
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

EXTEMPORE,

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

IF you rattle along like your mistress's tongue
Your speed will outrival the dart ;
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear ;
Reader, dost value matchless worth ?
This ivied cot revere.

THE TOAST.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast—
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost—
That we lost, did I say ? nay, by Heav'n, that we found ;
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you—the King !
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing !
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution ;
And longer with politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd ;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial !

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED "THE MARQUIS."

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were sham'd ;
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

ON EXCISEMEN.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN DUMFRIES.

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen ? give the cause a hearing ;
What are your landlord's rent-rolls ? taxing ledgers ;
What premiers—what ? even Monarch's mighty gaugers :
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men ?
What are they, pray, but Spiritual Excisemen ?

ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL
THANKSGIVING

FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

YE hypocrites ! are these your pranks ?
To murder men, and gi'e God thanks !
For shame ! gi'e o'er, proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murther !

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE greybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live ;
I grant him calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

INVITATION TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN.

TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

FRIDAY first's the day appointed,
By our Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession !
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals,
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels,
I' the way of our profession.
Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you ;
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If death, then, wi' scaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin,
Inform him, and storm him,
That Saturday ye 'll fecht him.

LINES ON WAR.

I MURDER hate, by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us ;
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Life-giving wars of Venus.

The deities that I adore,
Are social peace and plenty ;
I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Tha be the death o' twenty.

ON DRINKING.

My bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool ;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it dry, ye 'll find him out.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

SOME hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it ;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

INNOCENCE.

Innocence

Looks gaily-smiling on ; while rosy pleasure
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant : mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss !

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom :
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are griev'd,
This consolation's given—
She's from a world of woe reliev'd,
And blooms a rose in Heaven.

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON,

BREWER, DUMFRIES.

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels :
He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink—
In upright honest morals.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG,

NAMED ECHO.

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore ;
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys ;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF
LORD GALLOWAY.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?—
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended—in a mire!

TO THE SAME.

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD.

BLESS the Redeemer, Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too, must rise;
For had He said "The soul alone
From death I will deliver";
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON BEING SHOWN A BEAUTIFUL
COUNTRY SEAT.

WE grant they're thine, those beauties all,
So lovely to our eye;
Keep them, thou eunuch, Cardoness,
For others to enjoy.

ON JOHN BUSHBY.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man!—
Cheat him, Devil, gin ye can.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

YE true "Loyal Natives" attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

ON A SUICIDE.

EARTH'D up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble—
Poor silly wretch, he's damn'd himself
To save the Lord the trouble.

LINES TO JOHN RANKINE.

HE who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock haps his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS.

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE TOAST.

FILL me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON THE SICKNESS OF MISS JESSY LEWARS.

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT.

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS BY DUMOURIER AT GEMAPPE,
NOVEMBER, 1792.

THE black-headed eagle
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and owre howe;
But fell in a trap
On the braes o' Gemappe,
E'en let him come out as he dowe.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND

There's nane that's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man.
Fal la!, &c.

I.

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad you wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man :
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore ;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And, grateful, would adore.

And if it please Thee, Pow'r above,
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

ANOTHER.

LORD, we thank an' Thee adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit ;
At present we will ask no more,
Let William Hyslop give the spirit !

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "STAR."

DEAR Peter, dear Peter,
We poor sons of metre,
Are often negleckit, ye ken ;
For instance, your sheet, man,
(Though glad I'm to see 't, man)
I get it no ae day in ten.

TO AN ARTIST.

DEAR —, I'll gi'e ye some advice,
You'll tak' it no uncivil :
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger ;
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE KEEKIN' GLASS.

How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,
Ye ugly glowering spectre?
My face was but the keekin'-glass,
And there ye saw your picture!

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

LORD, to account who dares Thee all,
Or e'er dispute Thy pleasure?
Else why, within so thick a wall,
Enclose so poor a treasure?

ON ROUGH ROADS.

I'm now arrived—thanks to the gods!—
Thro' pathways rough and muddy,
A certain sign that makin' roads
Is no this people's study:

Altho' I'm not wi' Scripture cramm'd,
I'm sure the Bible says
That heedless sinners shall be damn'd,
Unless they mend their ways.

TO MR. RENTON OF LAMERTON.

YOUR billet, Sir, I grant receipt;
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate,
Tho' 't were a trip to yon blue warl',
Whare birkies march on burning marl:
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,
And to His goodness I commend ye.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT MUIR.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Bell and Sons.)

WHAT Man could esteem, or what Woman could love
Was he who lies under this sod:
If such Thou refusest admission above,
Then whom wilt Thou favour, good God?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

EPITAPH ON JAMES GRIEVE,

LAIRD OF BOGHEAD, TARBOLTON.

HERE lies Boghead among the dead,
In hopes to get salvation ;
But if such as he in Heaven may be,
Then welcome—hail ! damnation.

EPIGRAM TO MISS AINSLIE IN CHURCH.

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue :
'T was guilty sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you.

ON CELEBRATED LAWYERS.

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till, in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it :
He gapèd for 't, he grapèd for 't,
He fand it was awa, man ;
But what his common sense came short,
He ekèd out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected, Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man ;
His Lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man :
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a lin, man ;
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

ON CAPTAIN LASCELLES.

WHEN Lascelles thought fit from this world to depart,
Some friends warmly thought of embalming his heart ;
A bystander whispers—"Pray don't make so much o't,
The subject is poison, no reptile will touch it."

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ELIZA J—N,

ON HER PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

How, Liberty! girl, can it be by thee nam'd?
Equality too! hussey, art not ashamed?
Free and Equal, indeed, while mankind thou enchainest
And over their hearts a proud Despot so reignest.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. RIDDEL.

"Praise Woman still," his lordship roars,
"Deserv'd or not, no matter!"
But thee, whom all my soul adores,
Ev'n Flattery cannot flatter.
Maria, all my thought and dream,
Inspires my vocal shell;
The more I praise my lovely theme,
The more the truth I tell.

REPLY TO A NOTE FROM CAPTAIN RIDDEL.

DEAR SIR,—At any time or tide,
I'd rather sit wi' you than ride,
Though 't were wi' royal Geordie:
And trowth your kindness, soon and late,
Aft gars me to mysel look blate —,
The Lord in Heaven reward ye!—R. BURNS.

ON CHLORIS,

REQUESTING ME TO GIVE HER A SPRIG OF BLOSSOMED THORN.

FROM the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloris requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn:
No, by Heavens! I exclaimed, let me perish if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn!

REPLY TO THE THREAT OF A CENSORIOUS
CRITIC.

WITH Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
Each other blow, but damn that ass's heel!

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave?—
An angel could not die.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

I.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!

II.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie!

III.

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

IV.

Wha for SCOTLAND's king and law,
FREEDOM's sword will strongly draw;
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa'?
Let him follow me!

V.

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

VI.

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
LIBERTY's in every blow!—
Let us do, or die!!!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

I.

O KENMURE's on and awa, Willie!
O Kenmure's on and awa!
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

II.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

III.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

IV.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true—
And that their faes shall ken.

V.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

VI.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Here's him that's far awa!
And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
The rose that's like the snaw!

AULD LANG SYNE.

I

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.

III.

We twa hae paid't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.

IV.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne!

V.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

MY HANDSOME NELL.

I.

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And, whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.

Fal, lal de ral, &c.

II.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw;
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

III.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities,
She's no a lass for me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
And what is best of a'—
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

V.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel:
An' then there's something in her gait
Gars on y dress look weel.

VI.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

VII.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul!
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

I.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

II.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

III.

But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS
WERE SPRINGING.

I.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam ;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream :
Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

II.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
(She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;)
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY

CHORUS.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
Ye wad na been sae shy ;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure ;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

When comin' hame on Sunday last,
Upon the road as I cam' past,
Ye snufft, an gae your head a cast—
But trowth, I care 't na by.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would nae gi'e her in her sark,
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark!
Ye need na look sae high.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER

I.

My father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me
In decency and order, O;
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.

II.

Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O;
Tho' to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O:
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education, O;
Resolv'd was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

III.

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted fortune's favour, O ;
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavour, O :
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd ;
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O ,
And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O.

IV.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
With fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion, O :
The past was bad, and the future hid ;
Its good or ill untried, O ;
But the present hour was in my pow'r,
And so I would enjoy it, O.

V.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
Nor person to befriend me, O ;
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
And labour to sustain me, O :
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O ;
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly, O.

VI.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay,
In everlasting slumber, O.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O :
I live to-day as well's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O.

VII.

But cheerful still, I am as well
As a monarch in a palace, O,
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down,
With all her wonted malice, O :
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O ;
But, as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her, O.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VIII.

When sometimes by my labour
I earn a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes gen'rally upon me, O :
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
Or my good-natur'd folly, O ;
But come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

IX.

All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardour, O,
The more in this you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O .
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
Or nations to adore you, O,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown
I will prefer before you, O.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high ;
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head ;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong ;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fill'd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heav'd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe:
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all—
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise.

'T will make a man forget his woe;
'T will heighten all his joy:
'T will make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

I.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie :
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
'Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley :
I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely :
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace !
Her heart was beating rarely :
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly !
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinkin' !
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear ;
I hae been happy thinkin' :
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

I.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

II.

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

III.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

IV.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

LAMENT.

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE
SCOTLAND.

I.

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave !

II.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore ;
Where the flow'r which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green
vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more !

III.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave ;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

IV.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far-distant shore ;
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy ;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 't wad gi'e o' joy to me,
The sharin' 't wi' Montgomery's Peggy.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE MAUCHLINE LADY.

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady ;
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye ;
But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreading ony body,
My heart was caught, before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care :
Their titles a' are empty show ;
Gie me my Highland Lassie, O.
Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will.
To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine
Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland Lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea !
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland Lassie, O.

Altho' through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland Lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland Lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band !
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O !

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O !
Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O !
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland Lassie, O !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

PEGGY.

I.

Now westlin' winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer ;
And the moon shines bright when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

II.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The plover loves the mountains ;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring hern the fountains :
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man, to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

IV.

But Peggy, dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
An' they cry crowdie ever mair.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day,
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger flae me,
Glowrin' by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But aye I'm eerie they come ben.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

I.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?—
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

II.

O wha will own he did the fau't?
O wha will buy the groanin' maut?
O wha will tell me how to ca't?—
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

III.

When I mount the creepie chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

IV.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak' me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?—
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

MY HEART WAS ANCE AS BLYTHE AND FREE.

I.

My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang,
But a bonnie, westlin' weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go ;
I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

II.

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab ;
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

III.

A bonnie, westlin' weaver lad
Sat working at his loom ;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

IV.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun' ;
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.

V.

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie westlin' weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.

VI.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell ;
But, oh ! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel'.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go ;
I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

GUDE'EN TO YOU, KIMMER.

I.

GUDE'EN to you, kimmer,
And how do ye do?
Hiccup, quo' kimmer,
'The better that I'm fou.

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
We're a' noddin at our house at hame.

II.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen broo;
Deil tak' Kate,
An' she be na noddin too!

III.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair.

IV.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye thrive?
How many bairns hae ye?
Quo' kimmer, I hae five.

V.

Are they a' Johnny's?
Eh! atweel na:
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnny was —.

VI.

Cats like mink,
And dogs like broo,
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads weel.

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
We're a' noddin at our house at hame.

MY NANNIE, O.

I.

BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O;
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

II.

The westlin' wind blows loud an' shrill
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

III.

My Nannie's charming, sweet an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye,
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm made as true to Nannie, O.

VI.

My riches are my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

VII.

Our auld guidman delights to view
The deep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

VIII.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

A FRAGMENT.

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down, to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root :
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas ;
A cushat crowded o'er me,
That echo'd thro' the braes.

O WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE?

I.

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
An' be an ill foreboder ?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger.

II.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither ;
But now it's gane, and something mair—
I'll go and be a sodger.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him ;
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden ;
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin ?

II.

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cotter,
Play'd me sic a trick,
And me the ells's dochter ?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.
Robin shure, &c.

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST MAY, let love inspire thee;
Take a heart which he desires thee;
As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it!

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

CHORUS.

I'LL kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

I.

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are nae sae blest as I am, O!

II.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O,
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

III.

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

GREEN grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.

I.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 't were na for the lasses, O?

II.

The warl'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

III.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O:
An' warl'ly cares, an' warl'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

IV.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

V.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

MY JEAN :

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between ;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

ROBIN.

I.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But what 'n a day o' what 'n a style
I doubt it 's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin !

II.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five and twenty days begun,
'T was then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hanel in on Robin.

III.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof
This waly boy will be nae coof—
I think we 'll ca' him Robin.

IV.

He 'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He 'll be a credit 'till us a',
We 'll a' be proud o' Robin.

V.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see, by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin'
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VI.

Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt ye gar,
The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessin's on thee, Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O, what a feast her bonnie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.

MAUCHLINE BELLES.

I.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles;
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks—like Rob Mossgiel.

II.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel;
They heat your veins, and fire your brains,
And then ye're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

III.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'T is rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

IV.

The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel;
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

I.

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a';
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':

II.

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

HUNTING SONG.

I.

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses, and mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonnie moor-hen.

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak' some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

II.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells:
Her plumage outlustr'd the pride o' the spring,
And, oh! as she wantoned sae gay on the wing.

III.

Auld Phoebus himsel', as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite, at her plumage he tried his skill;
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

IV.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best of our lads, wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak' some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

YOUNG PEGGY.

I.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With pearly gems adorning :
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

II.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has grac'd them ;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them ;
Her smile is, like the evening, mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

III.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her ;
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage Winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen ;
And spiteful Envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

IV.

Ye Powers of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From every ill defend her ;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her ;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom ;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

I.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare—
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown, how it waves in the air!
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die!
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;—
But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd upstairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

"Life's cares they are comforts,"—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.

VII.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May ev'ry true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ELIZA.

I.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore ;
The cruel Fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar :
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee !

II.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore !
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more !
The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh !

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

I.

Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation ;
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honoured station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion ;
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
'T is seldom her favourite passion.

II.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who markèd each element's border ;
Who formèd this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order ;
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or witherèd envy ne'er enter ;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

MENIE.

I.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And it winna let a body be!

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the v'ilets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

III.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shrill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flitting wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

VII.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And it winna let a body be.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling :
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish ;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.
Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover :
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me ,
But, O Maria, hear my prayer,
For pity's sake, forgive me !
The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me ;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had saved me.
The unwary sailor thus aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
In circling horrors, yields at last
In overwhelming ruin !

KATHERINE JAFFRAY.

I.

THERE liv'd a lass in yonder dale,
And down in yonder glen, O !
And Katherine Jaffray was her name,
Weel known to many men, O !

II.

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Out frae the South countrie, O !
All for to court this pretty maid,
Her bridegroom for to be, O !

III.

He's telled her father and mother baith,
As I hear sundry say, O !
But he has na tell'd the lass hersel',
'Till on her wedding day, O !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

Then came the Laird o' Lochinton,
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this pretty maid,
All mounted in good order.

THE FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF
ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

I.

ADIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy !
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light :
And, by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw !
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa' !

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine !
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And You, farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear !
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name,
To masonry and Scotia dear !
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round—I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

I.

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells ;
Could I describe her shape and mien ;
Our lasses a' she far excels, —
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

II.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

III.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

IV.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white, and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

V.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

VI.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

VII.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow.
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

VIII.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flow'ry scene,
Just op'ning on its thorny stem ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IX.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murr'ring streamlets flow ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

X.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

XI.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

XII.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

XIII.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace ;
An' chiefly in her rogueish een.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

I.

'T was even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The zephyrs wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along :
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All Nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

II

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

III.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild ;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :
But Woman, Nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

IV.

O ! had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain :
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle !

V.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

WILL YOU GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY ?

TO MARY CAMPBELL.

I.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine ;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

III.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true ;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow !

IV.

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand ;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

V.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join ;
And curst be the cause that shall part us !
The hour and the moment o' time !

HIGHLAND MARY.

I.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

II.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk !
How rich the hawthorn's blossom !
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary !

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder ;
But, oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !—
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

IV.

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly—
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary !

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast ;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure ;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

II.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

III.

'T is not the surging billow's roar,
'T is not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear !

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

IV.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare ;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr !

BONNIE DUNDEE.

I.

O, WHARE did ye get that hauver meal bannock ?
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see ?
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't !
Aft has he doudl'd me up on his knee ;
May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me !

II.

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e bree !
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye be dearer and dearer to me !
But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear ;
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

I.

I MARRIED with a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November ;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended ;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years,
A man and wife together ;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I know not whither :
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

III.

Her body is bestow'd well,
A handsome grave does hide her ;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil could ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder ;
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

THERE WAS A WIFE.

I.

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
Scroggam ;
She brew'd guid ale for gentlemen,
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

II.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scroggam ;
The priest o' the parish fell in anither,
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

III.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam ;
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither,
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

COME DOWN THE BACK STAIRS.

CHORUS.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come
To you, my lad ;
O whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad :
Tho' father and mither
Should baith gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad.

Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me ;
Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me ;
Come down the back stairs,
And let naebody see,
And come as ye were na
Coming to me.

O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU

I.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad :
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
But warily tent, when you come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

II.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie ;
Lut steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

III.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad :
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

I.

THERE's news, lasses, news,
Gude news I have to tell ;
There's a boat fu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.

CHORUS.

The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod,
An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

II.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can,
I'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.

The wean, &c.

III.

I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane ;
And waly fa' the ley-crap,
For I maun till'd again.

The wean, &c.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I.

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir ;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd wad mak' me eerie, Sir.

I'm owre young to marry yet ;
I'm owre young to marry yet ;
I'm owre young—'t wad be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

My mammy coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing o't ;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

III.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir ;
An' you an' I, in ae bed,
In trowth I dare na venture, Sir.

IV.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir ;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
I'm owre young to marry yet ;
I'm owre young to marry yet ;
I'm owre young—'t wad be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

I.

Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir,
Slides by a bower where mony a flower,
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir.

II.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought nae crime, Sir ;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang.
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go ;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

I.

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays ;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

II.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

III.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

IV.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

V.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go ;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL

I.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie !
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

II.

Oh ! what is death but parting breath ; —
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword !
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

IV.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;
I die by treacherie :
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.

V.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And ail beneath the sky !
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die !
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

I.

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?
Cruel, cruel, to deceive me !
Well you know how much you grieve me :
Cruel charmer, can you go ?
Cruel charmer, can you go ?

II.

By my love so ill requited ;
By the faith you fondly plighted ;
By the pangs of lovers slighted ;
Do not, do not leave me so !
Do not, do not leave me so !

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

I.

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling !
Howling tempests, o'er me rave !
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

III.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

IV.

[Farewell, fleeting, fickle treasure,
'Tween Misfortune and Folly shar'd!
Farewell Peace, and farewell Pleasure!
Farewell, flattering man's regard!]

V.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

MY HOGGIE.

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie!

The lee-lang night we watch'd the faul'd,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie;

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill,
I trembl'd for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,
The morning it was foggie;
An' unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has kill'd my hoggie.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

I.

HAA daddie forbad, her minnie forbad ;
Forbidden she wadna be :
She wadna trow 't the browst she brew'd
Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie, &c.

II.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
And thretty guid shillin's and three ;
A vera guid tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
The lass with the bonnie black e'e.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie, &c.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CHORUS.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

I.

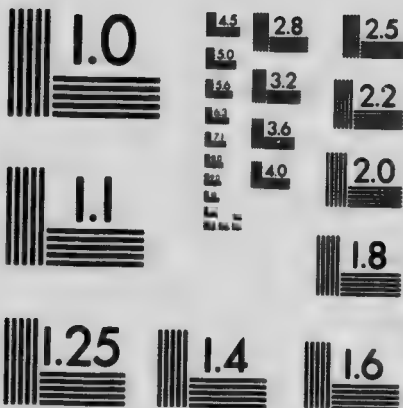
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly ;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

II.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

I.

LOU blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaw the mountains cover ;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden ;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon !

II.

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies' dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

I.

HEY, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat ;
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat,
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
I got frae the miller.

II.

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack ;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck.
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller ;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller.

BONNIE PEG.

I.

As I came in by our gate end,
As day was waxin' weary,
O wha came tripping down the street,
But bonnie Peg, my dearie !

II.

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion main enchanting.

III.

Wi' linkèd hands, we took the sands
Adown yon winding river ;
And, oh ! that hour and broomy bow'r,
Can I forget it ever ?—

THERE WAS A LASS.

I.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin ;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
Her favour Duncan could na win ;
For wi' the roke she wad him knock,
And aye she shook the temper-pin.

II.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between :
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn,
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blythe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk ;
A man may fight and no be slain ;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

SHELAH O'NEIL.

WHEN first I began for to sigh and to woo her,
Of many fine things I did say a great deal,
But, above all the rest, that which pleas'd her the best,
Was, Oh ! will you marry me, Shelah O'Neil ?
My point I soon carried, for straight we were married,
Then the weight of my burden I soon 'gan to feel,—
For she scolded, she fisted, O then I enlisted,
Left Ireland, and whiskey, and Shelah O'Neil.

Then tir'd and dull-hearted, O then I deserted,
And fled into regions far distant from home,
To Frederick's army, where none e'er could harm me,
Save Shelah herself in the shape of a bomb.
I fought every battle, where cannons did rattle,
Felt sharp shot, alas ! and the sharp-pointed steel ;
But, in all my wars round, thank my stars, I ne'er found
Ought so sharp as the tongue of curs'd Shelah O'Neil.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY.

I.

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry ;
As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary ;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

II.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry ;
And aye, they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae an' weary ;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary ;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

I.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair !
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew !
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

II.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn !
And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose :
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

DUNCAN GRAY.

I.

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak' o' lowpin o'er a linn ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

III.

Time and chance are but a tide ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Slighted love is sair to bide ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die ?
She may gae to—France for me !
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

IV.

How it comes let doctors tell ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal ,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And C , her een, they spak' sic things !
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

V.

Duncan was a lad o' grace ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Maggie's was a piteous case ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and canty baith ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't !
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
And a' for the girdin o't.

II.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Glowin' a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
The girdin brak', the beast cam down,
I tint my curch, and baith my shoon;
Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—
Wae on the bad girdin o't!

III.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!—
I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girdin o't.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

I.

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo;
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.
Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

II.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary;
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!

III.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak' my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

IV.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston;
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

V.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A guid blue bonnet on his head—
And O, but he was handsome!

VI.

Commend me to the barn-yard,
And the corn-mou, man;
I never gat my coggie fou,
Till I met wi' the ploughman.
Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'.

I.

LANDLADY, count the lawin',
The day is near the dawin';
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

II.

Cog an' ye were aye fou,
Cog an' ye were aye fou,
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye were aye fou.

III.

Weel may ye a' be!
Ill may we never see!
God bless the king, boys,
And the companie!

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

YE HAE LIEN WRANG, LASSIE.

CHORUS.

YE hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

I.

Your rosy cheeks are turn'd sae wan,
Ye're greener than the grass, lassie;
Your coadie's shorter by a span,
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.

O, lassie, ye hae a' a' fool,
And ye will fa' a' a' an, lassie;
For aye the brose ye'll e'en,
Ye bock them a' a' a' mor' lassie.

III.

O ance ye danc'd upon the knowes,
And through the wood ye sang, lassie,
But in the herrying o' a bee byke,
I fear ye've got a stang, lassie.
Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang,
Ye've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

WHEN SHE CAM' BEN.

O WHEN she cam' ben she bobbet fu' low,
O when she cam' ben she bobbet fu' low,
And when she cam' ben, she kissed Cockpen,
And syne deny'd she did it ava.

And was na Cockpen right saucy witha' ?
And was na Cockpen right saucy witha' ?
In leavin' the dochter o' a lord,
And kissin' a collier lassie an' a' !

O never look down, my lassie, at a',
O never look down, my lassie, at a',
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

I.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring :—
"Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night, that knows no morrow !

II.

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering ;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee !"

WOMEN'S MINDS.

I.

THOUGH women's minds like winter winds
May shift and turn, and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist
A consequence I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that,
The bonnie lass that I lo'e best,
She'll be my ain for a' that.

II.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that ;
But lordly will, I hold it still,
A mortal sin to thraw that.

III.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit, and sense, and a' that ;
A bonnie lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that ?

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

I.

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie !
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

II.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie !
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie !

III.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary !
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

I.

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me ;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

II.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding, late to Nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

III.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

IV.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
Spirits kind, again attend me.
Talk of him that's far awa !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

CHORUS.

BLITHE, blithe, and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben :
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

I.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

II.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

III.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea ;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

IV.

The Highland hills I 've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.

Blithe, blithe, and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben ;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

TO DAUNTON ME.

I.

THE blude red rose at Yule mair 'd law,
The simmer lilies bloom in s' ,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea ;
But an auld man shall never daunt me.

To daunt me, and me so young,
Wi' his frause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see ;
For an auld man shall never daunt me.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunt on me.

III.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunt on me.

IV.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain dreeps down frae his red bleer'd e'e
That auld man shall never daunt on me.

To daunt on me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see ;
For an auld man shall never daunt on me.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

I.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie.
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

II.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Tho' some there be abhor him :
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him !

III.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

I.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

II.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood.
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd.
Awake the early morning.

III.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair!
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
O, he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle,
An' buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I ha'e had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en';
Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie,
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

I.

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

II.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death, with grim controul,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

I.

O, WILT thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O, wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side,
O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

I care na thy daddie,
His lands and his money,
I care na thy kin,
Sae high and sae lordly :
But say thou wilt hae me
For better for waur—
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar !

STREAMS THAT GLIDE IN ORIENT PLAINS.

I.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains !
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands :
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

II.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon.

III.

Wildly here without controul,
Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood :
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonnie Castle Gordon.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

I.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

II.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

III.

O were some villains hangit high.
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

THE TAILOR.

I.

The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a',
The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a'.

II.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

III.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
The dearest siller that ever I wan!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

I.

SIMMER's a pleasant time,
Flow'rs of ev'ry colour ;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.
Ay waukin' O,
Waukin' still and wearie :
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

II.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I 'm eerie ;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

III.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin' ;
I think on my bonnie lad
And I bleer my een with greetin'.
Ay waukin' O,
Waukin' still and wearie :
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

I.

Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann ;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night.
Her skin is like the swan :
Sae jimpily lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move.
And pleasure leads the van :
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man ;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware c' bonnie Ann !

WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

I.

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
The crystal waters gently fa' ;
The merry birds are lovers a' ;
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

II.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews he maun repair—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es the best—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

BLOOMING NELLY.

I.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest ;
When Willie, ward'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

II.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose ;
Her lip, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild—wanton, kiss'd her rival breast ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd—
His bosom ill at rest.

III.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace !
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace !
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

IV.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly, starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs :
But Willie follow'd—as he should,
He overtook her in the wood ;
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

THE DAY RETURNS.

I.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we t did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine !

II.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give,
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

I.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her need na say she's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

II.

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

CHORUS.

JAMIE, come try me
Jamie, come try me,
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

I.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

II.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me.

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

MY BONNIE MARY.

I.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie ;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry ;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

II.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody !
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

THE LAZY MIST.

I.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear !
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues !

II.

Ziow long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain !
How little of life's scanty span may remain !
What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn !
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn !
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
This life's not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

CHORUS.

O MOUNT and go,
Mount and make you ready ;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.

I.

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
'Thou shall sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.

II.

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.
O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready ;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

I.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;
Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket :
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet.

II.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat :
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

O GUID ALE COMES.

CHORUS.

O GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

I.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel eneugh,
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane ;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

II.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

I.

O' A' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

II.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

III.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lasses busk them braw ;
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jeannie dings them a' :
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town ;
Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
Tho' drest in russet gown.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be ;
She has nae faut (if sic ye ca't),
Except her love for me ;
The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
Like her shining een :
In shape and air nane can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

V.

O blaw ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees,
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean ;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

VI.

What sighs and vows amang the knowen
Hae passed atween us twa !
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa !
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean !

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

I.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air ;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was Nature's child ;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

II.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see ;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Wha I wi' were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

O, CAN YE LABOUR LEA.

I.

O, can ye labour lea, young man,
An' can ye labour lea;
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
Ye'se never scorn me.

II.

I feed a man at Martinmas,
Wi' airt-pennies three;
An' a' the fau't I fan' wi' him,
He couldna labour lea.

III.

The stibble rig is easy plough'd,
The fallow land is free;
But wha wad keep the handless coof,
That couldna labour lea?

THE RUINED FARMER.

THE sun he is sunk in the west,
All creatures retirèd to rest,
While here I sit all sore beset
With sorrow, grief, and woe;
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep;
But misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lies the dear partner of my breast,
Her cares for a moment at rest:
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low!
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNES

There lie my sweet babies in her arms,
No anxious fear their little heart alarms ;
But for their sake my heart doth ache,

With many a bitter throe :
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

Once was by Fortune cared,
I once could relieve the distrest :
Now, life's poor support hardly earn'd,

My fate will scarce bestow :
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

No comfort, no comfort I have !
How welcome to me were the grave !
But then my wife and children dear,

O whither would they go ?
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

O whither, O whither shall I turn !
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn !
For in this world Rest or Peace

I never more shall know !
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

THE BANKS OF DEE.

I.

To thee, lov'd Dee, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest wi' care, and sunk in woe,
To thee, I bring a heart unchang'd.

II.

I love thee, Dee, thy banks and bracs,
Tho' there Remembrance wake the tear ;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart still fondly dear.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

I.

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill !
Or had of Helicon my fill ;
That I might catch poetic skill
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel' ;
On Corsincoe I'll glow'r and spell,
And wi' how dear I love thee.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay !
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee !

III.

By night, by day, afield, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run ;
Till then—and then, I'd love thee.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

I.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.

II.

How I wad mourn, when it was torn,
By autumn wild, and winter rude !
But I wad sing, on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

III.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa' !

IV.

O ! there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
Seal'd on her silk-soft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

I.

THERE'S a youth in this city,
It were a great pity
That he frae our lasses shou'd wander awa';
For he's bonnie an' braw,
Weel favour'd witha',
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue:
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

II.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie's been courtin';
Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw;
But chiefly the siller,
That gars him gang till her,
The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailen
That fain wad a haen him;
And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
Maist fetters his fancy—
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

I.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

II.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

I.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

II.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

I.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

II.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

III.

But oh! she's an heiress,—auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubl'd ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

V.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she'd hae smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

BROSE AND BUTTER.

I.

O GIE my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter;
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better.

II.

The lav'rock lo'es the grass,
The muirhen lo'es the heather;
But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together.

O MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE

I.

O MERRY hae I been teethin' a heckle,
And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;
And merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,
And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night am as happy's a king.

II.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
O' marrying Bess, to gi'e her a slave:
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

I.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle!

II.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall bide charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle!

EVAN BANKS.

I.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires:
To Evan banks with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

II.

Oh! banks to me for ever dear!
Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

III.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast!
Who, trembling, heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye;

IV.

Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

V.

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound !
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below ;

VI.

What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs !
Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side :
Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

VII.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost !
Return, ye moments of delight ;
With richer treasures bless my sight !

VIII.

Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart !
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde

EPPIE ADAIR.

I.

An' O ! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair ?
By love, and by beauty,
By law and by duty,
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair !

II.

An' O ! my Eppie
My jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair ?
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

I.

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
In a' our town or here awa :
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
He roos'd my een, sae bonnie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma',
And aye my heart came to my mou'
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

II.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
'Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ;
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
An' aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he tak's me a',
An' aye he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

I.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam' to see ;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e ;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

II.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be !

III.

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae b'right to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three :
We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e ;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

I.

HERE around the ingle bleezing,
Wha sae happy and sae free ;
Tho' the northern wind blaws freezing,
Frien'ship warms baith you and me.

CHORUS.

Happy we are a' thegither,
Happy we'll be yin an' a',
Time shall see us a' the blyther
Ere we rise to gang awa'.

II.

See the miser o'er his treasure
Gloating wi' a greedy e'e !
Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
That around us here we see ?

III.

Can the peer, in silk and ermine,
Ca' his conscience half his own ;
His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,
Tho' he stan' afore a throne !

IV.

Thus then let us a' be tassing
Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame ;
An', while roun' the board 't is passing,
Raise a sang in frien's' name.

V.

Frien'ship mak's us a' mair happy,
Frien'ship gi'es us a' delight ;
Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
Frien'ship brings us here to-night.
Happy we've been a' thegither,
Happy we've been yin an' a',
Time shall find us a' the blyther
When we rise to gang awa'.

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

I.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Where hae ye been sae brankie, O?
O, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam' ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An' ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been so cantie, O;
An' ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes of Killiecrankie, O.

II.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the devil an' Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

THE BLUE-EYED LASS.

I.

I GAED a wae'fu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'T was not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips, like roses, wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

II.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd;
She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

I.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand ;
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command :
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear !
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here ?

I'.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom !
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Among the friends of early days !

TAM GLEN.

I.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie !
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

II.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen' !
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen ?

III.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
"Guid day to you, brute !" he comes ben :
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

IV.

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men ;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

V.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten :
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

VI.

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

VII.

The last Halloween I lay waukin'
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !

VIII.

Come counsel, dear Tittie ! don't tarry—
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

I.

FRAE the friends and land I love,
Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight ;
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care :
When remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

II.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
Bring our banish'd hame again ;
And ilka loyal bonnie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING.

I.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow ;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

CHORUS.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And Oh ! to be lying beyond thee ;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee !

II.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

III.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

IV.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie ;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johanie !

V.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'T wad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

VI.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me ;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee ;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

ANOTHER VERSION.

I.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow ;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

II.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing ?

III.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

IV.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they 'll wither.

COME REDE ME, DAME.

I.

COME rede me, dame, come tell me, dame,
And nane can tell mair truly,
What colour maun the man be of,
To love a woman dully.

II.

The carlin clew baith up and down,
And leugh and answer'd ready,
I learn'd a sang in Annandale,
A dark man for my lady.

III.

But for a country quean like thee,
Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
That wi' the white I've made a shift,
And brown will do fu' rarely.

IV.

There's mickle love in raven locks,
The flaxen ne'er grows youden,
There's kiss and hause me in the brown,
And glory in the gowden.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

I.

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
Came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
That wanted the crown ;
But now he has gotten
A hat and a feather,—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver !

II.

Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border
And gi'e them a brush ;
There's somebody there
We'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver !

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

I.

O MEIKLE thinks my luvè o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luvè o' my kin ;
But little thinks my luvè I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee ;
My laddie's sae meikle in luvè wi' the siller
He canna hae luvè to spare for me.

II.

Your proffer o' luvè's an airt-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mair nor me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

I.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.

Then guidwife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin ;
Then guidwife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair !

II.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen' ;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

III.

My coggie is a haly pool,
Th' at heals the wounds o' care and dool ,
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

Then guidwife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin ;
Then guidwife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair !

**THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE
COMES HAME.**

I.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey ;
And as he was singing, the tears fast doon came,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

II.

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars ;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
We darena weel say't, tho' we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame !

III.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.
It brak' the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
But till my last moments my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame !

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA'.

I.

O how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa ?
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa ?

II.

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.

III.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a',
But I hae ane will tak' my part.
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
But I hae ane will tak' my part,—
The bonnie lad that's far awa.

IV.

A pair o' gloves he bought for me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa ;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
And I will wear them for his sake,—
The bonnie lad that's far awa.

V.

O weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw ;
And my young babie will be born.
And he'll be hame that's far awa.
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luvè,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could muve.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

II.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Arrang its native briers sae coy :
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy !
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile ;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

I.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

II.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors ;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

III.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath ;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair ;
O' nice education, but sma' is her share ;
Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.
Her parentage humble as humble can be,
But I lo'e the dear lassie, because she lo'es me.

V

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs ?
And when wit and refinement ha' polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee from our hearts.
And when wit and refinement ha' polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.

VI.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

I.

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape, that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find ;
But, dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

II.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if heaven shall give
But happiness to thee :
And, as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE.

I.

O SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

II.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, as fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR?

I.

WHA is that at my bower door?
O, wha is it but Findlay?
Then gae yere gate, ye'se nae be here!—
Indeed, maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak' ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

II.

Gif I rise and let you in?—
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay?
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

III.

Here this night if ye remain ;—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay.
I dread ye'll ken the gate again ;—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,—
Let it pass, quo' Findlay.
Ye maun conceal till your last hour !—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO?

I.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man ?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan' !
Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

II.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang ;
He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man !
He's doyl't and he's dozin', &c.

III.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can ;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows :
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld nan !
He's peevish and jealous, &c.

IV.

My auld auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan !
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I'll cross him, and wrack him, &c.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

I.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mair.

II.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

THE TITHER MORN.

I

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I'd see my Jo,
Beside me, gain the gloaming.
But he sae trig
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
'When I, what reck,
Did least expect'
To see my lad sae near me.

II.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajeer,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
Deil tak' the war!
I late and air
Hae wish'd since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad
As short syne broken-hearted.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blythe and merry,
I car'd na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
At kirk and fair,
I'se ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

Æ FOND KISS.

I.

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
Æ fareweel, and then, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me:
Dark despair around benights me.

II.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.—
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

III.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
Æ fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

LOVELY DAVIES.

I.

O how shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whispers inspiration?
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies

II.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phoebus in the morning,
When past the show'r, and every flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is ;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

III.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That mak's us mair than princes :
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances :
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is ;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

IV.

My muse to dream of such a theme,
Her teebie pow'rs surrender ;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour :
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is ;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

I.

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow ;
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae puir pund o' tow.

CHORUS.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow ;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

II.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.

III.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow !
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak' it o'er my pow.

IV.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow !
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I.

I HAE a wife o' my ain—
I'll partake wi' naebody ;
I'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
I'll gi'e cuckold to naebody.
I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody ;
I hae naething to lend—
I'll borrow frae naebody.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

I am naeboddy's lord—
I'll be slaw to naeboddy;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak' dunts frae naeboddy;
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naeboddy;
If naeboddy care for me,
I'll care for naeboddy.

O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

CHORUS.

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

I.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

II.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

III.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam:
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

I.

O WHERE live ye, my bonnie lass?
An' tell me what they ca' ye?
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.

II.

O see you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

III.

And ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy!
And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

IV.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

V.

I can win my five pennies a day,
And spen' 't at night fu' brawlie;
And mak' my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.
And mak' my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

VI.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

I.

THE noble Maxwells and the powers,
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae big Terreagle's towers,
An' set them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagle's fair,
For their abode they chuse it ;
'There's no a heart in a' the land
But's lighter at the news o't.

II.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather ;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather :
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyfu' morrow ;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow !

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL

I.

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel ;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel !

II.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot ;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest :
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

III.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays :
The craik amang the clover hay,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

IV.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great ?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel ?

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

I.

O LUVE will venture in
Where it daurna weel be seen ;
O luve will venture in
Where wisdom aince has been ;
But I will down yon river rove,
Amang the wood sae green—
And a' to pu' a posie
To my ain dear May.

II.

The primrose I will pu',
The firstling of the year ;
And I will pu' the pink,
The emblem o' my dear !
For she's the pink o' womankind,
And blooms without a peer—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

III.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
When Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss
O' her sweet, bonnie mou' ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The hyacinth's for constancy,
Wi' its unchanging blue—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

IV.

The lily it is pure,
And the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom
I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity,
And unaffected air—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

V.

The hawthorn I will pu',
Wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man,
It stands at break of day.
But the songster's nest within the bush
I winna tak' away—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

VI.

The woodbine I will pu',
When the ev'ning star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew
Shall be her een sae clear;
The violet's for modesty,
Which weel she fa's to wear—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

VII.

I'll tie the posie round,
Wi' the silken band of love,
And I'll place it in her breast,
And I'll swear, by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life
The band shall ne'er remove—
And this will be a posie
To my ain dear May.

COUNTRIE LASSIE.

I.

It's simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says—I'll be wed, come o't what will;
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild—
O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

II.

It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken.
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie but, a routhie ben:
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luvèr's fire.

III.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luvè to spare for me:
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

IV.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair:
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
An hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

V.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye.
But the tender heart o' leesome luvè,
The gowd and siller canna buy;

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden luvè lays on ;
Content and luvè bring peace and joy—
What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

FAIR ELIZA.

I.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rue on thy despairing lover !
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise !

II.

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?
The offence is loving thee :
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
Wha for thine wad gladly die ?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe ;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

III.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon ;
Not the poet, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gi'es to me.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

I.

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear ;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear ;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang?
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

III.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bluidie war.

IV.

Then let your schemes alone, in the State, in the State;
Then let your schemes alone in the State;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

THE BANKS OF DOON

FIRST VERSION.

SWEET are the banks—the banks o' Doon,
The spreading flowers are fair,
And everything is blythe and glad,
But I am fu' o' care.
Thou'lt break my neart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou mind'st me o' the happy days,
When my fause luvie was true:
Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.
Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
And sae did I o' mine:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause luvie staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me:

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon!

SECOND VERSION.

I.

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

II.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luvie was true.

III.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

IV.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine.

V.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon a morn in June;
How like that rose my blooming morn,
Sae darkly set ere noon!

VI.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae off its thorny tree;
And my fause luvie staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

THIRD VERSION.

I.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed— never to return !

II.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
And my fause luvier staw my rose,
But, ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

I.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie :
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Maidgie was her mither ;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad nae gi'e a button for her.

II.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour ;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller ;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad nae gi'e a button for her.

III.

She's bow hough'd, she's hem shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter ;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter :
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad nae gi'e a button for her.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad nae gi'e a button for her.

LADY MARY ANN.

I.

O, LADY Mary Ann
Looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys
Playing at the ba';
The youngest he was
The flower amang them a'—
My bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

II.

O father! O father!
An ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year
To the college yet:
We'll sew a green ribbon
Round about his hat,
And that will let them ken
He's to marry yet.

III.

Lady Mary Ann
Was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell,
And bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd
The sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud
Will be bonnier yet.

IV.

Young Charlie Cochrane
Was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin'
And straught was its make:

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
O' the forest yet.

v.

The simmer is gane
When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa
That we hae seen ;
But far better days
I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie 's young,
But he 's growin' yet.

FAREWHEEL TO A' OUR SCOTTISH FAME.

i.

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory !
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story !
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

ii.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station ;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

iii.

O would, ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration ;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

I.

THERE lived a carle in Kellyburn braes,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime

II.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He met wi' the devil; says, "How do you fen?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

III.

'I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

IV.

'It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

V.

'O! welcome, most kindly," the blythe carle said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
'But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

VI.

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

VII.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Syne bade her gae in, for a b— and a w—,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

VIII.

Then straight he mak's fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

IX.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Whae'er she gat hands on cam' near her nae mair;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

X.

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa';
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
'O, help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a',"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XI.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XII.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He was not in wedlock, thank heav'n, but in hell;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XIII.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And to her auld husband he's carried her back;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XIV.

'I hae been a deevil the feck o' my life;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

I.

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain,
Spare my luv, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my luv, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be !
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

COMING THROUGH THE BRAES O' CUPAR.

I.

DONALD BRODIE met a lass,
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar ;
Donald wi' his Highland hand,
Rifled ilka charm about her.

CHORUS.

Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar,
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar.
Highland Donald met a lass,
And row'd his Highlan plaid about her

II.

Weel I wat she was a quean
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water ;
Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow,
His haly lips wad licket at her.

III.

Off she started in a fright,
And through the braes as she could bicker ;
But souple Donald quicker flew,
And in his arms he lock'd her sicker.
Coming through the braes o' Cupar,
Coming through the braes o' Cupar.
Highland Donald met a lass,
And row'd his Highland plaid about her.

LADY ONLIE.

I.

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in an' tak' a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky ;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

II.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky ;
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky !
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky ;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

AS I CAM' O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT

As I cam' o'er the Cairney-Mount,
And down among the blooming heather,
Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
To shelter frae the stormy weather.

O, my bonnie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-fared Highland laddie !
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel rowed in his tartan plaidie ?

Now Phœbus blinkit on the bent,
And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating ;
But he wan my heart's consent
To be his ain at the neist meeting.

O, my bonnie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-fared Highland laddie !
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel rowed in his tartan plaidie ?

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds through the vale ;
The primroses blow, in the dew of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale :
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care ?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king, and a father, to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 't is not my sufferings thus wretched—*forlorn*,
My brave gallant friends! 't is your ruin I mourn;
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

THE SONG OF DEATH.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun!
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
Our race of existence is run!
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave!
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!
Thou strik'st the dull peasant,—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;—
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!
In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands—
Oh! who would not die with the brave!

AFTON WATER

I.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream

II.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear—
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

III.

How lofty, sweet Afton! thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

v.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides!
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets stem thy clear wave!

vi.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton! disturb not her dream.

SMILING SPRING COMES IN REJOICING.

i.

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly dies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

ii.

Flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE CARLES O' DYSART.

i.

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado.

II.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.

III.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that come behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

I.

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.
Oh, I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

II.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gi'e the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gi'e it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in op'ning flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers.
I'll love my gallant weaver.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE, O.

I.

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuk's dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fient ma care, quo' the feirie auld wife,
He was but a paidlin' body, O!
He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
An' he paidles late an' early, O!
Thae seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

II.

O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O;
But downa do's come o'er me now,
And, oh! I feel it sairly, O!

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

I.

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'd her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam' in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but world's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lassie gang.

II.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 't is tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has 't by kind.
O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
'T wad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

I.

THE deil cam' fiddlin' thro' the town
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman!

II.

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

III.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
Was—the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman:
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

I.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:
Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

II.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see:
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June :
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I ;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luve !
And fare thee well a while !
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

JEANNIE'S BOSOM.

I.

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean ?
Dyvor, beggar loons to me—
I reign in Jeannie's bosom.

II.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me :
King and nations—swith, awa !
Reif randies, I disown ye !

HAD I THE WYTE SHE BADE ME.

I.

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte she bade me ;
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me ;
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me ;
Had Kirk and State been in the gate
I'd lighted when she bade me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me make nae clatter;
"For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman
Is o'er ayont the water":
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was a fautor.

III.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refus'd her?
And wadna manhood been to blame
Had I unkindly us'd her?
He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruise'd her;
When sic a husband was frae name
What wife but wad excus'd her?

IV.

I dighted aye her een sae blue,
And bann'd the cruel randy:
And weel I wat her willing mou'
Was e'en like sugar-candy.
At gloamin-shot it was I trow,
I lighted on the Monday;
But I cam' thro' the Tysday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

I.

Comin' through the rye, poor body,
Comin' through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Comin' through the rye.
Oh Jenny's a' weel, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Comin' through the rye.

II.

Gin a body meet a body—
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the warld ken?

Oh Jenny's a' weel, poor body;
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her retticoatie,
Comin' through the rye.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

I.

THE winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
And the little birds sing on ev'ry tree;
Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

III.

My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run,
Ever bright, ever constant and true;
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And is every month changing a new.

IV.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure:
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full o' woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

I.

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless king of love:
But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays among the woods and briers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves:

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

II.

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And changed with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near
Repentance I should buy sae dear :
The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree ;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair !"

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

I.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me ?
The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild-rolling sea.

II.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be ;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

I.

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething ?
Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour, my gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane,
A' for bye, my bonnie sel',
The toss of Ecclefechan.

II.

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
O haud your tongue and jauner ;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander :
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure ;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

I.

THE cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa ;
He ca'd the girrs out owre us a'—
And our guid-wife has gotten a ca'
That anger'd the silly guid-man, O.
We'll hide the cooper behint the door,
Behint the door, behint the door,
We'll hide the cooper behint the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

II.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi', deil hae her ! and, deil hae him !
But the body he was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun, O.

III.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
'Till our guid-man has gotten the scorn ;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall stan', O.

AH, CHLORIS.

AH, Chloris ! since it may na be
That thou of love wilt hear ;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell ;
My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY

I.

My heart is sair—I darena tell—
My heart is sair for Somebody ;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
Oh-hon ! for Somebody !
Oh-hey ! for Somebody !
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' Somebody !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody.
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody!

THE CARDIN' O'T.

I.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
To make a coat to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of ony yet.
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin' o't.

II.

For though his locks be lyart grey,
And tho' his brow be beld aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen.
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin' o't.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME

I.

WHEN Januar' wind was blawin' cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na whare to lodge till day.

II.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak' a bed for me.

IV.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

V.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

VI.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

VII.

"Haud off your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be:
Gif ye hae ony love for me,
O wrang na my virginity!"

VIII.

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

IX.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
'Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

X.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say,
I laid her 'tween me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XI.

Upon the morrow when we rase,
I thank'd her for her courtesie ;
But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
And said, " Alas ! ye 've ruin'd me."

XII.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e ;
I said, " My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak' the bed to me."

XIII.

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me :
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

XIV.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me ;
I 'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me !

SAE FAR AWAY.

I.

O, SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa ;
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this Fair sae far awa,
Gi'e body strength, then I 'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa.

II.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa :
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh ! she is sae far awa.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but her's, sae far awa ;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the Fair sae far awa.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I.

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again ;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again ;
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins we sall meet again.

II.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again ;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again !
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again ;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

I.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw
She wanders by yon spreading tree :
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e !

CHORUS.

O, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon ?
The fairest maid's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

II.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year !
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

III.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr ;
But my delight's in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky !

V.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

VI.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
The sinkin' sun's gane down upon ;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

VII.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear ;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me—spare me, Lucy dear !

VIII.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart.
And she—as fairest is her form !
She has the truest, kindest heart !

O, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon ?
The fairest maid's in yon town
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

THE MIRK NIGHT O' DECEMBER.

I.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December ;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber :
And dear was she, I dare na name,
But I will aye remember.
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

And here's to them, that, like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

I.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half sae fair as thou art.
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.

II.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so sweet as thou art.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

I.

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie ;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

III.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go ! for yoursel' procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
And for your lawful king, his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And 'press my soul with care ;
But ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n ;
For sure 't were impious to despair
So much in sight of Heav'n.

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

I.

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring ;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks when e'ning fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

The chield wha boasts o' world's walth
Is aften laird o' meikle care ;
But Mary she is a' mine ain—
Ah ! fortune canna gi'e me mair !
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e !

TO THEE, LOV'D NITH.

I.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

II.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear ;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah ! still how dear !

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

I.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley ;
Here 's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley.
Wha in a brulzie,
Will first cry a parley ?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley !

II.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley ;
Here 's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley !
Wha in his wae-days
Were loyal to Charlie ?
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley ?

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

HÉE BALOU.

I.

HÉE balou ! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald ;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

II.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie
An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie :
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

III.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furer :
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

WAE IS MY HEART.

I.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e ;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me :
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

II.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I lov'd :
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I prov'd ;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

III.

O, if I were, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle-green ;
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

ALTHO' my back be at the wa'.
And tho' he be the fautor ;
Altho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O? was gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie 's he could flatter ;
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintra clatter.
But tho' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor ;
But tho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here 's his health in water !

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

I.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm :
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heav'nly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

II.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye ;
Who but owns their magic sway !
Who but knows they all decay !
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

I.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care ;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
But the dire feeling, oh, farewell for ever !
Is anguish unmingl'd, and agony pure.

II.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
'Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON 'T.

CHORUS.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

I.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

II.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

III.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

IV.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns;
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

V.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to mak' him blest.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

AMANG THE TREES WHERE HUMMING BEES.

I.

AMANG the trees, where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O ;
'T was pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

II.

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O ;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
'Till we were wae and weary, O ;
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa,
He fir'd a fiddler in the north
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

I.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na' ;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

II.

Ye monarchs tak' the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah !
Gi'e me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna !

III.

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day !
Awa', thou pale Diana !
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

Come, in thy raven plumage, night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT.

IV.

The Kirk and State may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna:
The Kirk and State may gae to h—ll,
And I'll gae to my Anna.
She is the sunshine o' my e'e,—
To live but her I canna;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

O WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID.

I.

O wat ye what my minnie did,
My minnie did, my minnie did,
O wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a saft bed,
A saft bed, a saft bed,
She laid me in a saft bed,
And bade gude'en to me, jo.

II.

An' wat ye what the parson did,
The parson did, the parson did,
An' wat ye what the parson did,
A' for a penny fee, jo?
He loos'd on me a lang man.
A mickle man, a strang man,
He loos'd on me a lang man,
That might hae worried me, jo.

III.

An' I was but a young thing,
A young thing, a young thing,
An' I was but a young thing,
Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
In the wyte, in the wyte,
To pit a young thing in a fright,
An' loose a man on me, jo.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE PIPER.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE came a piper out o' Fife,
I watna what they ca'd him ;
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring,
When fient a body bade him.
And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair that she forbade him.

JENNY M'CRAW.

A FRAGMENT.

JENNY M'CRAW, she has ta'en to the heather
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither ;
Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en ;
My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,
And as for the lave, let the deil do his best.

THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL.

A FRAGMENT.

THE last braw bridal that I was at,
'T was on a Hallowmass day,
And there was routh o' drink and fun,
And mickle mirth and play.
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
And the dames danced in the ha' ;
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a'.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS

I.

HERE's to thy health, my bonnie lass,
Guid night, and joy be wi' thee !
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee :
I vow and swear, I dinna care,
How lang ye look about ye.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Thou 'rt aye sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry ;
I 'll be as free informing thee
Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee ;
Depending on some higher chance—
But fortune may betray thee.

III.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me ;
But I 'm as free as any he,
Sma' siller will relieve me.
I 'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae long as I 'll enjoy it ;
I 'll fear nae scant, I 'll bode nae want,
As lang 's I get employment.

IV.

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
And aye until ye try them :
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,
'They may prove waur than I am.
But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
My dear, I 'll come and see thee ;
For the man that lo'es his mistress weel
Nae travel makes him weary.

THE FAREWELL.

It was a' for our rightfu' king.
We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

II.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain ;
My love and native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

He turned him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore ;
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear,
With adieu for evermore.

IV.

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main ;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

V.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep ;
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear
The lee-lang night, and weep.

O STEER HER UP.

I.

O STEER her up and haud her gaun—
Her mither's at the mill, jo ;
An' gin she winna tak' a man,
E'en let her tak' her will, jo :
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
And ca' anither gill, jo,
And gin she tak' the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

II.

O steer her up, and be na blate,
An' gin she tak' it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie tili her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo ;
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo ;
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

O AYE my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Gude faith, she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married ;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

II.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' their days are done, man ;
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Gude faith, she'll soon o'er-gang ye.

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

I.

O wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

II.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there :
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen,

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

I.

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dew's o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping!

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen of womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

II.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;

O that's, &c.

III.

If thou hadst heard her talking
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted
And thou art all delighted;

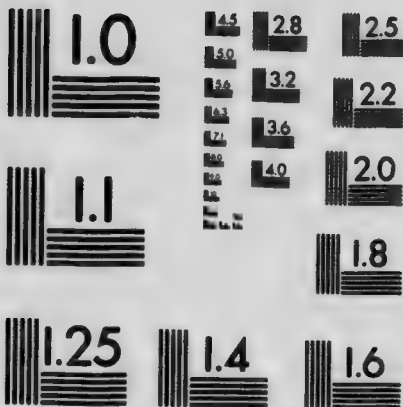
O that's, &c.

IV.

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.





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THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

CALEDONIA.

I.

THERE was once a day—but old Time then was young—
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :
Her heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

II.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew :
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee th' encounter shall rue!"
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn.
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

III.

Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand :
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land.
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

IV.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore !
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore ;
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

V.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood :
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learnèd to fear in his own native wood.

VI.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run :
For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base ;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse ;
Then, ergo, she'll match them and match them always

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

I.

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.
A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae,
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

II.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I had lo'ed best ;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

I.

O WHA will to Saint Stephen's house,
To do our errands there, man ?
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man ?
Or will we send a man-o'-law ?
Or will we send a sodger ?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major ?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

II.

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man?
Ane gi'es them coin, ane gi'es them wine,
Another gi'es them clatter;
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
He gi'es a Fête Champêtre.

III.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay green-woods amang, man;
Where gathering flowers and busking bowers.
They heard the blackbird's sang, man:
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter,
As theirs alone the patent-bliss,
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

IV.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man:
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonny banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champêtre.

V.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man:
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man:
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter;
The western breeze steals thro' the trees,
To view this Fête Champêtre.

VI

How many a robe sae gaily floats!
What sparkling jewels glance, man
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man.
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like paradise did glitter,
When angels met, at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champêtre.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VII.

When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man !
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man :
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it, every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fetê Champêtre.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

I.

HERE's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa ;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa' !
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

II.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa ;
Here's a health to Charlie the chief of the clan,
Altho' that his band be but sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success ;
May prudence protect her frae evil !
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil !

III.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa ;
Here's a health to Tammie the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law !
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write !
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth shou'd be heard
But they wham the truth wad indite.

IV.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!

MEG O' THE MILL.

O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,
And that's what Meg o' the mill has gotten.
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly?
A dram o' guid strunt in a morning early,
And that's what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly.
O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married,
An' ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married?
The priest he was oxter'd, the clerk he was carried,
And that's how Meg o' the mill was married
O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded,
An' ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded?
The groom gat sae fou, he fell twa-fauld beside it,
And that's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

MEG O' THE MILL.

I.
O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

II.
The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady:
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid-fellow and ta'en the churl.

III.
The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chainèd bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

IV.
O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS,

I.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
The Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

II.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursel's united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
For never, &c.

III.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it?
By heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By heavens, &c.

IV.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,
Wha would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Wha will not sing, "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the Ieople.
But while we sing, &c.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

I.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day ;
Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay ;
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa !
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

II.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe,
Shall melt the snaws of age ;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
Oh ! age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain !
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again ?

TO MARY.

I.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee !
They who but feign a wounded heart
May teach the lyre to languish ;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish ?

II.

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover ;
And in the keen, yet tender, eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising ;
Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
The voice of Nature prizing.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

I.

Oh ! I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

II.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

III.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

IV.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

V.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine ;
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine.

VI.

Till Charlie Stuart cam' at last,
Sae far to set us free ;
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me.

VII.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield :
My Donald and his Country fell
Upon Culloden-field.

VIII.

Och-on, O, Donald, Oh !
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

WELCOME TO GENERAL DUMOURIER

I.

YOU'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier ;
You're welcome to despots, Dumourier ;
How does Dampiere do ?
Aye, and Bournonville, too ?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

II.

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you ;
By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

III.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier.

BONNIE PEG-A-RAMSAY.

I.

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawin' it is dreary
When birks are bare at Yule.

II.

O cauld blaws the e'enin' blast
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost.

III.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

AN UNFINISHED SKETCH.

I.

THERE was a bonnie lass,
And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear ;
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi mony a sigh and a tear.

II.

Over sea, over shore,
Where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear ;
And nocht could him quail,
Or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

I.

As I was walking up the street,
A barent maid I chanc'd to meet ;
But O, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

II.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
And 't were more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

III.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck ;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wrack.
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

I.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo;
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

II.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O!
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd mee. thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

III.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' grey,
It makes my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

I.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

II.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer;
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

III.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

IV.

The world's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythly bear it,
And think my lot divine.

BONNIE LESLEY.

I.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border;
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther

II.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

III.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

IV.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Nor aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

V.

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

VI.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

SONG.

I.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 't were na' for my Jeannie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining;
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

II.

This world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't—
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!

III.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.

IV.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

V.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining!
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

GALLA WATER.

I.

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
'That wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

III.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

IV.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that 's the chiefest world's treasure!

LORD GREGORY.

I.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r—
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

II.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

III.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwin-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

IV.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

V.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VI.

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see !
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me !

MARY MORISON.

I.

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor :
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun ;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

II.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha,
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

III.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whase only faut is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown ;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE.

I.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame ;
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
It was na the blast brought the tear in my e'e:
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

III.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers!
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

IV.

But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

AN IRISH SONG ALTERED BY BURNS.

I.

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

II.

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart
Is naught to my pains frae thee, Oh!

III.

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

IV.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

YOUNG JESSIE.

I.

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair :
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

II.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring ;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law ;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger—
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'!

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

I.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning ;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

II.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

III.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

IV.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O ! happy, happy may he be,
That 's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger ;
I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger.

V.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever ;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never :
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge—the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

VI.

She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose—
Syn'e pale like ony lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried
Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded !

VII.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
'Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VIII.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour :
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger ;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN.

I.

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs befo' e me ;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me.
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me ;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

II.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring :
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing !
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling ;
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN BRAES.

I.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride !
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers :
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy :
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

III.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

IV.

O wae upon you, men o' State,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
As ye make mony a heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return !
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
But soon may peace bring happy days
And Willie hame to Logan braes !

THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR.

I.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

II.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

IV.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

V.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

VI.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

VII.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.

VIII.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'erin' on the lily lea ?

IX.

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love .

X.

" O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
O canst thou think to fancy me ?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

XI.

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee ;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

XII.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
She had nae will to say him na :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

I.

WHILE larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare :
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

II.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share !
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there :
Sweet to the opening day ;
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray :
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

III.

Down in a shady walk
Doves cooing were ;
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare :
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny !
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

HAD I A CAVE.

I.

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar :
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

II.

Fairest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeing as air !
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there !

BY ALLAN STREAM.

I.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi :
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready :
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures many ;
And aye the wild wood echoes rang—
O dearly do I love thee, Annie !

II.

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie !
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, " I'm thine for ever !"
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow,—we ne'er should sever.

III.

The haunt o' spring's the pri nrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow !
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeling her, our bosom's treasure ?

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

I.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare :
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

II.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild ;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.

III.

The rose-bud 's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 't is prest :
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast !

IV.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
Her breath is the breath o' the godbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond.

V.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phoebus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

VI.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day !
While worth, in the mind o' my Phillis,
Will flourish without a decay.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE

I.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur :
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her ?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

II.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure ;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure :
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever !
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never !

DAINTY DAVIE.

I.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers
And now comes in my happy hours,
'To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

II.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

III.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To mee: my faithfu' Davie.

THE PORTICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e the best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE.

[WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e;
Blythe Davie's blink her heart did move,
To speak her mind thus free,
"Gang doun the burn, Davie, love,
And I will follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwalt on yon burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her een were bonnie blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.]

As down the burn they took their way,
And thro' the flowery dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.
With "Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?"
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you."

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

I.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive,
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Sever'd from thee can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail :
" E'en here I took the last farewell ;
' There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

II.

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be !
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O, tell me, does she muse on me ?

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

I.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie !
Thou hast left me ever ;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie !
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever ;
Now thou 'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never !

II.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie !
Thou hast me forsaken ;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie !
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking :
Soon my weary een I'll close—
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken !

FAIR JENNY.

I.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song ?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At ev'ning the wild woods among ?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair :
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

III.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near ?
No, no ! the bees' humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

IV.

Fain would I hide, what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

V.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow :
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

I.

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

II.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion—
They are but types of woman.

III.

O ! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature ?
If man thou would'st be named,
Despise the silly creature.

IV.

Go, find an honest fellow ;
Good claret set before thee :
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

MY LOVELY NANCY.

I.

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

II.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish :
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

III.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure :
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

IV.

What is life when wanting love ?
Night without a morning :
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE

I.

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.
"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy ?"

II.

If 't is still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good-bye, allegiance !
"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it :
When you lay me in the dust.
Think, think, how you will bear it.
"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy!
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

IV.

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you :
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.
"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE

I.

WILT thou be my dearie ?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart
Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee !
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

II.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me :
If it winna, canna be,
Thou, for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'est me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'est me.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

HERE IS THE GLEN.

I.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade ;
The village-bell has told the hour—
O what can stay my lovely maid ?

II.

'T is not Maria's whispering call ;
'T is not the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

III.

It is Maria's voice I hear !
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 't is music—and 't is love.

IV.

And art thou come ? and art thou true ?
O welcome, dear to love and me !
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

I.

"O CAM' ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man ?"
I saw the battle sair and tough,
And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

II.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,
To meet them were na slaw, man ;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk a'd fa', man :
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles :
They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
'Till fey men died awa, man.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin' tartan trews, man ;
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs
And covenant true blues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, 'till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man.

IV.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chace gaed frae the north, man ;
I saw mysel' they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;
But, curs'd lot ! the gates were shut ;
And mony a huntit, pocr red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man !"

V.

"My sister Kate cam' up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :
Their left-hand general had rae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blude to spill ;
For fear by force that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they sca'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man."

VI.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man ;
"I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,"
Or in his en'mies' hands, man :
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;
And mony bade the warld guid-night ;
Say pell, and mell, wi' muskets' knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew off in frightened bands, man.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY

I.

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad.
How can I the thought forego?
He's on the seas to meet the foe.
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love:
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day.
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day
Are aye with him that's far away.

II.

When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun;
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate do with me what you may—
Spare but him that's far away!

III.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

IV.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may Heaven with prosp'rous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey—
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that's far away

CA' THE EWES.

FIRST VERSION.

I.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And ca'd me his dearie.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie !

II.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide?
Beneath the hazels spreading wide
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

III.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.

IV.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Caulf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.

V.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.

VI.

While waters wimple to the sea :
While day blinks in the lift sae hie ;
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

CA' THE YOWES.

SECOND VERSION.

I.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes—
My bonnie dearie !

Hark the mavis' e'ening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang !
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

II.

We 'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

III.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

IV.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
Thou 'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

V.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart ;
I can die—but canna part—
My bonnie dearie !

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes—
My bonnie dearie !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

I.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe ;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow !
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw ;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

II.

Like harmony her motion ;
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak' a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair.
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best o' a'.

III.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
Gi'e me the lonely valley
The dewy eve, and rising moon ;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang ;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang :
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'est me best of a'.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

SAW YE MY PHELY?

[QUASI DICAT PHILLIS.]

I.

O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

II.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

III.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair—
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

I.

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.
For oh! her lanely nights are lang;
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

II.

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar—
How can I be but eerie?

III.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh! her lanely nights are lang;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
That's absent frae her dearie.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

I.

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love ;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove ;
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change ;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove ?

II.

Mark the winds and mark the skies ;
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow :
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go :
Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan ?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS
MISTRESS.

I.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature !
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy :
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
With Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray ;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower !
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day

II.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning ;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky :

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

But when, in Beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When thro' my very heart
Her beaming glories dart—
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

CHLORIS.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

Why, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

II.

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream?

CHLORIS.

I.

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

II.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

III.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

IV.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

V.

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale—
But is his heart as true?

VI

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 't is nae love like mine.

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY

I.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe;
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

II.

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around, on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

I.

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
O wilt thou share its joy wi' me,
And say thou 'lt be my dearie, O ?

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks ?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O ?

II.

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn,
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn,
Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.

III.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We 'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

IV.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way ;
Thro' yellow waving fields we 'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

V.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest ;
Enclasp'd to my faithfu' breast,
I 'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks ?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O ?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

I.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling !
O mem'ry ! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling :
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

II.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover ;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst, relieve me ;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me !

III.

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
'Till fears no more had sav'd me :
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing ;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,
When, roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, m, Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weat
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e?
I care na wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

BOTH.

For a' the joys that gowd can gi'e?
I dinna care a single flie;
The { lad } I love's the { lad }
 { lass } { lass } for me,
And that's my ain dear { Willy.
 Philly.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

I.

CONTENTED wi' litt'le and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forega' sorrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp, they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

II.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch

III.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a':
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

IV.

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain;
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

I.

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart—
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy !
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy !

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Well thou know'st my aching heart—
And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

I.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa !

II.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa !

III.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa !

IV.

Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's decay :
The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa !

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

I.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that !

II.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine
A man's a man for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that !

III.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that :
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that !

IV.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mawna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

V.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

I.

O LASSIE, art thou sleepin' yet,
Or art thou waukin', I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo!

II.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

III.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's :
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo!

HER ANSWER.

I.

O tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let ye in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

II.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed ;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

IV.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo !

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

I.

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

II.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that wad touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdain.

III.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

IV.

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
O' speechless grief and dark despair :
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
Or my poor heart is broken !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

I.

CAN I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish?
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

II.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror:
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.

III.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

I.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

II.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld CALEDONIA's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

'T WAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

I.

'T was na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin ;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing :
'T was the dear smile when naeboddy did mind us,
'T was the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness

II.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me !
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queer shall she be in my bosom for ever.

III.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest ;
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter—
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS !

I.

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And, to t' e wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice !
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife ;—
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

II.

The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinion tries ;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet !

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

MARK YONDER POMP

I.

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride :
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures ?
What are the noisy pleasures ?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

II.

But, did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array ;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day ?
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

I.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place ;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that 's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

II.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

III.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.

IV.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE
IN GREEN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

I.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers :
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers ;
While ilka thing in Nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe ?

II.

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art :
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I ;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnets flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the with'ring blast
My youth and joy consume.

IV.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little recks I sorrow's power,
Until the flow'ry snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

V.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whose doom is, "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whose bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER

I.

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

II.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

III.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

IV.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR

I.

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

O wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me.
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

II.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.

III.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

IV.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That on'y ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

O wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

I.

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
I said there was naething I hated like men.
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

II.

He spak' o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgi'e me for lying.

III.

A weel-stocked mailen—himsel' for the laird—
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

IV.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less—
The deil tak' his taste to gae near her !
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

V.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there !
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

VI.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

VII.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin' !

VIII.

He begged, for Gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
Sae, e'en to preserve the poor body his life,
I think I maun wed him-to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

I.

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :
O, gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farma.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ;
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

II.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.

III.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess ;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ;
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

THE BONNIE LASS OF ALBANY.

My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea
That roars between her gardens green,
An' the bonnie Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood,
That rul'd Albion's kingdoms three,
But oh, alas! for her bonnie face,
They've wrang'd the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde,
There sits an isle of high degree,
And a town of fame whose princely name,
Should grace the Lass of Albany.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be:
We'll send him o'er his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day.
A false usurper wan the gree,
Who now commands the towers and lands—
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
That the time may come, with pipe an' drum,
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.

CARLE AN' THE KING COME.

AN OLD SONG IMPROVED.

CHORUS.

CARLE, an' the King come,
Carle, an' the King come,
Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
Carle, an' the King come.

An' somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And every man shall hae his ain,
Carle, an' the King come.

Carle, an' the King come, etc.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

I trow we swappet for the worse,
We gi'e the boot and better horse,
An' that we'll tell them at the cross,
Carle, an' the King come.

Carle, an' the King come, etc.

Coggie, an' the King come,
Coggie, an' the King come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
Coggie, an' the King come.

Coggie, an' the King come, etc.

JESSY.

I.

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

II.

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

III.

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock't in thy arms—Jessy!

IV.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree!—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

I.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?
Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear!
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear?
O! did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so."

II.

Then come, 'thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE		PAGE
Accept the gift a friend sincere ...	147	At Brownhill we always get dainty	
Adieu! a heart warm fond adieu...	353	good cheer	305
Admiring Nature in her wildest		A' the lads o' Thornie Bank ...	432
grace	209	Auld chuckle Reekie's sair distrest	281
Adown winding Nith I did wander	485	Auld comrade dear, and brither	
Ae day, as Death that gruesome		sinner	275
carle	223	Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's	
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ...	415	charms	517
Afar the illustrious exile roams ...	238	A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink ...	119
Again rejoicing Nature sees ...	351		
Again the silent wheels of Time ...	191	Bannocks o' bear meal	451
Aguid new-year I wish thee, Maggie!	103	Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay	134
Ah, Chloris! since it may na be ...	443	Before I saw Clarinda's face ...	187
A head, pure, sinless quite of brain		Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows	341
and soul	240	Behold the hour the boat arrive ...	487
A Highland lad (my love was born .	62	Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes	306
Ah, woe is me, my mother dear ...	232	Beyond thee dearie, beyond thee	
All hail! inexorable lord!	150	dearie	405
All villain as I am, a damned wretch	33	Bless the Redeemer, Cardoness ...	317
Altho' my back be at the wa' ...	452	Blest be McMurdo to his latest day!	212
Altho' my bed were in yon muir ...	335	Blythe, blythe, and merry was she	378
Among the trees where humming		Blythe hae I been on yon hill ...	480
bees	455	Bonnie lassie, will ye go?	363
Among the heathy hills and rugged		Bonnie wee thing, canny wee thing	413
woods	203	Bright ran thy line, O Galloway ...	317
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy		But lately seen in gladsome green .	468
December	453	But rarely seen since Nature's birth	319
An honest man here lies at rest ...	305	By Allan stream, I chanc'd to rove	484
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire...	450	By all I lov'd, neglected and forgot	198
An' O! for ane-and-twenty, Tam...	418	By yon castle wa', at the close of	
An' O! my Eppie, my jewel, my		the day	408
Eppie!	399		
A rose-bud by my early walk ...	380	Ca' the ewes to 'he knowes ...	495
As cauld a wind as ever blew ...	311	Ca' the yowes to the knowes ...	496
As Father Adam first was fooled ...	307	Can I cease to care?	510
As I came o'er the Cairney mount	433	Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?	505
As I came in by our gate end ...	369	Carle, an' the king come	519
As I gaed down the water side ...	495	Cauld is the e'enin blast	470
As I stood by yon roofless tower ...	167	Cease, ye prudes, your envious	
As I was walking up the street ...	471	railing	309
Ask why God made the gem so		Clarinda, mistress of my soul ...	187
small	311	Come boat me o'er, come row me	
As Maillie and her lambs thegither	42	o'er	379
As Tam the chapman on a day ...	304	Come, let me take thee to my breast	486

	PAGE		PAGE
Come rede me, dame, come tell me, dame	406	Friday first's the day appointed ...	315
Comin' thro' the rye, poor body ...	440	Friend of the Post, tried, and leal	225
Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair	505	From thee, Eliza, I must go ...	350
Could aught of song declare my pains	468	From the white-blossom'd sloe ...	322
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life	309	From those drear solitudes and frowsy cells	293
Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd	195	Fy, let's a' to Kirkcudbright ...	298
Daughter of Chaos' doting years ...	236	Gane is the day, and mirk's the night	408
Dear —, I'll gie ye some advice .	320	Gat ye me, O gat ye me ...	442
Dear Peter, dear Peter	320	Go fetch to me a pint o' wine ...	388
Dear Sir, at any time or tide ...	323	Grant me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live	313
Dear Smith, the sleest, paukie thief	249	Green grow the rushes, O ! ...	344
Deluded swain, the pleasure ...	489	Gude pity me, because I'm little ...	175
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw ...	194	Guid e'en to you, kimmer ...	340
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?	457	Guid morning to your Majesty ! ...	140
Donald Brodie met a lass	432	Guid speed an' furder to you, Johnny	265
Dost thou not rise, indignant shade?	168	Had I a cave on some wild distant shore	484
Duncan Gray cam' here to woo ...	371	Had I the wyte, had I the wyte ...	439
Dweller in yon dungeon dark ...	214	Hail ! thairm-inspiring, rattlin' Willie !	277
Earth'd up here lies an imp of hell	318	Has auld Kilmarnock seen the deil ?	48
Edina ! Scotia's darling seat ! ...	95	Ha ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie ?	120
Expect na, Sir, in this narration ...	147	Health to the Maxwell's vet'ran chief !	167
Fair empress of the Poet's soul ...	186	Hear ! Land o' Cakes an' brither Scots	190
Fairest maid on Devon banks ...	520	He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist	322
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face ...	74	Hee balou ! my sweet we3 Donald	452
Fair maid, ye need not take the hint	322	He looked just as your sign-posts do	240
Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame ...	429	He who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead... ..	318
Farewell, dear friend, may guid luck hit you	304	Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad	367
Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains	124	Here around the ingle bleezing ...	401
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies	434	Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie	476
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows	503	Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct	316
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong	364	Here cursing, swearing Burton lies	312
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped	146	Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay	47
Fill me with the rosy wine ...	319	Here is the glen, and here's the bower	492
Fintray, my stay in worldly strife...	288	Here lie Willie Michie's banes ...	309
First when Maggy was my care ...	390	Here lies Boghead among the dead	322
Flow gently, sweet Afton ! among thy green braes... ..	434	Here lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shamm'd	314
For lords or kings I dinna mourn	213		
Forlorn my love, no comfort near	515		
For thee is laughing Nature gay ...	233		
Frae the friends and land I love ...	404		

GE

15

25

50

22

93

98

08

42

88

13

44

75

40

40

65

84

39

77

48

20

67

90

22

52

40

18

67

01

76

16

12

47

92

09

22

14

	PAGE
Here lies a rose, a budding rose ...	316
Here lies John Bushby, honest man	318
Here lies Johnny Pidgeon ...	306
Here lies now a prey to insulting neglect ...	224
Here lies wi' death auld Grizzel Grim ...	311
Here souter Hood in death does sleep ...	206
Here Stuarts once in glory reigned	208
Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives ...	164
Her flowing locks the raven's wing	346
Here's a bottle and an honest friend	319
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear...	519
Here's a health to them that's awa'	465
Here's to thy health, my bonnie lass	457
Hey the dusty miller ...	368
His face with smile eternal drest ...	240
Honest Will's to Heaven gane ...	310
How can my poor heart be glad?	494
How cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd...	223
How cruel are the parents...	511
How daur ye ca' me howlet-face?	321
How gracefully Maria leads the dance ...	233
How lang and dreary is the night	377
How lang and dreary is the night	498
How, Liberty, girl, can it be by thee named? ...	323
How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon ...	371
How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace? ...	207
How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite ...	214
Husband, husband, cease your strife	490
I am a bard of no regard ...	65
I am a keeper of the law ...	216
I am a son of Mars ...	59
I am my mammy's ae bairn ...	362
I bought my wife a stane o' lint ...	417
I call no goddess to inspire my strains ...	293
I coft a stane o' haslock woo' ...	444
I do confess thou art sae fair ...	410
I dream'd I l'y where flow'rs were springing ...	328
If thou art staunch without a stain	175
If ye gae up to yon hill-tap ...	229

	PAGE
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue ...	313
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen ...	402
I gat your letter, winsome Willie...	261
I hae a wife o' my ain ...	417
I hae been at Crookleden ...	198
I hold it, sir, my bounden duty ...	273
I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend ...	269
I'll aye ca' in by yon town...	447
Ill-fated genius, Heav'n taught Fergusson ...	195
I'll kiss thee yet, yet ...	343
I married with a scolding wife ...	359
I mind it weel, in early date ...	279
I'm now arrived, thanks to the gods	321
I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor ...	208
I murder hate, by field or flood ...	315
In coming by the brig o' Dye ...	370
Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art ...	185
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles ...	347
Innocence looks gaily smiling on ...	316
In politics if thou wouldst mix ...	313
In se'enteen hunder and forty-nine	310
In simnier when the hay was mawn	423
Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast ...	314
In Tarbolton ye ken, there are proper young men ...	230
In this strange land, this uncouth clime ...	285
In Truth and Honor's name. Amen	122
In wood and wild ye warbling throng	316
I once was a maid ...	60
I see a form, I see a face ...	512
I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth	179
Is there a whim-inspired fool? ...	220
Is there for honest poverty? ...	506
Is this thy plighted, fond regard?...	505
Ithers seek they ken na what ...	233
It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face ...	411
It was a' for our rightfu' king ...	458
It was in sweet Senegal ...	216
It was the charming month of May	501
It was upon a Lammas night ...	333
Jamie, come try me ...	387
Jenny McCraw, she has ta'en to the heather ...	457

	PAGE		PAGE
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss ...	431	My heart was once as blythe as free	339
John Anderson, my jo, John ...	356	My honoured Colonel, deep I feel...	221
Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief ...	312	My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't	454
Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? ...	189	My lord, I know your noble ear ...	200
Kilmarnock wabsters fidge and claw	92	My love she's but a lassie yet ...	387
Kind sir, I've read your paper through	208	My lov'd, my honoured, much re-	
Know thou, O stranger to the fame	305	spected friend	51
Lament him, Mauchline husbands a'	306	My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form	453
Lament in rhyme, lament in prose	44	Nae gentle dames, though e'er sae	
Landlady, count the lawin'...	374	fair	336
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks ...	502	Nae heathen name shall I prefix ...	158
Lass, when your mither is frae hame	243	No churchman am I for to rail and	
Last May a braw wooer cam down		to write	149
the lang glen	516	No cold approach, no altered mien	234
Late crippl'd of an arm and now a		No more of your guests, be they	
leg	291	titled or not	312
Let me ryke up to dight that tear...	63	No more, ye warblers of the wood	
Let not woman e'er complain ...	499	—no more	165
Let other heroes boast their scars...	127	No sculptur'd marble here, nor	
Let other poets raise a fracas ...	68	pompous lay	195
Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize	169	No song nor dance I bring from	
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast	306	yon great city	211
Lone on the bleak hills the straying		No Spartan tube, no Attic shell ...	241
flocks	161	No Stewart art thou, Galloway ...	317
Long life, my lord, and health be		Now bank an' brae are clath'd in	
yours	155	green	450
Long, long the night	510	Now haply down yon gay green shaw	447
Lord, to account who dares Thee		Now health forsakes that angel face	224
call?	321	Now in her green nantle blythe	
Lord, we thank, an' Thee adore ...	320	Nature arrays	506
Loud blaw the frosty breezes ...	368	Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse ...	226
Louis, what reck I by thee... ..	439	Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea	502
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion	512	Now Nature hangs her mantle	
Maxwell, if merit here you crave ...	323	green	177
Musing on the roaring ocean ...	377	Now Robin lies in his last lair ...	217
My blessings on you, sonsy wife ...	311	Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers	486
My bonny lass I work in brass ...	64	Now Spring has clad the grove in	
My bottle is my holy pool	315	green	513
My Chloris, mark how green the		Now westlin' winds and slaught'ring	
groves	500	guns	337
My curse upon thy venom'd stang...	188	O aye my wife, she dang me ...	460
My father was a farmer upon the		O! a' ye pious godly flocks ...	106
Carrick border, O	329	O bonnie was yon rosy brier ...	514
My godlike friend—nay, do not stare	242	O cam' ye here the fight to shun?... ..	492
My Harry was a gallant gay ...	383	O can ye labour lea, young man?... ..	391
My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie!	403	O! could I give thee India's wealth	212
My heart is sair—I dare na tell ...	443	O Death, had'st thou but spar'd his	
My heart is wae, and unco wae ...	518	life	301
My heart's in the Highlands, my		O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody	172
heart is not here	395		

	PAGE		PAGE
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying ...	335	O poortith cauld and restless love	474
Of all the num'rous ills that hurt our peace	159	Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care	115
O' a' the airts the wind can blaw ...	390	O raging fortune's withering blast	327
O gat ye me, O gat ye me ...	442	O rattlin' roarin' Willie ...	380
O gi'e my love brose, brose ...	397	O rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine	271
O Goudie ! terror of the Whigs ...	253	Orthodox, orthodox... ..	71
O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes	389	O sad and heavy should I part ...	446
O, had the milt thy strength of mind	312	O saw ye bonny Lesley ? ...	473
Oh ! had each Scot of ancient times	307	O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?	412
Oh ! I am come to the low countrie	469	O saw ye my dear, my Phely ? ...	498
Oh, ope the door some pity to show	477	O sing a new song to the Lord ...	239
O, how can I be blythe and glad ?	409	O Stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay	509
O how shall I unskilfu' try ? ...	416	O steer her up and hand her gown	459
Oh, sweet be thy sleep, in the land of the grave	183	O that I had ne'er been married ...	338
O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie	325	O Thou dread Power, who reign'st above	152
O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?	466	O Thou Great Being ! what Thou art	154
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa'	428	O Thou in whom we live and move	320
O lassie, art thou sleeping yet ? ...	508	O thou pale orb that silent shines	144
O lay thy loof in mine, lass ...	453	O Thou, the first, the greatest Friend	154
Old Winter with his frosty beard	224	O Thou unknown, Almighty cause	151
O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles	347	O Thou ! wha in the Heavens dost dwell	45
O leese me on my spinning-wheel	420	O thou, whatever title suit thee ...	29
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide	480	O Thou, who kindly dost provide	310
O lovely Polly Stewart ! ...	449	O thou, whom poesy abhors ! ...	309
O luvie will venture in ...	421	O Tibbie, I hae seen the day ...	328
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet ...	471	Out over the Forth I look to the north	442
O Mary, at thy window be ...	476	O wat ye wha's in yon town ? ...	447
O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet	448	O wat ye what my minnie did ? ...	456
O meikle do I rue, fause love ...	209	O, were I on Parnassus' hill ! ...	393
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty	407	O, were my love yon lilac fair ...	394
O merry hae I been teething a heckle	397	O wert thou in the cauld blast ...	460
O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour	475	O wha is she that lo'es me ? ...	461
O mount and go	389	O wha my babie clouts will buy ? ...	338
O my luvie's like a red, red rose ...	439	O, whare did ye get that hauer meal bannock ?	359
On a bank of flowers, in a summer day	385	O whare live ye, my bonnie lass ? ...	420
Once fondly lov'd and now remem- ber'd dear	146	O wfa will to St. Stephen's house ?	463
On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells	354	O when she cam' ben she bobbit ...	375
One night as I did wander... ..	342	O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad	361
One Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell	307	O why the deuce should I repine ?	342
O, once I lov'd a bonny lass ...	326	O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut ...	490
O Philly, happy be that day ...	503	O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?	381
		O ye wha are sae guid yoursel' ...	125
		O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains	304

	PAGE		PAGE
Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare	171	Sweetest May, let love inspire thee	343
Praise woman still	323	Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn...	406
Rash mortal, and slanderous poet,		Sweet flow'et, pledge o' meikle love	155
thy name... ..	308	Sweet naivete of feature	185
Raving winds around her blowing	376	Talk not to me of savages	318
Revered defender of beauteous		That there is falsehood in his looks	313
Stuart	205	The br ... got out wi' an unco shout	437
Right, sir, your text I'll prove it		The black-headed eagle	319
true	105	The blundered rose at Yule may blaw	378
Robin shure in hairst	342	The bonniest lad that e'er I saw ...	449
Rusticity's ungainly form	232	The Catrine woods were yellow seen	398
Sad thy tale, thou idle page ...	162	The cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa'	443
Sae flaxen were her ringlets ...	497	The day returns, my bosom burns	386
Say, sages, what's the charm on		The dell cam' fiddlin' thro' the towr	438
earth	319	The Devil got notice that Grose wa	
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled ...	324	a-dying	310
Searching auld wives' barrels ...	311	The friend whom wild from wisdom's	
See, the smoking bowl before us ...	67	way	225
Sensibility, how charming	164	The gloomy night is gath'ring fast	358
She is a winsome wee thing ...	472	The greybeard, old Wisdom, may	
She's fair and fause that causes my		boast of his treasures	315
smart	437	The heather was blooming, the	
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	325	meadows were mawn	347
Shrewd Willie Smellie to Crochallan		Their groves o' sweet myrtle let	
came	308	foreign lands re	510
Sic a reptile was Wat	310	The King's most humble servant, I	313
Simmer's a pleasant time	384	The laddies by the banks of Nith...	171
Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the		The lamp of day with ill-presaging	
leafless bough	165	glare	157
Sir, as your mandate did request ...	117	The last braw bridal that I was at...	457
Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card ...	276	The last time I came o'er the moor	352
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou'	61	The lazy mist hangs from the brow	
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest		of the hill	388
creature?	499	The lovely lass of Inverness ...	438
Slow spreads the gloom my soul		The man in life wherever plac'd ...	153
desires	398	The night was still, and o'er the hill	232
Some books are lies frae end to end	81	The noble Maxwells and the powers	420
Some hae meat and canna eat ...	316	The ploughman he's a bonny lad...	373
Sp re me thy vengeance, Galloway	317	The poor man weeps—here Gavin	
Stay, my charmer, can you leave		sleeps	305
me?	365	There came a piper out o' Mife ...	457
Still anxious to secure your partial		There liv'd a carle on Kelly-burn	
favour	184	braes	430
Stop, thief! dame Nature cried to		There liv'd a lass in yonder dale ...	352
Death	312	There's auld Rob Morris that wons	
Streams that glide in orient plains	382	in yon glen	396
Sweet are the banks—the banks o'		There's a youth in this city, it were	
Doon	425	a great pity	395
Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-		There's braw braw lads on Yarrow	
burnwood	405	braes	474
		There's death in the cup, sae beware!	312

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

527

	PAGE		PAGE
There's news, lassies, news ...	368	Thou, who thy honour as thy God	
There was a bonnie lass, and a		reverat ...	169
bonnie bonnie lass ...	471	'Tis friendship's pledge, my young,	
There was a lad was born in Kyle...	345	fair friend ...	163
There was a lass and she was fair...	481	To Riddel, much lamented man ...	314
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg	369	To thee, lov'd Dee, thy gladsome	
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen	360	plains ...	393
There was once a day, but old Time		To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome	
then was young...	462	plains ...	451
There were five carlins in the south	180	To you, Sir, this summons I've sent	295
There were three kings into the east	331	True-hearted was he, the sad swain	
The robin to the wren's nest ...	233	o' Yarrow ...	478
The simple bard, rough at the rustic		Turn again, thou fair Eliza...	424
plough ...	97	'Twas even—the dewy fields were	
The simple bard unbroke by rules		green ...	355
of art ...	234	'Twas in that place o' Scotland's	
The small birds rejoice in the green		isle ...	75
leaves returning...	433	'Twas in the seventeen hundred year	302
The smiling spring comes in rejoicing	435	'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was	
The sun had clos'd the winter day...	109	my ruin ...	511
The sun he is sunk in the west ...	392	'Twas where the birch and sounding	
The tabor fell thro' the bed, thimbles		thong ...	186
... ..	383	Up in the morning's no for me ...	367
The Thames flows proudly to the sea	403	Upon a simmer Sunday morn ...	85
The tither morn, when I forlorn ...	414	Upon that night, when fairies light	33
The weary pund, the weary pund...	417	Up wi' the carles o' Dysart ...	435
The wind blew hollow frae the hills	135	Wae is my heart, and the tear's in	
The winter it is past, and the sim-		my e'e ...	452
mer's come at last ...	441	Wae worth thy power, thou cursed	
The wintry west extends his blast...	28	leaf ...	159
Thickest night, o'erhang my dwelling!	365	Was e'er puir post sae befitted? ...	305
Thine am I, my faithful fair ...	490	Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray ...	372
Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair ...	227	We cam' na here to view your	
This day, Time winds the exhausted		warks ...	308
chain ...	209	Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower	133
This is no my ain lassie ...	512	Wee sleekit cow'rin' tim'rous beastie	137
This wot ye all whom it concerns...	160	Wee Willie Gray and his leather	
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part...	345	wallet ...	389
Thou flattering mark of friendship		We grant they're thine, those beau-	
kind ...	227	ties all ...	318
Though fickle fortune has deceived		Wha is that at my bower door? ...	412
me ...	164	Where hae ye been sae braw, lad?	402
Though women's minds, like winter		What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h?	219
winds ...	376	What can a young lassie, what shall	
Thou hast left me for ever, Jamie...	488	a young lassie? ...	413
Thou, Liberty, thou art my theme	234	What dost thou in that mansion	
Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray	334	fair? ...	317
Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I		What man could esteem, what	
arraign ...	721	woman could love? ...	321
Thou of an independent mind ...	163		
Thou's welcome, wean ! ...	138		
Thou, whom chance may hither lead	204		

	AGE	PAGE
What needs this din about the toun o' Lon'on?	210	
What will I do gin my hoggie die?	366	
Wha will buy my troggin?	301	
When biting Boreas, fell and dour'd	56	
When, braving angry winter's storms	381	
When by a gen'rous public's kind acclaim A.	196	
When chapman billies leave the street	23	
When chill November's surly blast	40	
When dear Clarinda, matchless fair	176	
When death's dark stream I ferry o'er	307	
When first I began for to sigh and to woo her	370	
When first I came to Stewart Kyle	336	
When first my brave Johnnie lad	407	
When Guildford good our pilot stood	192	
When Januar' wind was blowing cauld	444	
When Lascelles thought fit this world to depart	322	
When lyart leaves bestrew the yird	58	
When Nature her great master- piece design'd	283	
When o'er the hill the eastern star	472	
When rosy May comes in wi' flowers	385	
When trees did bud, and fields were green	487	
When wild war's deadly blast was blawn	478	
Where are the joys I have met in the morning?	488	
Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea	436	
While at the stook the shearer's cow	7	
While briars and woodbines budding green	255	
While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things	46	
While larks with little wing	483	
While new-ca'd kye row'd at the stake	258	
While virgin spring by Eden's flood	169	
While winds frae off Ben Lomond blaw	244	
Whoe'er he be that sojourns here	309	
Whoe'er thou art, O reader know	305	
Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading	197	
Whom will you send to London town?	297	
Whome is that noble, dauntless I row?	231	
Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?	152	
Why, why, tell thy lover?	500	
Why, ye tenants of the lake	139	
Wi' braw new branks in meikle pride	217	
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed	427	
Will ye go to the Highlands, Lissie Lindsay?	234	
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?	356	
Wilt thou be my drarie?	491	
With Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel	323	
With Pegasus upon a day	199	
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!	286	
Ye banks and braes and streams around	357	
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon	426	
Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon	426	
Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right	384	
Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie	372	
Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?	314	
Ye Irish lords, ye knights and squires	128	
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear	421	
Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering?	314	
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie	350	
Ye trees I had a pint of wine	22	
Ye true loyal natives, attend to my song	203	
Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill	37	
Yon wild mossy mountains, see lofty and wide	410	
Young Jamie, pride of a' the main	141	
Young Jockey was the liveliest	100	
Young Peggy blooms our bonnie lass	10	
Your billet, Sir, I grant recant		
You're welcome to		
mourier	0	
Your friendship much can aid		
about	12	
Your news and review, sir, I've		
through and through, sir	66	
Yours this moment I unseal	343	

NOTES TO THE POEMS.

TAM O' SHANTER (see p. 23).

CAPTAIN GROSS, in the introduction to his "Antiquities of Scotland," says: "To my ingenious friend, Mr. Robert Burns, I have been seriously obligated; he was not only at the pains of making out what was most worthy of notice in Ayrshire, the country honoured by his birth, but he also wrote, expressly for this work, the *pretty tale* annexed to Alloway Church." What an odd notion Captain Gross must have had of the fitness of things when he called Tam o' Shanter "a pretty tale." In a letter to Captain Gross, the author gives the legend which formed the groundwork of the poem: "On a market day in the town of Ayr a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirkyard, in order to cross the river Doon at the one bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards farther on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blast streaming from the kirk, yet it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirkyard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty black-guard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the face of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was amazed tradition does not say, but that the ladies were all in the kirk, and one of them happening unlucky to give a sneeze which was considerably hurtful to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out with a loud laugh, 'Weel huppen (leaped), Maggie wi' the short sark!' and, recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the tip of his speed. I need not mention the universally-known fact that the diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for, notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently, the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeanceful fiends, were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tailless condition of the vigorous steed was, to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful

warning to the Carrick farmers not to stay too late in Ayr markets."

The poet constituted Douglas Grahame, the farmer of Shanter, the hero of the legend, and as he really was the jovial careless being he is represented to be in the poem, several ludicrous incidents current about him were introduced into it. The poem was composed in the winter of 1790, and was begun and ended in one day. Mrs. Burns told Cronin that she saw him by the river side laughing and gesticulating at the humorous incidents assumed place within his mind.

WINTER (see p. 2).

This poem was copied into Burns's commonplace book, with the remarks appended: "As I am what the men of the world, if they knew such a man, would call a whimsical mortal! I have various sources of pleasure and enjoyment which are in a manner peculiar to myself, or some here and there such out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take in the season of Winter more than the rest of the year. Thus, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy cast; but there is something even in the

'Mighty tempest and the heavy waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,

which raises the mind to a serious sublimity favourable to everything great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which is something which enraptures me. I walk in the sheltered side of the Ayr plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion; my mind is rapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.' In one of these seasons, just after a train of misfortunes, I composed these lines."

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL (see p. 29).

GILBERT BURNS says: "It was, I think, in the winter of 1794, as we were going with carts for coals to the family fire (and I could yet point out the particular spot), that Robert first repeated to me the 'Address to the Deil.' The curious idea of such an address was suggested to him by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have from various quarters of this august personage."

"Burns," says Carlyle, "even pities the very devil, without knowing, I am sure, that my uncle Toby had been beforehand there with him! 'He is the father of curses and lies,' said Dr. Slop, 'and is cursed and damned already

"I am sorry for it," said my uncle Toby. A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility."

Spaigies is the best Scots word in its place I ever met with. The dell is not standing flinging the liquid brimstone on his friends with a ladle, but we see him standing at a large boiling vat, with something like a golf-bat, striking the liquid this way and that way aslant, with all his might, making it fly through the whole apartment, while the inmates are winking and holding up their arms to defend their faces. This is precisely the idea conveyed by *spairging*; flinging it in any other way would be *laving* or *splashing*.—THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Cootie is literally, a small wooden tub. Here the poet means both the utensil and its contents.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT (see p. 33).

THE poet says, regarding this: "In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the tragic muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy, forsooth; but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my further progress. In those days I never wrote down anything, so except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The above, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character—great in occasional instances of generosity, and daring at times in villainies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaims to himself the words of the fragment."

HALLOWEEN (see p. 33).

HALLOWEEN is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.—BURNS.

"On Cassilis Downans dance" (l. 2).—Certain little romantic, rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.—BURNS.

"There up the cove to stray and rove" (l. 7).—A noted cavern near Colean-house called the Cove of Colean, which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.—BURNS.

"Where Bruce once rul'd the martial ranks" (l. 12).—The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert Bruce, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

"Their stocks moun a' be sought ance" (l. 29).—The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a stock or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with; its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune, and the taste of the custoc, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are

according to the priority of placing the runts—the names in question.—BURNS.

"To pou their stalks o' corn" (l. 47).—They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle—that is, the grain at the top of the stalk—the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.—BURNS.

"When huil'in in the fause-house" (l. 53).—When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-buider, by means of old timber, etc., makes a 'large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind; this he calls a 'fause-house'.—BURNS.

"The auld guidwife's weel hoorded nuts" (l. 55).—Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.—BURNS.

"And in the blue-clue throws them" (l. 98).—Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one, and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread. Demand "Wha hauds?"—i.e., who holds. An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.—BURNS.

"I'll eat the apple at the glass" (l. 111).—Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion to be will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.—BURNS.

"He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel" (l. 140).—Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, "Hemp-seed I saw thee; hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me, and shaw thee," that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."—BURNS.

"To win three wechts o' naething" (l. 182).—This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a wecht; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times, and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or reunite marking the employment or station in life.—BURNS.

"It chanc'd the slack he faddom'd thrice" (l. 201).—Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bear-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time

you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.—Burns.

"Where three lairds' lands met as a burn" (l. 214).—You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.—Burns.

"The luggies three are ranged" (l. 236).—Take three dishes, put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty; blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand; if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells with equal certainty no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.—Burns.

"Till buttered sowens w' fragrant lums" (l. 248).—Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween Supper.—Burns.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN (see p. 40).

GILBERT BURNS tells us that "several of the poems were produced for the purpose of bringing forward some favourite sentiment of the author's. He used to remark to me that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy, 'Man was Made to Mourn,' was composed."

An old Scottish ballad had suggested the poem. "I had an old grand-uncle," says the poet to Mrs. Dunlop, "with whom my mother lived a while in her girlish years. The good old man was long blind ere he died, during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of 'The Life and Age of Man.'" From the poet's mother, Mr. Cromek procured a copy of this composition; it commences thus:

"Upon the sixteen hundred year
Of God and fifty-three
Frae Christ was born, who bought us dear,
As writings testify;
On January the sixteenth day,
As I did lie alone,
With many a sigh and sob did say
Ah! man was made to moan!"

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE (see p. 42).

"The circumstances of the poor sheep," says Gilbert Burns, "were pretty much as Robert has described them. He had, partly by way of frolic, bought a ewe and two lambs from a neighbour, and she was tethered in a field adjoining the house at Lochlea. He and I were going out with our teams, and our two younger brothers to drive for us, at mid-day, when Hugh Wilson, a curious-looking, awkward boy, clad in plaiding, came to us with much anxiety in his face, with the information that the ewe had entangled herself in the tether,

and was lying in the ditch. Robert was much tickled with Hughie's appearance and postures on the occasion. Poor Mailie was set to rights, and when we returned from the plough in the evening, he repeated to me her 'Death and Dying Words,' pretty much in the way they now stand."

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER (see p. 45).

This is the most terrible commentary on the Calvinistic doctrine of Election ever written. The origin of the lines may be briefly told. Burns's friend, Gavin Hamilton, had been refused the ordinances of the Church, because he was believed to have made a journey on the Sabbath, and because one of his servants, by his orders, had brought in some potatoes from the garden on another Sunday, hence the allusion to the "kail and potatoes" in the piece.

William Fisher, one of the Rev. Mr. Auld's elders, made himself very conspicuous in the case. He was a great pretender to sanctity—and only a pretender. Afterwards he fell into drunken habits, and died in a ditch while in a helpless state of intoxication.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY (see p. 48).

"No poet," says Cunningham, "ever emblazoned fact with fiction more happily than Burns; the hero of this poem was a respectable old nursery-seedman in Kilmarnock greatly addicted to sporting, and one of the poet's earliest friends, who loved curling on the ice in winter, and shooting on the moors in the season. When no longer able to march over hill and hag in quest of

'Patricks, teals, moor-pouts, and plivers,' he loved to lie on the lang settle, and listen to the deeds of others on field and flood; and when a good tale was told, he would cry, 'Hech, man! three at a shot; that was famous!' Someone having informed Tam, in his old age, that Burns had written a poem—a gay queer one—concerning him, he sent for the bard, and, in something like wrath, requested to hear it; he smiled grimly at the relation of his exploits, and then cried out, 'I'm no dead yet, Robin—I'm worth ten dead fowk; wherefore should ye say that I am dead?' Burns took the hint, retired to the window for a minute or so, and, coming back, recited the 'Per Contra.'

'Go, Fame, and canter like a filly,' with which Tam was so much delighted that he rose unconsciously, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, 'That'll do—ha! ha!—that'll do!' He survived the poet, and the epitaph is inscribed on his grave-stone in the churchyard of Kilmarnock."

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

(see p. 51).

GILBERT BURNS says in regard to this fine poem: "Robert had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God!' used by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author, the world is indebted for 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' When Robert had not some pleasure in view in which I was not thought fit to participate we used frequently to walk together, when the weather was favourable, on the Sunday after-

noons—those precious breathing times to the labouring part of the community—and enjoyed such Sundays as would make one regret to see their number abridged. It was in one of these walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' I do not recollect to have read or heard anything by which I was more highly electrified. The fifth and sixth stanzas, and the eighteenth, thrilled with peculiar ecstasy through my soul. The cotter, in the 'Saturday Night,' is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotion, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us were 'at service out among the farmers' roun'. Instead of our depositing our 'sair-won penny-fee' with our parents, my father laboured hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home, thereby having an opportunity of watching the progress of our young minds, and forming in them early habits of piety and virtue; and from this motive alone did he engage in farming, the source of all his difficulties and distresses."

A WINTER NIGHT (see p. 56).

CARLYLE says of this poem: "How touching is it, amid the gloom of personal misery that broods over and around him, that, amid the storm, he still thinks of the cattle, the silly sheep, and two wee harmless birdies!—yes, the tenant of the mean lowly hut has the heart to pity all these. This is worth a whole volume of homilies on mercy, for it is the voice of mercy itself. Burns lives in sympathy: his soul rushes forth into all the realms of being: nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him."

THE JOLLY BEGGARS (see p. 58).

THIS, the most dramatic effort of the poet's muse, was composed in 1785, and was suggested by a scene actually witnessed by him. Mrs. Gibson (Poesie Nansie) kept a public-house in Mauchline, frequented by all the vagrant fraternity of the district. Burns, passing the house one night in the company of his friends James Smith and John Richmond, was attracted by the sounds of mirth and revelry proceeding from the interior, entered, and was made heartily welcome by the motley crew assembled, who did not allow his presence to interrupt their enjoyment.

So little did Burns think of the performance that he forgot all about it, and but for the fact that one of his friends had a copy of it, it would have been lost. It was printed as a chap-book in Glasgow in 1798.

Sir Walter Scott says: "'The Jolly Beggars,' for humorous description and nice discrimination of character, is inferior to no poem of the same length in the whole range of English poetry. The scene, indeed, is laid in the very lowest department of low life, the actors being a set of strolling vagrants, met to carouse and barter their rags and plunder for liquor in a hedge alehouse. Yet, even in describing the movements of such a group, the native taste of the poet has never suffered his pen to slide into anything coarse or disgusting. The extravagant glee and outrageous frolic of the beggars are ridiculously contrasted with their

maimed limbs, rags, and crutches; the sordid and squalid circumstances of their appearance are judiciously thrown into the shade. The group, it must be observed, is of Scottish character; yet the distinctions are too well marked to escape even the southron. The most prominent persons are a maimed soldier and his female companion, a hackneyed follower of the camp; a stroller, late the consort of a Highland ketterer or sturdy beggar, 'but weary is' the waeifu' wordle!'. Being now at liberty, she becomes an object of rivalry between a pigmy scrapper with his fiddle, and a strolling tinkler. The latter, a desperate bandit, like most of his profession, terrifies the musician out of the field, and is preferred by the damsel, of course. A wandering ballad-singer, with a brace of doxies, is last introduced upon the stage. Each of these mendicants sings a song in character; and such a collection of humorous lyrics, connected with vivid poetical description, is not, perhaps, to be paralleled in the English language. The concluding ditty, chanted by the ballad-singer at the request of the company, whose 'mirth and fun have now grown fast and furious,' and set them above all sublimity terrors of jails and whipping-posts, is certainly far superior to anything in the 'Beggars' Opera,' where alone we could expect to find its parallel! In one or two passages of 'The Jolly Beggars,' the muse has slightly trespassed on decorum, where, in the language of Scottish song,

'High kilted was she,

As she gaed owre the lea.'

Something, however, is to be allowed to the nature of the subject, and something to the education of the poet; and if, from veneration to the names of Swift and Dryden, we tolerate the grossness of the one, and the indelicacy of the other, the respect due to that of Burns may surely claim indulgence for a few light strokes of broad humour."

SCOTCH DRINK (see p. 68).

DUNCAN FORBES of Culloden, who did so much to pacify the country after the defeat of Culloden, received from the Government as a reward for his services the privilege of distilling whisky free of duty. So popular did his whisky become, that Ferintosh, the name of his barony, in which his whisky was manufactured, became a recognised name or synonym throughout the country for all sorts of whisky.

When the privilege was withdrawn in 1785, his family received from the Government compensation to the amount of £21,580.

In addition to this the public attention was further turned to "the national beverage," on account of the stringent way in which the Excise laws were being enforced at the various distilleries. These circumstances gave the poet his cue.

Writing to Robert Muir, Kilmarnock, he says: "I here enclose you my 'Scotch Drink,' and may the devil follow with a blessing for your edification. I hope some time before we hear the gowk (cuckoo) to have the pleasure of seeing you at Kilmarnock, when I intend we shall have a gill between us in a mutchkin stoup, which will be a great comfort and consolation to your humble servant, R. B."

THE KIRK'S ALARM (see p. 71).

LOCKHART gives the following account of the origin of this poem: "M'Gill and Dalrymple, the two ministers of the town of Ayr, had long been suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions on several points, particularly the doctrine of original sin and the Trinity; and the former at length published 'An Essay on the Death of Jesus Christ,' which was considered as demanding the notice of the Church courts. More than a year was spent in the discussions which arose out of this: and at last, Dr. M'Gill was fain to acknowledge his errors, and promise that he would take an early opportunity of apologising for them to his congregation from the pulpit, which promise, however, he never performed. The gentry of the country took, for the most part, the side of M'Gill, who was a man of cold, unpopular manners, but of unrepined moral character, and possessed of some accomplishments. The bulk of the lower orders espoused, with far more fervid zeal, the cause of those who conducted the prosecution against this erring doctor. Gavin Hamilton, and all persons of his stamp, were, of course, on the side of M'Gill—Auld and the Mauchline elders with his enemies. Robert Aiken, a writer in Ayr, a man of remarkable talents, particularly in public speaking, had the principal management of M'Gill's cause before the presbytery and the synod. He was an intimate friend of Hamilton's, and through him had about this time formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into a warm friendship with Burns. Burns was, therefore, from the beginning, a zealous, as in the end he was, perhaps, the most effective, partisan of the side on which Aiken had staked so much of his reputation."

TO A HAGGIS (see p. 74).

THE haggis, though made up of heterogeneous materials not usually in high favour with gourmands, is very palatable and toothsome, and is supposed to be a Scotch adaptation of an ancient French dish. It is composed of minced offal of mutton, meal, and suet, flavoured with various condiments in the shape of seasoning. The mass is put into a sheep's stomach, and boiled therein. In the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of 1829, the origin of the piece is thus explained: "About sixteen years ago there resided at Mauchline Mr. Robert Morrison, cabinetmaker. He was a great crony of Burns's, and it was in Mr. Morrison's house that the poet usually spent the 'mids o' the day' on Sunday. It was in this house that he wrote his celebrated 'Address to a Haggis,' after partaking liberally of that dish as prepared by Mrs. Morrison."

THE TWA DOGS (see p. 75).

GILBERT BURNS says: "The tale of 'The Twa Dogs' was composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken. Robert had a dog, which he called Luath, that was a great favourite. The dog had been killed by the wanton cruelty of some person, the night before my father's death. Robert said to me that he should like to confer such immortality as he could bestow on his old friend Luath, and that he had a great mind to introduce

something into the book under the title of 'Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend,' but this plan was given up for the poem as it now stands. Caesar was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favourite Luath." The factor who stood for his portrait here was the same of whom he writes to Dr. Moore in 1787: "My indignation yet boils at the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears."

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK (see p. 81).

"DEATH and Dr. Hornbook," says Gilbert Burns, "though not published in the Kilmarnock edition, was produced early in the year 1785. The schoolmaster of Torbolton parish, to ease out the scanty subsistence allowed to that useful class of men, set up a shop of grocery goods. Having accidentally fallen in with some medical books, and become most hobby-horrically attached to the study of medicine, he had added the sale of a few medicines to his little trade. He had got a shop-bill printed, at the bottom of which, overlooking his own incapacity, he had advertised that advice would be given, in common disorders, at the shop gratis. Robert was at a mason-meeting in Torbolton, when the dominie made too ostentatious a display of his medical skill. As he parted in the evening from this mixture of pedantry and physic, at the place where he describes his meeting with Death, one of those floating ideas of apparitions mentioned in his letter to Dr. Moore crossed his mind; this set him to work for the rest of his way home. These circumstances he related when he repeated the verses to me the next afternoon, as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me."

Cromek says of the hero of this poem: "At Glasgow I heard that the hero of this exquisite satire was living; Hamilton managed to introduce me to him—we talked of almost all subjects save the poems of Burns. Dr. Hornbook is above the middle size, stout made, and inclining to corpulency. His complexion is swarthy, his eye black and expressive; he wears a brown wig, and dresses in black. There is little or nothing of the pedant about him: I think a man who had never read the poem would scarcely discover any. Burns, I am told, had no personal enmity to Wilson."

The mirth and ridicule which this exquisite piece of satire excited drove Wilson out of the district. He got the appointment of session-clerk of the parish of Gorbals, in Glasgow, and died there in 1829.

THE HOLY FAIR (see p. 85).

THIS is at once the boldest and the ablest of the shafts Burns shot at the abuses of the Church of Scotland. No one who has not been present at one of these scenes of piety and revelry, can form any idea of the appetite the lower orders of the Scotch country people have for a strong dose of religion and rough excesses combined. The publication of "The Holy Fair" did much to mitigate the evil, although in outlying districts such scenes were to be witnessed up to a very recent period.

As many as half a dozen clergymen used to be engaged for the day's services, and amongst

them there was a rivalry for the mastery, the mounting of the rostrum by a poor preacher being the signal for an adjournment to the refreshment tents, and the provision-baskets, while the appearance of a man of fluent speech and strong lungs would at once recall the errant crowd and subdue them to quietness and attention.

[Holy Fair is a common phrase in the west of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.—B.]

THE ORDINATION (see p. 92).

THE induction of the Rev. James Mackinlay as minister of the parochial or laigh (low) church of Kilmarnock in 1786, was the occasion which called forth this poem. "There was a popular notion," says Mr. Chambers, "that Mr. Lindsay (a predecessor of Mr. Mackinlay in the pastorship of the laigh kirk, had been indebted for his presentation from the patron, Lord Glencairn, to his wife, Margaret Lauder, who was believed, but, I am assured erroneously, to have been his lordship's housekeeper. Mr. Lindsay's induction, in 1764, was so much in opposition to the sentiments of the people that it produced a riot, attended by many outrages. Three young men who had distinguished themselves by their violence, were whipped through Ayr, and imprisoned a month. These circumstances evoked from a shoemaker named Hunter a scoffing ballad, to which Burns alludes in the second line of the second verse, and which may be found in the 'History of Kilmarnock,' by Archibald M'Kay (1848)." A third edition of Mr. M'Kay's very interesting work appeared in 1865; and an account of Mr. Lindsay's induction, together with "The Scoffing Ballad," will be found at pp. 119-128.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH (see p. 95).

WRITING to his friend, William Chalmers, the poet says: "I enclose you two poems, which I have carded and spun since I passed Glenbuck. 'Fair Burnet' is the heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter of Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once. There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the great Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence!"

THE BRIGS OF AYR (see p. 97).

THIS was written while the new bridge across the Ayr was being built. His friend, Mr. Ballantyne, being at that time chief magistrate, the poem was very appropriately dedicated to him.

THE CALF (see p. 105).

THE Rev. James Steven was afterwards one of the Scottish clergy in London, and ultimately minister of Kilwinning in Ayrshire. ~~He was~~ no favourite of the poet's, and the lines were written on hearing him preach from the text.

THE TWO HERDS; OR, THE HOLY TULZIE (see p. 106).

IN A MS. now in the British Museum, Burns gives an account of the origin of this piece: "The following was the first of my poetical productions that saw the light. I gave a copy of it to a particular friend of mine who

was very fond of these things, and told him, 'I did not know who was the Author, but that I had got a copy of it by accident.' The occasion was a bitter and shameless quarrel between the two rev. gentlemen, Mr. Moodie (of Riccarton) and Mr. Russel (of Kilmarnock). It was at the time when the hue and cry against Patronage was at the worst."

THE VISION (see p. 109).

IN consequence of his quarrel with the father of Jean Armour, and the unfortunate condition of his love affairs, the allusion to Jean which appeared in the first edition:

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen,
And such a leg! my bonny Jean
Could only peer it;

See straight, see taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else cam near it—"

was removed in the next issue of his poems, the name of another charmer being introduced. When the course of his love ran smoother, Jean's name was re-introduced, never more to give way to another.

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, in alluding to the fact that one of her daughters was engaged on a picture representing one of the incidents in "The Vision," Burns says: "I am highly flattered by the news you tell me of Colla. I may say to the fair painter who does me so much honour, as Dr. Beattie says to Ross, the poet, of his Muse Scotia, from which, by the by, I took the idea of Colla. 'Tis a poem of Beattie's in the Scottish dialect, which perhaps you have never seen:

'Ye shake your head, but o' my flegs,
Ye've set auld Scotia on her legs;
Lang had she lien w' bufs and flegs,
Bumbazed and dizzie;
Her fiddle wanted strings and pegs—
Was's me, poor hizzie!'"

DESPONDENCY (see p. 115).

IN speaking of this poem, Burns says, "I think it is one of the greatest pleasures attending a poetic genius, that we can give our woes, cares, joys, and loves, an embodied form in verse, which to me is ever immediate ease."

THE INVENTORY (see p. 117).

MR. CHAMBERS says: "The 'Inventory' was written in answer to a mandate sent by Mr. Aiken of Ayr, the surveyor of windows, carriages, etc., for the district, to each farmer, ordering him to send a signed list of his horses, servants, wheel-carriages, etc., and to state whether he was a married man or a bachelor, and also the number of his children. The poem is chiefly remarkable for the information it gives concerning the farm, the household, and the habits of Burns."

VERSES ON A SCOTCH BARD (see p. 119)

THESE lines were written when the poet meditated emigrating to Jamaica.

THE FAREWELL (see p. 124).

"THESE touching stanzas," says Cunningham, "were composed in the autumn of 1786, when the prospects of the poet darkened, and he looked towards the West Indies as a place of

refuge, and perhaps of hope. All who shared his affections are mentioned—his mother—his brother Gilbert—his illegitimate child, Elizabeth—whom he consigned to his brother's care, and for whose support he had appropriated the copyright of his poems—and his friends Smith, Hamilton, and Aiken; but in nothing he ever wrote was his affection for Jean Armour more tenderly or more naturally displayed."

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY (see p. 133).

MR. CHAMBERS says: "The 'Mountain Daisy' was composed, as the poet has related, at the plough. The field where he crushed the 'Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower' lies next to that in which he turned up the nest of the mouse, and both are on the farm of Mossiel, and still shown to anxious inquirers by the neighbouring peasantry."

TO MISS CRUIKSHANK (see p. 134).

THIS young lady was the subject of one of the poet's songs, "A Rosebud by my Early Walk." She was daughter to Mr. Cruikshank, No. 30, St. James's Square, Edinburgh, with whom the poet resided during one of his visits to Edinburgh.

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN (see p. 135).

In a letter enclosing the "Lament" to Lady Elizabeth Cunningham, sister of the earl, Burns says: "My heart glows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his lordship's goodness. The sables I did myself the honour to wear to his lordship's memory were not the 'mockery of woe.' Nor shall my gratitude perish with me! If, among my children, I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honour, and a family debt, that my dearest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn."

TO A MOUSE (see p. 137).

GILBERT BURNS says, "The verses to the 'Mouse' and 'Mountain Daisy' were composed on the occasions mentioned, and while the author was holding the plough; I could point out the particular spot where each was composed. Holding the plough was a favourite situation with Robert for poetic compositions, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise."

"John Blane," says Mr. Chambers, "who was farm-servant at Mossiel at the time of its composition, still (1838) lives at Kilmarnock. He stated to me that he recollected the incident perfectly. Burns was holding the plough, with Blane for his driver, when the little creature was observed running off across the field. Blane, having the *petiole*, or plough-cleaning utensil, in his hand at the moment, was thoughtlessly running after it, to kill it, when Burns checked him, but not angrily, asking what ill the poor mouse had ever done him. The poet then seemed to his driver to grow very thoughtful, and, during the remainder of the afternoon, he spoke not. In the night time he awoke Blane, who slept with him, and, reading the poem which had in the meantime been composed, asked what he thought of the *mouse* now."

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILD (see p. 138).

We cannot take this effusion as giving a true index of the poet's feelings in the circumstances in question. Lockhart says: "'To wave' (in his own language) the quantum of the sin," he who, two years afterwards, wrote the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' had not, we may be sure, hardened his heart to the thought of bringing additional sorrow and unexpected shame to the fireside of a widowed mother. But his false pride recoiled from letting his jovial associates guess how little he was able to drown the whispers of the 'still small voice'; and the fermenting bitterness of a mind ill at ease within itself escaped (as may be too often traced in the history of satirists) in the shape of angry sarcasms against others, who, whatever their private errors might be, had at least done him no wrong. It is impossible not to smile at one item of consolation which Burns proposes to himself on this occasion:

The maik they talk, I'm kenn'd the better;
E'en let them clash!

This is indeed a singular manifestation of 'the last infirmity of noble minds.'"

A DREAM (see p. 140).

THE friends of the poet tried hard to prevent the publication of this poem, without success, judging rightly that it would injure his prospects with the Government.

THE LAMENT (see p. 144).

AFTER speaking of the uproar raised against him by the appearance of "Holy Willie's Prayer," when "the unco guid," the over-righteous, were endeavouring to devise some means of prosecuting their daring assailant, his unfortunate worldly circumstances gave some of them an opportunity which he supposed they would not be slow to follow up of laying him by the heels in prison. He says: "Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point-blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem 'The Lament.' This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of rationality. I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, 'The Gloomy Night is gathering fast,' when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition."

"It is scarcely necessary," Gilbert Burns says, "to mention that 'The Lament' was composed on that unfortunate passage in his matrimonial history which I have mentioned in my letter to Mrs. Dunlop (alluding to his connection with Jean Armour). After the first distraction of his feelings had subsided, that connection could no longer be concealed. Robert durst not engage with a family in his

poor unsettled state, but was anxious to shield his partner by every means in his power, from the consequences of their imprudence. It was agreed, therefore, between them, that they should make a legal acknowledgement of an irregular and private marriage; that he should go to Jamaica to push his fortune; and that she should remain with her father till it might please Providence to put the means of supporting a family in his power."

VERSES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART (see p. 146).

THE name of the lady to whom these lines were addressed has eluded discovery.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON (see p. 146).

THE poet says: "'The Mother's Lament' was composed partly with a view to Mrs. Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and partly to the worthy patroness of my early unknown muse, Mrs. Stewart of Afton."

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF (see p. 147).

THESE lines, which first appeared in the *Sax* newspaper, April, 1823, were originally written on the fly-leaf of a copy of the poet's works presented to a friend.

DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ. (see p. 147).

IN the dedication of his poems to Gavin Hamilton, the poet, after complimenting, very naturally has a fling at the "unco guid," who had persecuted his patron as well as himself.

ODE TO RUIN (see p. 150).

CURRIE says: "It appears from internal evidence that the above lines were composed in 1786, when 'Hungry Ruin' had him in the wind." The "dart" that

'Cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart,'
is evidently an allusion to his separation from his 'bonny Jean.' Burns seems to have glanced into futurity with a prophetic eye; images of misery and woe darkened the distant vista; and when he looked back on his career he saw little to console him. 'I have been, this morning,' he observes, 'taking a peep through, as Young finely says, "the dark postern of time long elapsed." 'Twas a rueful prospect! What a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me of a ruined temple. What strength, what proportion, in some parts! What unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others! I kneeled down before the Father of mercies and said, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son." I rose, eased and strengthened.'"

A PRAYER (see p. 151).

THE poet tells us that these two pieces "were composed when fainting fits, and other alarming symptoms of pleurisy, or some other dangerous disorder, which indeed still threatens me, first put nature on the alarm. The stanzas are misgivings in the hour of de-

spondency and prospect of death. The grand end of human life is to cultivate an intercourse with that Being to Whom we owe life with every enjoyment that renders life delightful."

A PRAYER (see p. 152).

"THE first time," says Gilbert Burns, "Robert heard the spinnet played upon was while on a visit at the house of Dr. Lawrie, then minister of the parish of London, a few miles from Mossiel, and with whom he was on terms of intimacy. Dr. Lawrie had several daughters; one of them played; the father and the mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests, mixed in it. It was a delightful family-scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world. His mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas were left in the room where he slept."

A PRAYER (see p. 154).

IN the *Commonplace Book* these lines are introduced by the following note: "There was a certain period of my life that my spirit was broken by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened, and indeed effected, the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy. In this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I hung my harp on the willow trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed this Prayer."

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD (see p. 155).

THE mother of the child, the subject of these lines, was a daughter of Mrs. Dunlop, the tried friend of the poet through life. The father of the child, a Frenchman, died before it was born, and shortly afterwards the mother died, leaving the infant exposed to all the dangers of the Revolution. Fortunately an old domestic was worthy of the trust reposed in her, and the child (a boy) was restored to his friends when the revolutionary excitement was over.

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB (see p. 155).

THE history of this poem is as follows: "On Tuesday, May 23rd, there was a meeting of the Highland Society at London, for the encouragement of the fisheries in the Highlands, etc. Three thousand pounds were immediately subscribed by eleven gentlemen present for this particular purpose. The Earl of Breadalbane informed the meeting that five hundred persons had agreed to emigrate from the estates of Mr. Macdonald of Glengarry; that they had subscribed money, purchased ships, etc., to carry their design into effect. The noblemen and gentlemen agreed to co-operate with Government to frustrate their design; and to recommend to the principal noblemen and gentlemen in the Highlands to endeavour to prevent emigration, by improving the fisheries, agriculture, and manufactures, and particularly to enter into a subscription for that purpose."—*Edinburg*;

Advertiser of 30th May, 1786. In view of the indignation excited some fifteen or twenty years ago against the forcible eviction of poor people from estates in the Highlands of Scotland, the reader of to-day may be pardoned feeling some surprise at the expression of the poet's feelings against a laudable attempt to retain his countrymen in independence on their native soil. The Address first appeared in the *Scots Magazine* with the following heading: "To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23rd of May last, at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the Society were informed by Mr. M— of A—, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they were, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. Macdonald of Glengarry, to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing LIBERTY."

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR (*see p. 157*).

SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR was a partner in the eminent banking house of Sir William Forbes & Co., of Edinburgh.

TO MISS FERRIER (*see p. 158*).

The heroine of this song was a Miss Ferrier, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Ferrier, a solicitor in Edinburgh.

REMORSE (*see p. 159*).

This is from the *Commonplace Book* of the poet, and is supposed to relate to his first serious error.

LINES (*see p. 160*).

WRITTEN after dining with his Lordship under the hospitable roof of Professor Dugald Stewart. This was prior to his first visit to Edinburgh, and the poet suffered from a natural embarrassment, which soon departed in the genial company of his friend, the learned professor, and the amiable Lord Daer.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ., OF ARNISTON (*see p. 161*).

In a letter to Dr. Geddes, Burns says: "This elegy has some tolerable lines in it, but the incurable wound of my pride will not suffer me to correct, or even peruse, it. I sent a copy of it, with my best prose letter, to the son of the great man, the theme of the piece, by the hands of one of the noblest men in God's world—Alexander Wood, surgeon. When behold! his solicitorship took no more notice of my poem or me than if I had been a strolling fiddler who had made free with his lady's name over a silly new reel! Did the gentleman imagine that I looked for any dirty gratuity?"

TO CHLORIS (*see p. 163*).

THE Chloris of these lines, and the heroine of no less than eleven of the poet's songs, was a Mrs. Whelpdale, daughter of Mr. William Lorimer, farmer, of Kemmis Hall, near Ellis-

land. She was exceedingly beautiful. At the time Burns became acquainted with her she was living apart from her husband, a reckless spendthrift, with whom she had contracted a runaway marriage, at Gretna Green, because her friends did not approve of the match.

After the death of her husband, whom she never saw but twice or thrice after they separated, her father died, in such worldly circumstances as left her no choice but to take service as a governess.

The poor, friendless, and unprotected creature, fell from the paths of virtue, and the latter years of her life were miserable in the extreme. Shortly before her death a benevolent gentleman, to whom she told her story, protected her from the most material pangs which her wretched condition entailed.

Years of sin and suffering had laid the seeds of consumption, of which she died in Middleton's Entry, Potterrow, Edinburgh, in 1831.

FICKLE FORTUNE (*see p. 164*).

"THIS," says Burns, "was written extempore under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which, indeed, threatened to undo me altogether. It was just at the close of that dreadful period mentioned already (in *Commonplace Book*, March, 1784), and though the weather has brightened up a little with me since, yet there has always been a tempest brewing round me in the grim sky of futurity, which I pretty plainly see will, some time or other, perhaps ere long, overwhelm me, and drive me into some doleful dell, to pine in solitary, squalid wretchedness."

VERSES (*see p. 164*).

WRITTEN on the blank side of the title-page of a copy of Thomson's "Select Scottish Songs," sent as a present to the daughter of Mr. Graham of Fintry.

VERSES (*see p. 167*).

The subject of these lines was a great admirer of the poet, not for his poetical abilities, these not appearing to impress him much; but on account of his conversational powers, and his knowledge of human nature.

A VISION (*see p. 167*).

THIS was written amid the ruins of Lincluden Abbey.

ELEGY ON MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO (*see p. 169*).

THE heroine of these beautiful lines was the daughter of the eccentric Lord Monboddo. There are frequent allusions in Burns's correspondence to the beauty and amiability of this young lady. So strongly had her charms and various attractions impressed the poet, that he alluded to her in the "Address to Edinburgh."

Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own His work indeed divine.

She died of consumption at the age of twenty-three.

TO JOHN TAYLOR (*see p. 170*).

"THE poet," says a correspondent of Cunningham's, "it seems, during one of his journeys over his ten parishes as an exciseman, had arrived at Wanlockhead on a winter day, when the roads were slippery with ice, and Jenny Geddes, his mare, kept her feet with difficulty. The blacksmith of the place was busied with other pressing matters in the forge, and could not spare time for 'frothing' the shoes of the poet's mare, and it is likely he would have proceeded on his dangerous journey, had he not bethought himself of propitiating the son of Vulcan with verse. He called for pen and ink, wrote these verses to John Taylor, a person of influence in Wanlockhead; and when he had done, a gentleman of the name of Sloan, who accompanied him, added these words: 'J. Sloan's best compliments to Mr. Taylor, and it would be doing him and the Ayrshire bard a particular favour, if he would oblige them instantaneously with his agreeable company. The road has been so slippery that the riders and the brutes were equally in danger of getting some of their bones broken. For the poet, his life and limbs are of some consequence to the world; but for poor Sloan, it matters very little what may become of him. The whole of this business is to ask the favour of getting the horses' shoes sharpened.' On the receipt of this, Taylor spoke to the smith, the smith flew to his tools, sharpened the horses' shoes, and it is recorded, lived thirty years to say he had never been 'weel paid but ance, and that was by the poet, who paid him in money, paid him in drink, and paid him in verse."

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH (*see p. 171*).

WE owe this song to a contested election for the representation of the Dumfries burghs in 1789, between Sir James Johnston (of Westerhall), the former member, and Captain Miller (of Dalswinton). As Burns had friends on both sides, he took no very strong interest in either, taking care however not to miss a chance of recording his detestation of the Duke of Queensberry, who was the local head of the Tory faction who supported Captain Miller.

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON (*see p. 171*).

THE Peg Nicholson of this Elegy—a bay mare—belonged to the poet's friend, William Nicol; she was named after the virago who threatened the life of George the Third.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON (*see p. 172*).

The following was appended to the original MS. of this elegy: "Now that you are over with the alicens of flattery, the harpies of corruption, and the furies of ambition—those infernal deities that, on all sides and in all parties, preside over the villainous business of politics—permit a rustic muse of your acquaintance to do her best to soothe you with a song. You knew Henderson. I have not flattered his memory."

In a letter to Dr. Moore, the poet says: "The elegy on Captain Henderson is a tribute to the memory of a man I loved much. Poets have in this the same advantage as Roman Catholics; they can be of service to their

friends after they have passed that bourne where all other kindness ceases to be of any avail. Whether, after all, either the one or the other be of any real service to the dead is, I fear, very problematical; but I am sure they are highly gratifying to the living. Captain Henderson was a retired soldier, of agreeable manners and upright character, who had a lodging in Carruher's Close, Edinburgh, and mingled with the best society of the city; he dined regularly at Fortune's Tavern, and was a member of the Capillaire Club, which was composed of all who inclined to the witty and the joyous."

ADAM ARMOUR'S PRAYER (*see p. 173*).

THE servant of a Mauchline innkeeper having been too indulgent to one of her master's customers, several young fellows, when a little overcome with liquor, resolved on making her "ride the stang"—*Anglice*, be carried through the streets astride upon a wooden pole. Having carried their resolve into execution, an action of damages was the result. A small ill-favoured acquaintance of the poet's was one of the offenders, and while skulking about afraid of being apprehended, he met Burns, who suggested that he wanted praying for. "Just do't yourself," Burns; I know no one so fit," was the reply. This was the origin of Adam A—'s Prayer.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS (*see p. 177*).

In a letter to Graham of Fintray, enclosing a copy of "The Lament," the poet says: "Whether it is that the story of our Mary Queen of Scots has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I have, in the enclosed ballad, succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not, but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my Muse for a good while past."

THE WHISTLE (*see p. 179*).

BURNS says, "As the authentic prose history of the 'Whistle' is curious, I shall here give it: In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanals to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name, who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill. Sir Walter, son of Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel

of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th of October, 1789, at Friars' Close, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton; Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descended from the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field."

On receiving the invitation to be present at the famous contest, Burns announced his intention of being present by the following verse:

"The king's poor blackguard slave am I
And scarce dower spare a minute;
But I'll be with you by and by,
Or else the devil's in it!"—B.

THE FIVE CARLINS (see p. 180).

ANOTHER ballad on the contested election alluded to in the previous song. The five burghs, which together returned a member to parliament, are represented by five carlins (old women).—Dunfries, as *Maggie* on the banks of Nith; Annan, as *Blinking Bess* of Annandale; Kirkcudbright, as *Whisky Jean* of Galloway; Sanquhar, as *Black Joan* free Crichton Peel; and Lochmaben, as *Marjory* of the Many Lochs.

ADDRESS (see p. 184).

"We have had a brilliant theatre here this season," the poet writes to Mrs. Dunlop; "only, as all other business does, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country—want of cash. I mention our theatre merely to lug in an occasional address which I wrote for the benefit night of one of the actresses."

THE WOUNDED HARE (see p. 185).

JAMES THOMSON, a neighbour of the poet, and the person who shot the hare in question, says, "He cursed me, and said he would not mind throwing me into the water; and I'll warrant he could hae done't, though I was both young and strong."

TO CLARINDA (see p. 187).

CLARINDA was Mrs. McLehose, separated from her husband on account of incompatibility of temper. She would appear to have had a genuine passion, while Burns, nothing loth to be admired by a beautiful and accomplished lady, was heart-whole. She was something of a poetess, and he alludes to an effort of her muse in the following terms: "Your last verses to me have so delighted me that I have got an excellent old Scots air that suits the measure, and you shall see them in print in the *Scots' Musical Museum*, a work publishing by a friend of mine in this town. The air is, 'The Banks of Spey,' and is most beautiful. I want four stanzas—you gave me but three, and one of them alluded to an expression in my former letter; so I have taken your first two verses, with a slight alteration in the second, and have added a third; but you must help me to a fourth. Here they are; the latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Sappho. I am in raptures with it:—

"Talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
For Love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in woe.

"But friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove;
There, welcome, win, and hear the prize,
But never talk of Love.

"Your friendship much can make me blest,
Oh! why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the odious [only] one request
You know I must [will] deny?"

"P.S.—What would you think of this for a fourth stanza?"

"Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought."

These verses are inserted in the second volume of the *Musical Museum*.

LINES WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER

(see p. 189).

In sending some antiquarian and legendary material to Captain Grose through Mr. Cardonnel, a brother antiquary, these lines were written by the poet on the cover of the parcel. Cardonnel read them everywhere to the annoyance of the captain.

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND (see p. 190).

CAPTAIN GROSE, a famous antiquary, was the author of a valuable work on the antiquities of Scotland. He was a genial fellow, a companion after the poet's own heart.

TO MISS LOGAN (see p. 191).

MISS SUSAN LOGAN was the sister of the Major Logan to whom Burns wrote a rhymed epistle.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY (see p. 194).

Tune—"The Dragon of Wantley."

THE Honourable Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, had incurred the displeasure of his brother advocates by presiding at a popular meeting held in Edinburgh during a period of great national suffering, when the spirit of discontent with the powers that be was pretty freely manifested. Notwithstanding Erskine's great and deserved popularity, this was an offence which could not be forgiven. On the vote being put, Mr. Dundas of Arncliffe, a true blue Tory, was elected by a large majority. This short note will enable the reader thoroughly to appreciate these verses.

THE HERMIT (see p. 197).

These lines were first printed by Peter Buchan, himself a poet and enthusiastic collector of Ancient Ballad Lore. They are accepted as genuine.

LINES (see p. 202).

PROFESSOR WALKER says, "Burns passed two or three days with the Duke of Athole during one of his tours, and was highly delighted by

the attention he received, and the company to whom he was introduced. By the Duke's advice he visited the Falls of Bruar, and in a few days I received a letter from Inverness, with these verses enclosed."

PORTICAL ADDRESS TO WILLIAM TYTLER, ESQ. (see p. 203).

WILLIAM TYTLER, Esq., of Woodhouselee, was the grandfather of Patrick Fraser Tytler, the historian of Scotland. He had earned the poet's gratitude by the publication of a defence of Mary Queen of Scots.

LINES (see p. 204).

THE poet preserved two versions of this poem, the copy of the latter one being headed, "Altered from the foregoing, in December, 1788." The hermitage alluded to was on the property of Captain Riddel of Friars' Carse, a beautiful spot, much frequented by the poet, and situated a mile above his farm of Hillhead.

The first six lines were written with a diamond on a pane of glass in a window of the hermitage.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL OF GLENRIDDEL (see p. 206).

THE newspaper sent contained some sharp strictures on the poet's works.

STANZAS ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY (see p. 207).

SOME one calling in question the propriety of satirising people unworthy, and citing the Duke of Queensberry as an instance, Burns wrote these biting lines as a reply.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1790 (see p. 209).

ON the original MS. of these lines, the poet writes as follows: "On second thoughts I send you this extempore blotted sketch. It is just the first random scrawl; but if you think the piece worth while, I shall retouch it, and finish it. Though I have no copy of it, my memory serves me."

SCOT'S PROLOGUE (see p. 210).

THIS prologue was accompanied with the following letter to Mr. Sutherland, the manager of the Dumfries theatre:

"Monday Morning.

"I was much disappointed in wanting your most agreeable company yesterday. However, I heartily pray for good weather next Sunday; and whatever aerial being has the guidance of the elements, he may take any other half-dozen of Sundays he pleases, and clothe them with vapours and clouds, and storms, until he terrify himself at combustion of his own raining. I shall see you on Wednesday forenoon. In the greatest hurry.—R. B."

PROLOGUE (see p. 211).

IN a letter to his brother Gilbert, Burns says: "We have gotten a set of very decent players here just now; I have seen them an evening or two. David Campbell, in Ayr, wrote to me by the manager of the company, a Mr. Sutherland,

who is a man of apparent worth. On New Year's Day I gave him a prologue, which he spouted to his audience with applause."

ELGY ON THE YEAR 1788 (see p. 213).

CUNNINGHAM says: "Truly has the ploughman bard described the nature of those illustrious rivals, Fox and Pitt, under the similitude of the 'birds cocks.' Nor will the allusion to the 'hand-cuffed, muzzled, half-shackled regent' be lost on those who remember the alarm into which the nation was thrown by the king's illness."

ODE (see p. 214).

THE origin of this bitter effusion is related by the poet in a letter to Dr. Moore: "The enclosed 'Ode' is a compliment to the memory of the late Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive. You probably knew her personally, an honour which I cannot boast, but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants. I know that she was detested with the most heartfelt cordiality. However, in the particular part of her conduct which roused my poetic wrath she was much less blamable. In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had to put up at Baillie Whigham's in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day; and, just as my friend, the bailie, and I were bidding defiance to the storm, over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late Mrs. Oswald; and poor I am forced to brave all the terrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse—my young favourite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus—further on, through the wildest hills and moors of Ayrshire, to New Cumnock, the next inn. The powers of poetry and prose sink under me when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say that, when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed 'Ode.'" The poet lived to associate the name with more agreeable memories; one of his finest lyrics, "Oh, wat ye wha's in yon town," was written in honour of the beauty of the succeeding Mrs. Oswald, wife of the son of the deceased lady.

SKETCH (see p. 215).

IN a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, the poet says, "I have a poetic whim in my head, which I at present dedicate, or rather inscribe, to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; but how long that fancy may hold, I cannot say. A few of the first lines I have just rough-sketched."

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAU (see p. 217).

CROMEK found these among the poet's papers after his death: Ruisseau, a translation of his own name, is French for rivulets.

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE (see p. 219).

THIS is the poet's reply to a rhymed epistle from a tailor near Mauchline, censuring him for his irregular behaviour.

A BARD'S EPITAPH (*see p. 220*).

Of this beautiful epitaph, which Burns wrote for himself, Wordsworth says, "here is a sincere and solemn avowal—a put declaration from his own will—a confession: once devout, poetical, and human—a history in the shape of a prophecy!"

LINES (*see p. 225*).

THE gentleman was Mr. Riddel of Woodley Park, at whose table, while under the influence of wine, he had been guilty of an undue freedom of speech. The apology and reparation made in the verses were warmly accepted.

POEM (*see p. 225*).

BURNS died within a few months of writing these lines. Mr. Mitchell, a sincere friend of the poet's, would not seem to have been aware of the pressing necessities under which he suffered at the time.

POETICAL INVITATION (*see p. 226*).

JOHN KENNEDY, who was at one time factor to the Marquis of Breadalbane, had taken a great interest in the success of the first edition of Burns's poems.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES
(*see p. 227*).

CUNNINGHAM says: "Miss Jessy Lewars watched over the poet and his little household during his declining days with all the affectionate reverence of a daughter. For this, she has received the silent thanks of all who admire the genius of Burns, or look with sorrow on his setting sun; she has received more—the undying thanks of the poet himself; his songs to her honour, and his simple gifts of books and verse will keep her name and fame long in the world." (*See Volume TORBOLTON.*)

THE TORBOLTON LASSES (*see p. 229*).

THESE two pieces, written at different times, give a list of the marriageable damsels in the poet's neighbourhood. According to Mr. Chambers, the poet's brother, Gilbert, had made advances to one of the daughters at "The Bennis," and had been repulsed. The poet takes the opportunity of hinting that he was too proud to risk a like fate.

VERSES (*see p. 231*).

"THE enclosed stanzas," said the poet, in a letter to the Earl of Glencairn, "I intended to write below a picture or profile of your lordship, could I have been so happy as to procure one with anything of a likeness."

EPISTLE TO DAVIE (*see p. 244*).

DAVID SILLAR, a native of Torbolton, was for many years a schoolmaster at Irvine. He was a man of considerable accomplishments, and published a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect, which is still in request among collectors in consequence of his connection with the great master of Scottish song. Gilbert Burns says, with reference to this epistle: "Among the earliest of his poems was the Epistle to Davie. Robert often composed without any regular plan. When anything made a strong im-

pression on his mind, so as to rouse it to any poetic exertion, he would give way to the impulse, and embody the thought in rhyme. If he hit on two or three stanzas to please him, he would then think of proper introductory, connecting, and concluding stanzas; hence the middle of a poem was often first produced. It was, I think, in the summer of 1784, when, in the interval of harder labour, Robert and I were weeding in the garden, that he repeated to me the principal part of this epistle. I believe the first idea of Robert's becoming an author was started on this occasion. I was much pleased with the epistle, and said to him I was of opinion it would bear being printed, and that it would be well received by people of taste; that I thought it at least equal, if not superior, to many of Allan Ramsay's epistles, and that the merit of these, and much other Scottish poetry, seemed to consist principally in the knack of the expression; but here there was a strain of interesting sentiment, and the Scotticism of the language scarcely seemed affected, but appeared to be the natural language of the poet; that, besides, there was certainly some novelty in a poet pointing out the consolations that were in store for him when he should go a-begging. Robert seemed well pleased with my criticism."

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH (*see p. 249*).

JAMES SMITH was a merchant in Mauchline. He was one of the early friends of Burns.

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOUDIE,
KILMARNOCK (*see p. 253*).

JOHN GOUDIE's essay on the authority of the Holy Scriptures appeared in 1780, and attracted a considerable amount of attention. He was a tradesman in Kilmarnock. This epistle was sent to him on the publication of a new edition of his work.

EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK (*see p. 255*).

JOHN LAPRAIK was a rustic votary of the Muses. Burns speaks of him as that "very worthy and facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connexion as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble, the Ayr Bank."

SECOND EPISTLE TO LAPRAIK
(*see p. 258*).

It is easy to see that Burns—notwithstanding his humility and his praise and worship of the humbler lights of Scottish song, several of whom are only now known to their countrymen through his allusions and laudations—knew his power. One would much like to know what was the real feeling regarding him of those for whose benefit in his early epistles he lavished such a wealth of poetic imagery.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SIMPSON
(*see p. 261*).

WILLIAM SIMPSON was schoolmaster of the parish of Ochiltree. Mr. Chambers tells us that he had sent the poet a rhymed epistle in praise of the "Twa Herds."

EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH (see p. 267)

THE Rev. John M'Math was at the time this epistle was sent assistant to the Rev. Peter Woulrow of Torbolton.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND (see p. 269).

THIS epistle was addressed to Andrew Aiken, the son of his old friend, Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr.

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE (see p. 271).

"Rough, rude, and ready-witted," seems to have been an appropriate delineation of this intimate friend and correspondent of the poet, although he had other and more genial qualities. He was a farmer at Adamhill, near Torbolton.

With reference to the personal circumstances alluded to in Burns's epistle, Lockhart says: "He was compelled, according to the then almost universal custom of rural parishes in Scotland, to do penance in church, before the congregation, in consequence of the birth of an illegitimate child; and, whatever may be thought of the propriety of such exhibitions, there can be no difference of opinion as to the culpable levity with which he describes the nature of his offence."

The opening lines refer to a certain humorous dream of Rankine's which was then making a noise in the countryside.—B. The story of the dream is worth telling. Lord K——, it is said, was in the practice of calling all his familiar acquaintances "brutes," and sometimes "damned brutes." "Well, ye brute, how are ye to-day, ye damned brute?" was his usual mode of salutation. Once, in company, his lordship having indulged in this rudeness more than his wont, turned to Rankine, and exclaimed, "Ye damned brute, are ye dumb? Have ye no queer, sly story to tell us?" "I have nae story," said Rankine, "but last night I had an odd dream." "Out with it, by all means," said the other. "Aweel, ye see," said Rankine, "I dreamed I was dead, and that for keeping other than good company upon earth I was damned. When I knocked at hell-door, who should open it but the deil; he was in a rough humour, and said, 'Wha may ye be, and what's your name?' 'My name,' quoth I, 'is John Rankine, and my dwelling-place was Adamhill.' 'Gae wa' wi' ye,' quoth Satan, 'ye canna be here; ye're one of Lord K——'s damned brutes—hell's fu' o' them already!'" This sharp rebuke, it is said, was not lost on his lordship.

EPISTLE TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq. (see p. 273).

GAVIN HAMILTON was a solicitor in Mauchline, and a very good friend of the poet at all times. He had suffered from the persecutions of the orthodox, as Burns had, and this tended to a friendship warmer than ordinary. Cromek tells us the following in regard to the Master Tootie of this epistle. "He lived in Mauchline, and dealt in cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age, and so bring a higher price."

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE (see p. 279).

Mrs. Scott of Wauchope, to whom this epistle was addressed, was a lady of much taste and talent. She was niece to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of the original version of "The Flowers of the Forest."

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH (see p. 281).

WILLIAM CREECH was the publisher of the first Edinburgh edition of the poet's works. He was the most celebrated publisher of his time in Edinburgh; and it was his good fortune to be the medium through which the works of the majority of that band of eminent men who made Edinburgh distinguished in literature during the latter half of the eighteenth century, passed to the world. This epistle was written during the poet's Border tour and while Crech was in London.

FIRST EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRAY (see p. 283).

ROBERT GRAHAM of Fintray was a Commissioner of Excise. Burns, in writing to Mrs. Dunlop, enclosed a portion of this epistle, and says, "Since I am in the way of transcribing, these lines were the production of yesterday, as I jogged through the wild hills of New Cumnock. I intend inserting them, or something like them, in an epistle which I am going to write to the gentleman on whose friendship my licentious hopes depend, Mr. Graham of Fintray, one of the worthiest and most accomplished gentlemen, not only of this country, but, I will dare to say, of this age."

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER (see p. 285).

MR. HUGH PARKER was a Kilmarnock merchant and one of his early friends. This epistle was written on one of his journeys while connected with the Excise.

EPISTLE TO DR. BLACKLOCK (see p. 286).

IT was the receipt of a letter from Dr. Blacklock to Mr. George Lawrie of Kilmarnock which led Burns to abandon the idea of emigrating to the West Indies. Dr. Blacklock was educated for the Church, but becoming afflicted with blindness, he was unable to follow the profession he had chosen.

He kept a boarding-school for young men attending college, acting as a sort of tutor to them. His immediate appreciation was not the only instance of his discernment and kindness. Professor Walker says, "If the young men were enumerated whom he drew from obscurity, and enabled, by education, to advance themselves in life, the catalogue would naturally excite surprise."

FOURTH EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRAY (see p. 293).

THESE lines were the acknowledgment of the favour the previous epistle asked. Cunningham justly says, "Robert Graham of Fintray had the merit of doing all that was done for Burns in the way of raising him out of the toiling humility of his condition, and enabling him to serve the Muse without dread of want."

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA

(see p. 293).

THE ESOPUS of this epistle was Williamson, the actor; and the Maria to whom it is addressed was Mrs. Riddel. "A lady," says Allan Cunningham, "whose memory will be held in grateful remembrance, not only for her having forgiven the poet for his lampoons, but for her having written a sensible, clear heart-warm account of him when laid in the grave. Mrs. Riddel was a sincere friend and admirer of Burns, who quarrelled with her on account of some fancied slight. Williamson was a member of the dramatic company which frequently visited Dumfries. He had been a frequent visitor at Mrs. Riddel's. While the dramatic company were at Whitehaven, the Earl of Lonsdale committed them to prison as vagrants. Burns had no favour for the Earl of Lonsdale, and managed in the epistle to gratify his aversion to him, as well as his temporary anger with Mrs. Riddel. His behaviour towards the latter was as discreditable to him as Mrs. Riddel's generosity in forgiving it was worthy of her goodness and her high opinion of his better nature."

THE HERON BALLADS (see p. 297).

THOUGH written on the spur of the moment, and evidently lightly valued by the poet, these three election squibs are spirited and characteristic. They were at the instigation and in the interest of Mr. Heron of Kerroughtree, who contested the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright in the Liberal interest. The Tory candidate was Mr. Gordon of Balmaghie, nephew to Mr. Murray of Broughton, whose influence, together with that of the Earl of Galloway, was exerted to promote his return.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG (see p. 301).

A DISSOLUTION of Parliament had necessitated a general election, and, although prostrate with illness, the poet wrote this clever ballad to further the interest of his friend Mr. Heron. The poet imagines a Trogger (a vagrant dealer in small wares) perambulating the country selling the characters of the Tory party. The poor poet was dead before Mr. Heron's return as member took place.

JOHN BUSBY'S LAMENTATION

(see p. 302).

MR. HERON having gained the election, after a hard and hotly-contested struggle, the poet raised a song of triumph over his discomfited foes, singling out for special castigation his crafty old opponent, John Busby, factotum to the Earl of Galloway.

ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER (see p. 304).

THESE lines were inscribed on a small headstone erected over the grave of the poet's father in Alloway Kirkyard.

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN (see p. 304).

THE chapman of this epitaph was a Mr. Kennedy, who travelled for a commercial house. The lines were written on his recovery from a severe illness.

A FAREWELL (see p. 304)

THESE lines formed the conclusion of a letter from Burns to Mr. John Kennedy dated Kilmarnock, August, 80.

ON ROBERT AIKEN, Esq. (see p. 305).

ROBERT AIKEN, writer, Ayr, was one of the poet's most intimate friends.

ON A FRIEND (see p. 305).

THE name of this friend is unknown.

ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED

(see p. 305).

WHEN in *Paradise*, Burns's horse was impounded for trespassing on some grounds belonging to the Corporation. On being made acquainted with the circumstances, the mayor gave orders that it should be liberated at once, saying, "Let him have it, by all means, or the circumstance will be heard of for ages to come." As the verse was then written, the mayor's prophecy has come true.

ON WEE JOHNNY (see p. 305).

JOHN WILSON, the printer of the Kilmarnock edition of the poet's works.

EPIGRAM ON BACON (see p. 305).

AT Brownhill, a posting station fifteen miles from Dumfries, Burns was dining on one occasion in the company of a commercial traveller, who pressed him for a sample of his craft. The landlord, whose name was Bacon, thrust himself somewhat offensively into the company of his guests. This, it would seem, was not the first offence of the kind.

ON JOHN DOVE (see p. 306).

THE subject of the following lines was the landlord of the Whiteford Arms in Mauchline.

ON A WAG IN MAUCLINE (see p. 306).

THE wag here meant was James Smith, his friend.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC (see p. 306).

JAMES HUMPHREY, a working mason, a noisy polemic on all matters political and religious, was the "Jamie" of this epitaph. Within the memory of many people now living (in his latter days he was reduced to beggary), with the view of stimulating a flow of coppers from the strangers coming and going by the Mauchline coach, he would introduce himself as Burns's "bleth'rin' bitch."

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME (see p. 307).

CUNNINGHAM says: "Burns, on repassing the Highland border, in 1787, turned round and bade farewell to the hospitalities of the north in these happy lines. Another account states that he was called on for a toast at table, and gave 'The Highland Welcome,' much to the pleasure of all who heard him."

EXTEMPORE ON WILLIAM SMELLIE

(see p. 308).

SMELLIE belonged to a club called the Crochallan Fencibles, of which Burns was a member.

VERSES (see p. 308).

THESE lines were written on being refused admittance to the Carron iron-works.

LINES ON VIEWING STIRLING PALACE

THESE lines were scratched with a diamond on a pane of glass in a window of the inn at which Burns put up, on the occasion of his first visit to Stirling.

LINES (see p. 309).

MISS BURNS was a "gay" lady, well known to the "fast" young fellows of the Scottish metropolis in the poet's day.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND

IT is said that the wife of a gentleman, at whose table the poet was one day dining, expressed herself with more freedom than propriety regarding her husband's extravagant convivial habits, a rudeness which Burns rebuked in these sharp lines.

ON INCIVILITY SHEWN HIM AT INVERARY (see p. 309).

WHEN at Inverary, the inn the poet put up at being full of visitors to the Duke of Argyll, he received scant attention from the people of the house, and resented their behaviour in these lines.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATIONS OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS (see p. 309).

"STOPPING at a merchant's shop in Edinburgh," says Burns, "a friend of mine one day put Elphinstone's translation of Martial into my hand, and desired my opinion of it. I asked permission to write my opinion on a blank leaf of the book; which being granted, I wrote this epigram."

ON A SCHOOLMASTER (see p. 309).

WILLIAM MICHIE was a schoolmaster of the parish of Cleish, in Fifeshire. Burns made his acquaintance during his first visit to Edinburgh, in 1787.

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANKS (see p. 310).

ONE of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh, and a well-known friend of the poet's.

ON WAT (see p. 310).

THE name of the hero of these terrible lines has not been recorded.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE (see p. 310).

CAPTAIN GROSE being in the company of the poet on a convivial occasion, and in the full enjoyment of his humorous sallies, begged a few lines on himself. Scanning the huge corporation of the genial antiquary with his eye, he repeated these lines.

ON THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON, IN CLYDESDALE (see p. 311).

WORSHIPPING in the parish church of Lamington, Burns found the weather cold, the place uncomfortable, and the sermon poor; he took his revenge on the parson, the kirk, and the elements, in these lines.

LINES ON MISS DAVIES (see p. 311).

WHILE Burns was in the inn at Moffat, the heroine, the "charming, lovely Davies," of one of his songs, happened to pass in the company of a tall and portly lady, and on a friend asking

him why God had made Miss Davies so small and the other lady so large, he replied in these lines.

ON MR. BURTON (see p. 312).

A CASUAL acquaintance of the poet's, Mr. Burton, a young Englishman, became very pressing that he should write his epitaph. "In vain," says Cunningham, "the bard objected that he was not sufficiently acquainted with his character and habits to qualify him for the task; the request was constantly repeated with a 'Dem my eyes, Burns, do write an epitaph for me; oh, dem my blood, do, Burns, write an epitaph for me.' Overcome by his importunity Burns at last took out his pencil and produced these lines.

ON MRS. KEMBLE (see p. 312).

AFTER witnessing her performance in the part of Yarrow at Dumfries.

TO MR. SYME (see p. 312).

JOHN SYME of Ryedale was a gentleman of education and talent, and a friend and companion of the poet's. In his invitation, Mr. Syme had promised him the best of company and the best of cookery.

THE CREED OF POVERTY (see p. 313).

"WHEN the Board of Excise," says Cunningham, "informed Burns that his business was to act, and not think, he read the order to a friend, turned the paper, and wrote these lines."

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK (see p. 313).

THESE lines indicate how strongly Burns sympathised with the cause of freedom at the commencement of the French Revolution.

THE PARSON'S LOOKS (see p. 313).

ON someone remarking that he saw falsehood in the very look of a certain reverend gentleman, the poet replied in these lines."

ON ROBERT RIDDEL (see p. 314).

THESE lines were traced with a diamond on the window of the hermitage of Friars' Carse, the first time he visited it after the death of Mr. Riddell.

THE TOAST (see p. 314).

ON being called on for a song at a dinner given by the Dumfries Volunteers in honour of Rodney's great victory in April, 1782, Burns gave this cumulative toast.

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED "THE MARQUIS" (see p. 314).

THE hero of this epitaph, the landlord of a hotel in Dumfries, asked the poet to write his epitaph. He could hardly be pleased with the result.

ON EXCISEMEN (see p. 314).

"ONE day," says Cunningham, "while in the 'King's Arms Tavern,' Dumfries, Burns overheard a country gentleman talking disparagingly concerning excisemen. The poet went to a window, and on one of the panes wrote this rebuke with his diamond.

INVITATION TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN (*see p. 315*).

THE meetings of the members of St. James's Masonic Lodge were held in a small room in a public-house in Mauchline, kept by a man of the name of Manson. On the approach of St. John's Day, Burns sent this rhymed invitation to his friend, Mr. Mackenzie.

THE SELKIRK GRACE (*see p. 316*).

THIS grace, now famous as the Selkirk grace, was an impromptu on being asked to say grace at dinner while on a visit to the Earl of Selkirk.

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER (*see p. 316*).

THESE lines were written on the death of the poet's only daughter by Jean Armour.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG (*see p. 316*).

WHILE Burns was on a visit to Kenmore Castle a favourite lap-dog named Echo died. At the request of the lady of the house he wrote this epitaph on it.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY (*see p. 317*).

THESE verses were written as political squibs during the heat of a contested election.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD (*see p. 317*).

SIR DAVID MAXWELL of Cardoness had given Burns some cause for offence during the heat of a contested election. The poet never failed to strike hard on such occasions, and in many cases unjustly.

ON JOHN BUSHBY (*see p. 318*).

BUSHBY was a clever lawyer, who had crossed the poet's path in politics frequently.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES (*see p. 318*).

THE origin of these lines is thus related by Cromek: "When politics ran high the poet happened to be in a tavern, and the following lines—the production of one of 'The True Loyal Natives'—were handed over the table to Burns:—

'Ye sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell, pervade every
throng;
With Craiken the attorney, and Mundell the
quack,

Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.'
The poet took out a pencil and instantly wrote in reply these lines."

LINE TO JOHN RANKINE (*see p. 319*).

THESE lines were written by Burns while on his deathbed, and forwarded to Rankine after his death.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS (*see p. 318*).

"DURING the last illness of the poet," says Cunningham, "Mr. Brown, the surgeon who attended him, came in and stated that he had been looking at a collection of wild beasts just arrived, and pulling out a list of the animals held it out to Jessy Lewars. The poet snatched it from him, took up a pen, and with red ink wrote the lines on the back of the paper saying, 'Now it is fit to be presented to a lady.'"

THE TOAST (*see p. 319*).

ON another occasion, during his illness, he took up a crystal goblet, and traced these lines on it, and presented it to her.

ON THE SICKNESS OF MISS JESSY LEWARS (*see p. 319*).

ON Miss Lewars complaining of illness in the hearing of the poet, he said he would provide for the worst, and seizing another crystal goblet, he wrote these lines.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS (*see p. 319*).

ON her recovering health, the poet said, "There is a poetic reason for it," and composed these lines.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND (*see p. 319*).

GILBERT BURNS has some doubts as to the authenticity of these lines.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "STAR" (*see p. 320*).

"BURNS at one period," says Cunningham, "was in the habit of receiving the *Star* newspaper gratuitously; but as it came somewhat irregularly to hand, he sent these lines to headquarters, to insure more punctuality."

TO AN ARTIST (*see p. 320*).

THE artist to whom these lines were addressed was at work on a picture of Jacob's dream, with which it would seem the poet was hardly satisfied.

THE KEEKIN' GLASS (*see p. 321*).

WRITTEN on being told that one of the Lords of Justiciary, while visiting Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, had dined so freely, that on entering the drawing-room, he was all but incapable of seeing. Pointing to the lovely daughter of the house, he asked Mr. Miller, "What's yon howlet-faced thing in the corner?" Burns handed the lines to Miss Miller.

EPIGRAM TO MISS AINSLIE IN CHURCH (*see p. 322*).

BEING in church when the parson gave out as his text a passage of Scripture containing a severe denunciation of sinners, and noticing that Miss Ainslie, a lady friend, had a difficulty in finding it in her Bible, the poet wrote this verse on a piece of paper, and handed it to her.

ON CELEBRATED LAWYERS (*see p. 322*).

THIS cleverly hits off two of the most eminent leaders of the Scottish bar in the poet's day. The Lord Advocate was Mr. Hay Campbell, and the Dean of Faculty, Mr. Harry Erskine.

TO DR. MAXWELL (*see p. 323*).

"How do you like this epigram," says the poet, in a letter to Thomson, "which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a fever? Doctor Maxwell was the physician, who seemingly saved her from the grave, and to him I address these lines."

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN (*see p. 324*).

"THERE is a tradition," says Burns, in a letter to Thomson, "that the old air, 'Hey tattle tattle,' was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my

solitary wanderings, has warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence which I have thrown into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."

MY HANDSOME NELL (see p. 326).

THE heroine of this song, Nelly Kilpatrick, was the daughter of the village blacksmith, and the poet's first partner in the labours of the harvest-field. She was the "sonsie quaan" he sings of, whose "witching smile" first made his heart-strings tingle. "This song," he says, "was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity—unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. It has many faults; but I remember I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion; and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts—my blood sallies, at the remembrance."

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING (see p. 328).

"THESE two stanzas," says the poet, "which are among the oldest of printed pieces, I composed when I was seventeen."

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY (see p. 328).

ISABELLA (*Scotice*, Tibbie) STEVENS would appear to have considered herself a matrimonial catch, because her father was the owner of a few acres of peat moss, and not to be thrown away on a hairum-scaurum poet.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER (see p. 329).

"THIS song," says the poet, "is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification; but the sentiments were the genuine feelings of my heart at the time it was written."

JOHN BARLEYCORN (see p. 331).

THIS is modernised from an English original, well known to lovers of old ballad poetry. The original was first printed in "Jameson's Ballads." Various versions of it current over the country have been printed since.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN (see p. 334).

MARY CAMPBELL, the heroine of this and several of his finest songs, belonged to the neighbourhood of Dunoon, a village on the Frith of Clyde. She was in the service of Montgomery of Collisfield when Burns first became acquainted with her. She was a beautiful girl, the beau-ideal of a "Scotch lassie," who was as good as she was beautiful. There had been some love passages, though not on his part of a serious nature, between them, and when the rupture with the Armour family took place his thoughts strayed towards Mary Campbell. There can be no doubt that very soon a deep and sincere attachment sprung up between them. It was arranged that Mary should leave her place in May, to prepare for her change of condition. Before she went to her father's house they met and parted, when the following ceremony was enacted between them:—

Taking up their postures on the opposite sides of a small brook, and holding a Bible

between them, they exchanged vows of fidelity towards each other. They then exchanged Bibles. The copy given to Mary has been preserved; it is in two volumes. On a blank leaf of the first volume is inscribed, in the poet's handwriting, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely: I am the Lord" (*Lev. xix. 12*). In the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath" (*Matt. v. 33*). Another blank leaf in this volume bears his name and his masonic mark.

The lovers never met again. A few weeks after, Mary Campbell died suddenly at Greenock. Recently a monument was erected over her grave by several admirers of the poet. On the third anniversary of the death of Highland Mary, Jean Armour, by that time his wife, tells us that, towards the evening, "he grew sad about something, went into the barn-yard, where he strode restlessly up and down for some time, although repeatedly asked to come in. Immediately on entering the house he sat down and wrote, 'To Mary in Heaven,' an outpouring of passion, which Lockhart characterises as 'the noblest of all his ballads.'"

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY (see p. 335).

"MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY," says Burns, "who had been bred in a style of life rather elegant, was my deity for six or eight months." She was a servant in the house of Mr. Montgomery of Collisfield. Her charms would appear from his correspondence to have made a considerable impression on the susceptible poet.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE (see p. 336).

"THIS," says the poet, "was a composition of mine before I was at all known in the world. My Highland lassie (Mary) was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." For an account of Highland Mary, see the note to the verses entitled, "To Mary in Heaven." Years after Highland Mary was dead, her mother, who greatly admired this song, sung it to her grandchildren.

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED (see p. 338).

THE last verse only of this song is Burns's—the first is old.

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T (see p. 338).

THE subject of this fine and humorous ditty was a girl of the name of Elizabeth Paton, a servant in his mother's house. She was the mother of the child he addressed as—"My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess." "I composed it," says the poet, "pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at the time under a cloud."

MY HEART WAS ANCE AS BLYTHE AND FREE (see p. 339).

THE chorus of this song is taken from a very old ditty. *Twae*—"To the weavers gin ye go."

MY NANNIE, O (see p. 341).

THIS has been termed the finest love-song in any language. The poet's father lived to read and admire it. The heroine of it was Agnes (*Scotice*, Nannie) Fleming, at one time a

servant with the poet's friend, Gavin Hamilton. She died unmarried at an advanced age—surely no fit destiny for one who had been the subject of such a strain. *Tune*—"My Nannie, O."

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON (*see p. 343*).

THE heroine of this song is thought to have been the "Montgomery's Peggy" of the song of that name, and the subject of several other songs. *Tune*—"Brass o' Balquhider."

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

(*see p. 344*).

THIS is an improvement on an old Scotch song of much spirit, but more broad than it need be.

MY JEAN! (*see p. 345*).

"THE heroine of this sweet snatch," says Cunningham, "was bonny Jean. It was composed when the poet contemplated the West India voyage, and an eternal separation from the land and all that was dear to him."

ROBIN (*see p. 345*).

IT is related that when the poet's father rode to Ayr to fetch a doctor, at a rivulet which proved to be in flood he found a gipsy woman sitting on the further side, being unable to get across. Notwithstanding the urgency of his errand, he conveyed her across the stream. On returning home, he found her sitting at the fireside; shortly after the birth of the child, on his being placed in the arms of the gipsy, she gave vent to the predictions which the poet has introduced so happily into the song. *Tune*—"Dainty Davie."

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE (*see p. 347*).

"THE Six Belles of Mauchline" were Miss Helen Miller, who became the wife of the poet's friend, Dr. Mackenzie; Miss Markland, who became the wife of another friend, Mr. Finlay, a brother Excise officer; Miss Jean Smith, who married a third friend of the poet, Mr. Candlish, and was mother of the well-known Edinburgh divine, Dr. Can. Usher; Miss Betty, a sister of Miss Helen Miller, became Mrs. Templeton; Miss Morton married Mr. Paterson, a merchant in Mauchline; and we need hardly say that Belle Number Six became the poet's wife, making what, in a worldly sense, may have been the poorest match of all, although she had for her husband the most notable Scotchman of his generation.

YOUNG PEGGY (*see p. 348*).

THE heroine of this song was the daughter of a small landed proprietor in the poet's neighbourhood. Her wit and beauty had so moved him that he wrote the song and sent it to her, with a complimentary letter. *Tune*—"The last time I cam o'er the muir."

ELIZA (*see p. 350*).

THE heroine of this song was one of "The Six Belles of Mauchline," Miss Betty Miller. The love here was purely poetical, the mere association of a name with the sentiments proper to love. *Tune*—"Gilderoy."

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE (*see p. 350*).

WRITTEN after visiting the Kilmarnock Masonic Lodge. The Willie of the song was William Parker, a Kilmarnock bank agent,

whose name figured in the subscription list of the first edition of the poet's works for thirty copies. *Tune*—"Shawbnaby."

MENIE (*see p. 351*).

THE chorus of this was borrowed from a song composed by another hand. *Tune*—"Johnny's Gray Brecks."

THE FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

(*see p. 353*).

THESE lines were spoken to "The Brethren" by the poet, while on the eve of his intended emigration. The person specially alluded to in the last verse was the Master of the Lodge, Major-General James Montgomery.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS (*see p. 354*).

ELLISON BROWN, a girl of humble parentage, the heroine of this song, was, when the poet made her acquaintance, a domestic servant. Her mental attractions were in the poet's mind so great that even after he had mixed in the most cultivated circles of the metropolis, he confessed that she of all the women he had ever met, was the only one who would be likely to make a pleasant companion for life.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE (*see p. 355*).

WANDERING in the grounds adjoining Ballochmyle House, Burns encountered Miss Alexander, the sister of Mr. Claud Alexander, a retired East India Officer, who had purchased the estate from Sir John Whiteford, whose departure he has lamented in "The Braes of Ballochmyle" (*see p. 308*). On composing the song he sent it to Miss Alexander with the following note: "I had roved out, as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my Muse on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills: not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. Such was the scene, and such was the hour—when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape or met a poet's eye. The enclosed song was the work of my return home; and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene." Much to his annoyance she took no notice of it, the poet being very possibly at the time unknown to her, having only just come to the neighbourhood. She lived to be proud of the honour done her, dying unmarried in 1843, at the age of eighty-eight.

WILL YOU GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY? (*see p. 356*).

"IN my very early years," says the poet, in a letter to Mr. Thomson in 1792, "when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took this farewell of a dear girl [Highland Mary]."

HIGHLAND MARY (*see p. 357*).

THIS is another magnificent expression of his passion for Highland Mary. Writing to Thomson, he says: "This song pleases me; I think it is in my happiest manner. The subject of it is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own

that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would insure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, it is the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition."

BONNIE DUNDEE (see p. 359).

BURNS is only answerable for the second verse of this.

O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU (see p. 361).

"THE old air of 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,'" says the poet to Thomson, "I admire very much, and yesterday I set these verses to it."

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY (see p. 363).

THESE lines were composed by the poet after visiting the falls of Moness, near Aberfeldy, in Perthshire.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL (see p. 364).

THIS was designed by the poet as an improvement on a well-known old song entitled "Macpherson's Lament." The following account of Macpherson is from Mr. Chambers's edition of the poet's works: "James Macpherson was a noted Highland freebooter of uncommon personal strength, and an excellent performer on the violin. After holding the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray in fear for some years, he was seized by Duff of Braco, ancestor of the Earl of Fife, and tried before the sheriff of Banffshire (November 7th, 1700), along with certain gipsies who had been taken in his company. In the prison, while he lay under sentence of death, he composed a song and an appropriate air, the former commencing thus:—

'I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength;
I squander'd fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.
But dantonly, and wantonly,
And rantingly I'll gae;
I'll play a tune, and dance it roun'
Beneath the gallows-trees.'

When brought to the place of execution, on the Gallows-hill of Banff (November 16th), he played the tune on his violin, and then asked if any friend was present who would accept the instrument as a gift at his hands. No one coming forward, he indignantly broke the violin on his knee, and threw away the fragments; after which he submitted to his fate. The traditional accounts of Macpherson's immense prowess are justified by his sword, which is still preserved in Duff House, at Banff, and is an implement of great length and weight—as well as by his bones, which were found a few years ago, and were allowed by all who saw them to be much stronger than the bones of ordinary men."

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT (see p. 365).

THE Strathallan of these lines was William, fourth Viscount of the name, who fell at Culloden in 1746. The poet, misinformed in this particular, imagines him to have escaped to some secure place after the battle.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY (see p. 367).

THE chorus of this song is old; but the two stanzas are Burns's.

BONNIE PEG (see p. 369).

THESE lines first appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1818.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON (see p. 371).

"THESE verses," says Burns, in his notes in the *Musical Museum*, "were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M. Adair, physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of the Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon."

THE PLOUGHMAN (see p. 373).

THE fourth and fifth verses only of this piece are by Burns; the remainder by some older writer. TUNE—"Up wi' the ploughman."

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN' (see p. 374).

THE first two verses of this are by Burns; the others belong to a ditty of an earlier date.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING (see p. 376).

"I COMPOSED these verses," says Burns, "on Miss Isabella McLeod of Raasay, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon, who shot himself out of sheer heartbreak at some mortification he suffered from the deranged state of his finances."

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN (see p. 377).

"I COMPOSED these verses," says the poet, "out of compliment to a Mrs. MacLachlan, whose husband was an officer in the East Indies."

BLITHE WAS SHE (see p. 378).

THE poet met the heroine of this song at the house of Sir William Murray of Ochertyre. She was a Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, known throughout her native district as "The Flower of Strathmore." She married Mr. Smythe of Methven, one of the judges of the Court of Session.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK (see p. 380).

THE heroine of this song was Miss Cruikshank, daughter of the poet's friend, Mr. Cruikshank, 30, St. James's Square, Edinburgh. A poem addressed to her will be found at page 134.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE (see p. 380).

"THE hero of this chant," says Burns, "was one of the worthiest fellows in the world—William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and colonel of the Crochallan corps—a club of wits, who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments." The last stanza only was the work of the poet. TUNE—"Rattlin', Roarin' Willie."

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS (see p. 381).

THESE two songs were written in praise of Miss Margaret Chalmers, a relative of the poet's friend, Mr. Gavin Hamilton.

**STREAMS THAT GLIDE IN ORIENT
PLAINS** (see p. 382).

These lines were written after Burns's brief visit to Gordon Castle.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY
(see p. 383).

The chorus of this song belonged to an old friend.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME (see p. 384).
This is an old song, improved by Burns.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN (see p. 384).
"I composed this song," says the poet, "out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend, Mr. Allan Masterton, composer of the air 'Strathallan's Lament.'" *Tune*—"Ye gallants bright."

THE DAY RETURNS (see p. 386).
In a letter to Miss Chalmers, a friend of the poet's, he says with reference to this song: "One of the most tolerable things I have done for some time is these two stanzas I made to an air a musical gentleman of my acquaintance (Captain Riddel of Glenriddel) composed for the anniversary of his wedding-day."

MY BONNIE MARY (see p. 388).
The first four lines of this song are from an old ballad—the rest are Burns's. *Tune*—"Go f tch to me a pint o' wine."

O A' THE AIRS THE WIND CAN BLOW
(see p. 390).
"I composed this song," says the poet, "out of compliment to Mrs. Burns during our honeymoon."

THE RUINED FARMER (see p. 392).
Song, IN THE CHARACTER OF RUINED FARMER.
"By the liberality of Mr. Dick, bookseller, Ayr," says Mr. Robert Chambers, in his edition of the poet's works, "the present proprietor of a manuscript of ten leaves, in Burns's hand-writing, and which was formerly in the possession of Mrs. General Stewart of Stair, we are enabled to give this song, which has not hitherto seen the light." (It is uncommonly lax in versification.) *Tune*—"Go from my window, love, do."

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL!
(see p. 393).
This was also produced in honour of Mrs. Burns, shortly before she took up her residence at Ellisland as the poet's wife.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR
(see p. 394).
The first two stanzas only of this song are by Burns; the other two are old.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY
(see p. 395).
The first half-stanza of this song is old; the rest by Burns.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS
(see p. 395).
"The first half-stanza of this song," says Burns, "is old; the rest is mine."

AULD ROB MORRIS (see p. 396).
The two first lines of this belong to an old ballad; the rest is the poet's.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE (see p. 398).
This song was composed when Sir John Whiteford and his family were forced to part with the family estate, Ballochmyle. Maria was the name of the eldest daughter.

YOUNG JOCKEY (see p. 400).
"The whole of this song," says Stenhouse, "excepting three or four lines, is the production of Burns."

O, WILLIE BREWD A PECK O' MAUT
(see p. 400).
SPEAKING of this famous song the poet says: "The air is Allan Masterton's, the song mine. The occasion of it was this: Mr. William Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh, being at Moffat during the autumn vacation, honest Allan—who was at that time on a visit to Dalawinton—and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting that Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business."

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP (see p. 401).
CUNNINGHAM gives the following account of this song: "Burns, on one occasion, was on a visit: at a friend's house for two or three days; and during his stay there a convivial party met, at which the bard was requested to favour the company with a poetical effusion. He promptly complied by writing the song in question. The original MS. is now in the possession of Captain Hendries, who commands a Scottish trading vessel, and who is nephew to the gentleman at whose festive board Burns was entertained on the evening alluded to."

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE
(see p. 402).
The chorus of this song, which celebrates the battle where Viscount Dundee fell in the moment of victory, is old; the rest is from the pen of Burns.

THE BLUE-EYED LASS (see p. 402).
The heroine of this song was Miss Jean Jeffrey, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey of Lochmaben. Miss Jeffrey married an American gentleman of the name of Renwick, and it may be worth recording that a daughter of his became the wife of Captain Wilks of the United States Navy, the hero of the affair of the Trent, and the capture of the Confederate Commissioners.

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING (see p. 405).
Burns composed this song to aid the suit of a Mr. Gillespie, a friend of his. The lady who, by the way, did not surrender, even though her lover was so ably assisted by Burns, was the Chloris (Miss Lorimer) of several of his finest ballads. A brief account of the melancholy career of this unfortunate lady will be found at p. 163 (note to "To Chloris").

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER (see p. 407).
The second verse of this song is Burns's; the first is old.

**THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL
JAMIE COMES HAME** (see p. 408).
"When political combustion," says the poet, in a letter to Thomson, enclosing this song, "ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of historians and poets."

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA' (see p. 409).

THE poet having found the germ of this song in Herd's collection is thought to have wrought into it some allusion to an incident in his own personal history.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR (see p. 410).

THIS song was altered from one by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Anne, consort of James VI. "I think," says Burns, "that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress."

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS (see p. 410).

"THIS song," says the poet, "alludes to a part of my private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know."

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE (see p. 411).

"THESE verses," says Cunningham, "were originally in English; Burns bestowed a Scottish dress upon them, and made them utter sentiments connected with his own affections."

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR? (see p. 412).

THIS was suggested by an old song in Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," entitled, "The Auld Man's address to the Widow."

AE FOND KISS (see p. 415).

CHARMIDA (Mrs. M'Lehose) was the heroine of this song. Byron and Scott admired it much.

LOVELY DAVIES (see p. 416).

BURNS met the heroine of this song and "The Bonnie Wee Thing," Miss Deborah Davies, an English lady, at the house of Captain Riddell of Glenriddel. In a letter to the lady, enclosing this song, in a strain of inflated enthusiasm, he says: "When my theme is youth and beauty—a young lady whose personal charms, wit, and sentiment, are equally striking and unaffected—by Heavens! though I had lived threescore years a married man, and threescore years before I was a married man, my imagination would hallow the very idea; and I am truly sorry that the enclosed stanzas have done such poor justice to such a subject."

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN (see p. 417).

THESE lines were written shortly after he had taken his wife home to Ellisland.

MY COLLIER LADDIE (see p. 419).

"I do not know," says Burns, "a blither old song than this," which he modified and altered in this manner for the Museum.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME (see p. 420).

WRITTEN to celebrate the return to Scotland of Lady Winifred Maxwell, descendant of the attainted Earl of Nithsdale.

FAIR ELIZA (see p. 424).

THIS was another unsuccessful attempt on the part of the poet to advance the love suit of a friend.

THE BANKS OF DOON (see p. 425).

THIS song illustrates a genuine experience. The heroine, a lovely and accomplished woman, the daughter of a gentleman of some fortune in Ayrshire, was deserted by her lover, the son of a wealthy landed proprietor, after she had borne a son to him.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD (see p. 427).

WE are indebted to Cunningham for an account of the heroine of this song. "She was the wife of a farmer who lived near Burns at Ellisland. She was a very singular woman: 'Tea,' she said, 'would be the ruin of the nation; sugar was a sore evil; wheaten bread was only fit for babes; earthenware was a pick-pocket; wooden floors were but fit for thrashing upon; slated roofs, cold; feathers, good enough for fowls'; in short, she abhorred change, and, whenever anything new appeared, such as harrows with iron teeth—Ay, ay,' she would exclaim, 'ye'll see the upshot!' Of all modern things she disliked china most: she called it 'brunt clay,' and said it was only fit for 'haudin' the broo o' stakin' weeds,' as she called tea. On one occasion, a southern dealer in cups and saucers asked so much for his ware that he exasperated a peasant, who said, 'I canna buy, but I ken ane that will. Gang there,' said he, pointing to the house of Willie's wife; 'dinna be blate or burd-mouthed; ask a guid penny—she has the siller.' Away went the poor dealer, spread out his wares before her, and summed up all by asking a double price. A blow from her cummock was his instant reward, which not only fell on his person, but damaged his china. 'I'll learn ye,' quoth she, as she heard the saucers jingle, 'to come wi' yer brazen English face, and yer bits o' brunt clay to me!'"

LADY MARY ANN (see p. 428).

AN attempt to imitate the manner of an old ballad.

FAREWHEEL TO A' OUR SCOTTISH FAME (see p. 429).

"BURNS," says Cunningham, "has expressed sentiments in this song which were once popular in the north." On one occasion he says regarding the Union, "What are all the advantages which my country reaps from the Union that can counterbalance the annihilation of her independence, and even her very name? Nothing can reconcile me to the terms, 'English Ambassador,' 'English Court,' etc."

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES (see p. 430).

AN improved version of an old song. Speaking to Cromek about the old songs her husband had altered and improved, Mrs. Burns said: "Robert gae this ane a terrible brushing."

LADY ONLIE (see p. 432).

THIS is an old song improved by Burns for the Museum.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT (see p. 433).

"YESTERDAY," wrote Burns to his friend, Cleghorn, "as I was riding through a tract of melancholy, joyless moors, between Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; and your favourite air, 'Captain

O'Kean, coming at length into my head, I tried these words to it. I am tolerably pleased with the verses; but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music." In reply Cleghorn suggests, "that you would send me a verse or two more; and, if you have no objection, I would have it in the Jacobite style. Suppose it should be sung after the fatal field of Culloden, by the unfortunate Charles." The poet followed his friend's advice.

THE SONG OF DEATH (see p. 434).

"I HAVE just finished," says the poet, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, "this song which, to a lady, the descendant of Wallace, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology."

Scene—A field of battle—*Time of the day*, Evening—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the war song.

AFTON WATER (see p. 434).

THERE is some doubt as to who was the heroine of this fine song. Currie and Cunningham join in saying that it was written in honour of Mrs. Dunlop of Afton House; while Gilbert Burns, who was not likely to err, affirms that he has heard his brother say that it was a tribute to his dearly-loved Highland Mary.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN

(see p. 438).

LOCKHART gives the following interesting account of this song: "This spirited song was composed on the shores of the Solway, while the poet and a party of his brother excisemen were engaged in watching the motions of a suspicious-looking brig, which had put in there, and which, it was supposed, was engaged in smuggling. The day following that on which she was first seen, the vessel got into shallow water, and it was then discovered that the crew were numerous, and not likely to yield without a struggle. Lewars accordingly was despatched to Dumfries for a party of dragoons, and another officer proceeded on a similar errand to Ecclefechan, leaving Burns with some men under his orders, to watch the brig and prevent landing or escape. Burns manifested considerable impatience while thus occupied, being left for many hours in a wet salt-marsh with a force which he knew to be inadequate for the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his comrades hearing him abuse his friend Lewars in particular, for being slow about his journey, the man answered that he also wished the devil had him for his pains, and that Burns in the meantime would do well to ladle a song upon the sluggard. Burns said nothing; but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and shingle, rejoined his party, and chanted to them this well-known ditty."

A RED, RED ROSE (see p. 439).

THIS beautiful song was an improvement of a street ballad.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME

(see p. 444).

THE poet tells us, that "The bonny lass that made the bed to me" was composed on an amour of Charles II., when skulking in the north, about Aberdeen, in the time of the

usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the house of Port Letham, who was the lass that made the bed to him."

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN

(see p. 447).

THE heroine of this song was Miss Lucy Johnston, daughter of Wynne Johnston of Hilton. She afterwards married Mr. Oswald, of Auchincruive. She died, a few years after her marriage, of consumption.

THE MIRK NIGHT O' DECEMBER

(see p. 448).

THIS is understood to refer to the parting with Clarinda. The difference in the mood is noticeable enough.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART (see p. 449).

THE heroine of this song was the daughter of a Mr. William Stewart, a neighbour of the poet's at Ellisland. She married a wealthy gentleman, but through some indiscretion, she descended in the social scale, and, according to Mr. Chambers, supported herself by her labours as a laundress in her latter days.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE (see p. 449).

THIS song is an improvement and expansion of some Jacobite verses, entitled "The Highland Lad and the Lowland Lassie."

HEE BALOU (see p. 452).

SPEAKING of this song, Cromek says: "The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the Borders began their nightly depredations was the first Michaelmas moon. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition; and it has been remarked that many of the best families in the north can trace their descent from the daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of dowry to a laird's daughter) of a Michaelmas moon is proverbial; and by the aid of Lochiel's lanthorn (the moon) these exploits were the most desirable things imaginable. In the 'Hee Balou' we see one of those heroes in the cradle."

GLOOMY DECEMBER (see p. 453).

THESE lines were written immediately after the last interview with Clarinda, in December, 1791.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA

(see p. 455).

"A DUMFRIES maiden," says Cunningham, "with a light foot and a merry eye, was the heroine of this clever song. Burns thought so well of it himself that he recommended it to Thomson; but the latter—aware, perhaps, of the free character of her of the 'gowden locks,' excluded it, though pressed to publish it by the poet. Irritated, perhaps, at Thomson's refusal, he wrote the additional stanza, by way of post-script, in defiance of his colder-blooded critic."

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

(see p. 460).

THIS is another tribute of the poet's esteem and affection for Miss Jessy Lewars. Mr. Chambers tells us that it had its origin in a request of the poet's, that if she would play him any air she might wish words for, he would try to produce something which might please her. She accordingly played the air of an old ditty, singing the words, the first verse of which ran thus:

"The robin cam to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in;
Oh, weel's me on your auld pow,
Wad ye be in, wad ye be in," etc.
In a few minutes, the poet wrote out these lines.

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE (see p. 463).

GILBERT BURNS gives the following account of this ballad: "When Mr. Cunninghame of Enterkin came to his estate, two mansion-houses on it—Enterkin and Annbank—were both in a ruinous state. Wishing to introduce himself with some *façade* to the county, he got temporary erections made on the banks of the Ayr, tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, for a supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the county were invited. It was a novelty in the county, and attracted much notice. A dissolution of parliament was soon expected, and this festivity was thought to be an introduction to a canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were spoken of, particularly Sir John Whiteford, then residing at Cloncaird, commonly pronounced Glencaird, and Mr. Boswell, the well-known biographer of Dr. Johnson. The political views of this festive assemblage, which are alluded to in the ballad, if they ever existed, were, however, laid aside, as Mr. Cunninghame did not canvass the county."

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA' (see p. 465).

This song was composed in honour of the leaders of the Liberal party in the House of Commons.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS (see p. 467).

BURNS signalled his joining the Dumfries Volunteers by the composition of the following patriotic song, which became widely popular. Cunningham says that the song did more "to stir the mind of the rustic part of the population than all the speeches of Pitt and Dundas, or the chosen Five-and-Forty."

WELCOME TO GENERAL DUMOURIER (see p. 470).

SUGGESTED by the desertion of Dumourier from the army of the French Republic, after he had gained several splendid victories.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET (see p. 471).

CUNNINGHAM says regarding the origin of this song: "The poet was one day walking along the High Street of Dumfries, when he met a young woman from the country, who, with her shoes and stockings packed carefully up, and her petticoats kilted,

Which did gently shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than
snow,

was proceeding towards the Galloway side of the Nith. This sight, by no means so unusual then as now, influenced the Muse of Burns, and the result was this exquisite lyric.

BONNIE LESLEY (see p. 473).

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Burns gives the following account of the origin of this song: "Apropos!—do you know that I am almost in love with an acquaintance of yours? Know, then," said he, "that the heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should

have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that should make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delighting and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour at Mayfield. Mr. Baillie, with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me, on which I took my horse (though God knows I could ill spare the time), and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them; and, riding home, I composed this ballad. You must know that there is an old one beginning with:

'My bonnie Lizzie Baillie,
I'll rowe thee in my plaidie,' etc.
So I parodied it and produced."

SONG (see p. 474).

GILBERT BURNS thought that a Miss Jane Blackstock was the heroine of this song. The poet, in a letter to Thomson, said of it, "For private reasons, I should like to see it in print."

LORD GREGORY (see p. 475).

WRITTEN in imitation of Dr. Walcott's (Peter Pindar) ballad of the same name, of which Burns says, in a letter to Thomson, "Pindar's 'Lord Gregory' is beautiful. I have tried to give you a Scots version, which is at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter—that would be presumption, indeed. My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it."

WANDERING WILLIE (see p. 476).

THE idea of this song appears to have been taken from an old one, of which the two following verses have been preserved:

"Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
Long have I sought thee, dear have I bought
thee,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

"Through the lang muir I have follow'd my
Willie,
Through the lang muir I have follow'd him
hame;
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain."

YOUNG JESSIE (see p. 478).

THE heroine of this song was Miss Jane Staig, daughter of the Provost of Dumfries.

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER (see p. 478).

A CORRESPONDENT of Thomson's says, regarding the origin of this song: "Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill with a couple of friends, when a poor wayworn soldier passed the window; of a sudden, it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures; after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits

of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his 'garland and singing robes about him,' and the result was the admirable song which he sent you for 'The Mill, Mill, O!'

BLTYHE HAE I BEEN (see p. 480).

THE heroine of this song was Miss Lesley Bailie, a lady, he told Mrs. Dunlop, with whom he was almost in love. He celebrates her charms in another song, "Bonnie Lesley," p. 473.

LOGAN BRAES (see p. 480).

THE following, from a letter to Thomson, is the poet's account of the origin of this song: "Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of 'Logan Water,' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer; and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done anything at all like justice to my feelings, this song, composed in three-quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit."

THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR

(see p. 481).

"I HAVE just finished this ballad," says the poet in a letter to Thomson, "and as I do think it is in my best style I send it to you." The heroine was Miss Jane M'Murdo, the eldest daughter of John M'Murdo, chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry. He pictures her not in the rank she held, but in the circumstances of a cottage girl.

PHILLIS THE FAIR (see p. 483).

THE heroine of this song was another daughter of Mr. M'Murdo's, Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo.

HAD I A CAVE (see p. 484).

THIS song gives expression to the disappointment of a friend of Burns's, Mr. Alexander Cunningham, who had been cruelly jilted for a wealthier suitor, a solicitor in Edinburgh.

BY ALLAN STREAM (see p. 484).

IN a letter to Thomson, the poet says: "I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when, turning up 'Allan Water,' as the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it not in my worst style. Bravo! say I; it is a good song. Autumn is my propitious season. I make more verses in it than all the year else."

ADOWN WINDING NITH (see p. 485).

THE Phillis of this song is supposed to have been Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo, the heroine of the lines to "Phillis the Fair," p. 483.

BEHOLD THE HOUR (see p. 487).

A MONTH after the interview and parting which the previous song celebrates, Mrs. M'Lehose

(Clarinda) wrote to the poet, bidding him farewell. The feelings evoked by her letter found vent in this song.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER (see p. 488).

THE poet, in sending these verses to Thomson, says: "I do not give them for any merit they have. I composed them about the 'back o' midnight,' and by the bedside of a bowl of punch, which had overcast every mortal in company except the Muse."

MY LOVELY NANCY (see p. 490).

"THIS song," says the poet, in a letter to Clarinda, "is one of my latest productions; and I send it to you as I would do anything else, because it pleases myself."

HERE IS THE GLEN (see p. 492).

LADY ELIZABETH HEARN having composed an air entitled "The Banks of Cree," in remembrance of a beautiful and romantic stream of that name, "I have written," says the poet, "the following song to it, as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine."

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR

(see p. 492).

THIS is an improved and condensed version of a somewhat wordy ballad, written by a Mr. Barclay, an Edinburgh clergyman of some note in his day.

CA' THE EWES (see p. 495).

THE fourth and fifth stanzas of this song, written for the *Museum*, are old, with a few alterations by Burns. The second version was written some time afterwards for Thomson's collection.

SHE SAYS SHE LOVES ME BEST OF A'

(see p. 497).

SEE p. 497 for an account of Miss Jean Lorimer, the flaxen-haired Chloris of this and other fine songs.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN

(see p. 499).

"I HAVE been at 'Duncan Gray,'" says the poet to Thomson, "to dress it into English; but all I can do is deplorably stupid. For instance, this song."

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO

HIS MISTRESS (see p. 499).

"HAVING been out in the country dining with a friend" (Mr. Lorimer of Kemmis Hall), says the poet in a letter to Thomson, "I met with a lady (Mrs. Whelpdale—the Chloris of other songs) and, as usual, got into song, and on returning home composed this."

CHLORIS (see p. 500).

THE poet says: "Having been on a visit the other day to my fair Chloris—that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration—she suggested an idea, which, on my return home, I wrote into this song."

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY

(see p. 501).

SKAKING of the Scottish original which suggested this, Burns says, in sending it to Thomson: "You may think meanly of this; but if you saw the bombast of the original you would be surprised that I had made so much of it."

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS
(*see p. 502*).

"This piece," says the poet, "has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral; the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded."

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM (*see p. 503*). This is another version of the preceding. Both of these songs are supposed to have for heroine Mrs. Riddel of Woodley Park. There is no reason to presume that they owe their origin to aught save poetic licence.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE (*see p. 503*). In thanking Thomson for the present of a picture suggested by "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by David Allan, Burns says: "Ten thousand thanks for your elegant present. . . . I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prefix a vignette of me to my song, 'Contented wi' little, and cattle wi' milk,' in order that the portrait of my face, and the picture of my mind, may go down the stream of time together."

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY? (*see p. 503*).

The poet tells us that he composed this song during two or three turns round his room. It was specially addressed to Mrs. Riddel of Woodley Park. Between her and the poet there had been a coldness for nearly two years, a coldness entirely owing to misbehaviour on the part of the poet while under the influence of wine. Mrs. Riddel reciprocated the feeling, and sent him two poetical effusions, of some considerable merit. The poet, with the freedom characteristic of the votaries of the Muse, sang of her as his mistress, and she replied in the same vein. Some parties with questionable taste have affected to believe that the poet's songs, and the lady's in return, speak to an attachment other than platonic, but there is no authority for any such supposition.

MY NANNIE'S AWA' (*see p. 506*). This is the last of the Clarinda series.**IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY**
(*see p. 506*).

Burns had too good an idea of his own powers to have been serious in his depreciation of this fine song. He says: "A great critic on songs says that love and wine are the exclusive

themes for song-writing. This is on neither subject, and is consequently no song; but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?
(*see p. 508*).

This is based on an old ballad of much point and coarseness.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL (*see p. 510*). This is another tribute of the poet's admiration for Miss Jean Lorimer, the unfortunate Chloris, whose career is briefly sketched at note, page 163 ("To Chloris").

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE
(*see p. 510*).

"The heroine of this song," says Cunningham, "was Mrs. Burns, who so charmed the poet by singing it with taste and feeling, that he declared it to be one of his luckiest lyrics."

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN (*see p. 513*).

This song was written to soothe the feelings of his friend, Mr. Alexander Cunningham, solicitor, who, as mentioned in the note to "Had I a Cave," had been cruelly jilted by a lady to whom he was much attached.

THE BONNIE LASS OF ALBANY
(*see p. 518*).

"This song," says Chambers, "is printed from a manuscript book in Burns's handwriting, in the possession of Mr. B. Nightingale of London." The heroine was the natural daughter of Prince Charles Edward, by Clementina Walkinshaw, a lady with whom he lived for many years. She was legitimized by an enactment of the Parliament of Paris in 1787, under the title of the Duchess of Albany.

JESSY (*see p. 519*).

The heroine of this song was the Miss Jessy Lewars of whom we have previously spoken as acting the part of nurse to the poet during his illness.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS
(*see p. 520*).

The heroine of this song was sister to the poet's friend, Gavin Hamilton. He had already sung her charms in a fine song, "The Banks of Devon."

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE following trifles are not the production of the Poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idleness of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these, and other celebrated names, their countrymen are, at least in their original language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed*. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymers from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulse of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, awakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigue of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings—the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears—in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—an impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make shift to jingle a few doggerel Scottish rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet, of no small consequence, forsooth!

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that "*Humility* has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing, in the manner he has done, would be a manoeuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scottish poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame than for servile imitation.



To his subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life ; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

KILMARNOCK, *July*, 1786.

DEDICATION TO THE SECOND EDITION
TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF
THE CALEDONIAN HUNT

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN :

A SCOTTISH BARD, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land ; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors ? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the PLOUGH ; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue. I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection : I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours ; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours : I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen ; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated ; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party ; and may social Joy await your return ! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native seats ; and may domestic happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates ! May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance ; and may tyranny in the ruler, and licentiousness in the people, equally find you an inexorable foe !

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, *April 4, 1787.*

GLOSSARY

A

- A'** . All.
Aback . Away, aloof, backwards.
Abeigh . At a shy distance.
Aboon . Above, up.
Abread . Abroad, in sight, to publish.
Abreed . In breadth.
Adle . Putrid water.
As . One.
Aff . Off.
Aff-loof . Off-hand, extempore, without premeditation. To shoot aff-loof is to shoot without a rest.
Afore . Before.
Aft, aften . Oft, often.
Agee . On one side.
Agley . Off the right line, wrong, awry.
Aiblins . Perhaps.
Ain . Own.
Airn . Iron, a tool of that metal, a mason's chisel.
Airles . Earrest money.
Airl-penny . A silver penny given as airles or hiring money.
Airt . Quarter of the heaven, point of the compass.
Aith . An oath.
Aits . Oats.
Aiver . An old horse.
Aizle . A hot cinder, an ember of wood.
Akwart . Awkward, athwart.
Alake . Alas.
Alane . Alone.
Amaist . Almost.
Amang . Among.
An' . And, if.
Ane, ance . One, once.
Anent . Over-against, concerning, about.
Anither . Another.
Applecross . Mackenzie of Applecross.
Aqueeah . Between.
As . Ashes of wood, remains of a hearth fire.
Askient . Asquint, aslant.
Asteer . Abroad, stirring in a lively manner.
Athout . Athwart.
Attour . Moreover, beyond, besides.
Aught . Possession, as "in a' my aught," in all my possession.
Auld . Old.
Auld-farran' . Auld farrant, sagacious, prudent, cunning.
Auld lang syne . Olden time, days of other years.

- Auld-shoon** . Old shoes, literally; a discarded lover, metaphorically.
Aumos . Gift to a beggar.
Aumos-dish . A beggar's dish in which the aumos is received.
Ava . At all.
Awa . Away, begone.
Awe . Owe.
Awfu' . Awful.
Awn } The beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie } bearded.
Ayent . Beyond.

B

- Ba'** . Ball.
Backets . Ash-boards, as pieces of bucket for removing ashes.
Backlins . Comin', coming back, returning.
Back-yett . Private gate.
Baggie . The belly.
Baide . Endured, did stay.
Bainie . Having large bones, stout.
Bairn . A child.
Bairn-time . A family of children, a brood.
Baith . Both.
Baiveridge . Hansel drink.
Bakes . Cakes.
Ballets, ballants . Ballads.
Ban . To swear.
Bane . Bone.
Bang . To beat, to strive, to excel.
Bannock . Flat, round, soft cake.
Bardie . Diminutive of bard.
Bare-fit . Bare-footed.
Barley-bree . Barley-broo, liquor of barley, malt liquor.
Barmie . Of, or like, barm, yeasty.
Batch . A crew, a gang.
Batts . Botts.
Bauckie-bird . The bat.
Baudrons . A cat.
Bauk . A cross beam.
Bauld . Bold.
Bawk . A piece of unploughed land among corn.
Baws'nt . Having a white stripe down the face.
Be . To let be, to give over, to cease.
Bear . Barley.
Bearded-bear . Barley with its bristly head.
Beastie . Diminutive of beast.
Beas' . Vermin.
Beck . Bow.
Beet, beek . To add fuel to a fire, to bask.

- Beet** . Boots, nurishes.
Beld . Bald.
Belyve . By and by, presently, quickly.
Ban . Into the spence or parlour.
Benmost-bore The remotest hole, the innermost recess.
Bothankit Grace after meat.
Bouk . A book.
Bicker . A kind of wooden dish; a short rapid race.
Bickering Careering, hurrying with quarrelsome intent.
Bide . Stand.
Bie, or bleid Shelter, a sheltered place, the sunny nook of a wood.
Bien . Wealthy, plentiful.
Big, biggit To build, built.
B'ggin' . Building, a house.
Bill' . A bull.
Billie . A brother, a young fellow, a companion.
Bing . A heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birdie-cocks Young cocks, still belonging to the brood.
Birk . Birch.
Birkie . A clever, a forward, conceited fellow.
Birken-shaw Birchen-wood shaw, a small wood.
Birnie . Birnie ground is where thick heath has been burnt, leaving the birns, or unconsumed stalks, standing up sharp and stubble.
Birring . The noise of partridges when they rise.
Birnes . Bristles.
Bit . Crisis, nick of time, place.
Bizz . A bustle, to buzz.
Black's the grun' As black as the ground.
Blast' . A shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt, full of mischief.
Blastit . Blasted.
Blate . Bashful, sheepish.
Blather . Bladder.
Blaud . A flat piece of anything, to slap.
Blaudin-shower A heavy driving rain; a blauding signifies a beating.
Blaw . To blow, to boast; "blaw t' my lug," to flatter.
Bleerit . Bedimmed, eyes hurt with weeping.
Bleer't and blin' Bleered and blind.
Bleer my een Dim my eyes.
Bleexing, bleex Blazing, flame.
Blellum . Idle talking fellow.
Blether }
Bleth'rin } To talk idly; talking idly.
Blink . A little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits.
Blinker . A term of contempt; it means, too, a lively engaging girl.
Blinkin' . Smirking, smiling with the eyes, looking lovingly.
Blirt and blearie Outburst of grief, with wet eyes.
Blue-gown One of those beggars who get annually on the king's birthday a blue cloak or gown with a badge.
- Bluid** . Blood.
Bluntie . Saivelling.
Blype . A shred, a large piece.
Bobbit . The obeisance made by a lady.
Bock, bocked To vomit, to gush intermittently, gushed.
Bodie . A copper coin of the value of two pennies Scots, or one-third of an English penny.
Bogle . A small morass.
Bogles . Spirits, hobgoblins.
Bonnie, or bonny Handsome, beautiful.
Bonnock . A kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannock or loaf made of oat-meal. See bannock.
Boord . A board.
Boortree . The shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of baro-yards and gardens.
Boost . Behoved, must needs, wilfulness.
Bore . A hole in a wall, a cranny.
Botch, blotch . A grey tumour.
Bouk, bowk . Body.
Bousing . Drinking, making merry with liquor.
Bow-hought . Out-knee'd, crooked at the knee joint. We say bow-beaked of a hawk.
Bow-kail . Cabbage.
Bowt, bowit . Bended, crooked.
Brachens . Fern.
Brae . A declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
Bragged . Challenged.
Braid . Broad.
Bralk . An instrument for rough-dressing flax, a kind of harrow.
Brainge . To run rashly forward, to churn violently.
Braing't . "The horse brainget," plunged and fretted in the harness.
Brak' . Broke, became insolvent.
Branks . A kind of wooden curb for horses.
Erankie . Gaudy.
Brash . A sudden illness.
Brats . Coarse clothes, rags, &c.
Brattle . A short race, hurry, fury.
Braw . Fine, handsome.
Brawlyz, or Brawlie . Very well, finely, heartily, bravely.
Braxies . Diseased sheep.
Breastie . Diminutive of breast.
Breastit . Did spring up or forward; the act of mounting a horse.
Brechame . A horse-collar.
Breckan . Fern.
Bree, brie . Juice, liquid.
Breef . An invulnerable or irresistible spell.
Brecks . Breeches.
Brent . Bright, clear.
Brewin' . Brewing, gathering.
Brig . A bridge.
Brisket . The breast, the bosom.
Brither . A brother.
Brook . A badger.
Brogue . A hum, a trick.

- Broo.** . Broth, liquid, water.
Broose . A race at country weddings; he who first reaches the bridegroom's house on returning from church wins the broose.
Brose . A kind of pottage made by pouring boiling water or broth on oatmeal, which is stirred while the liquor is poured.
Browst . Ale, as much malt liquor as is brewed at a time.
Brush . A burgh.
Brulzie . A broil, combustion.
Brunstane . Brimstone.
Brunt . Did burn, burnt.
Brust . To burst, burst.
Buchan-bullers . The boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
Buckskin . An inhabitant of Virginia.
Buff our beef . Thrash us soundly, give us a beating behind and before.
Bught . A pen.
Bughtin-time . The time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
Buirldy . Stout-made, broad built.
Bum-cloek . The humming-beetle, that flies in the summer evenings.
Bummin' . Humming as bees, buzzing.
Bummie, bummier . To blunder—a drone, an idle fellow, one whose noise is greater than his work.
Bunker . A window seat.
Burdies . Diminutive of birds.
Bure. . Did bear.
Burn, burnie . Water, a rivulet, a small stream which is heard as it runs.
Burnewin' . Burn the wind, a blacksmith. The bellows blow wind into the fire—hence burn the wind.
Burr-thistle . The thistle of Scotland.
Buskie, buskit, busks . Bushy, dressed, dresses.
Buskit-nest . An ornamented residence.
Bustle . A bustle, to bustle.
Buss. . Shel'r.
But, bot. . Without.
But and ben . The country kitchen and parlour.
By himself . Lunatic, distracted, beside himself.
Byke . . A bee-hive, a wild bee-nest.
Byre . . A cow-house, a sheep-pen.

C

- Ca', ca't** { To call, to name, to drive.
 { Called, driven, calved.
Cadger . A carrier.
Cadie, or caddie . A person, a young fellow, a public messenger.
Caff . . Chaff.
Caird . A tinker, a maker of horn spoons, and teller of fortunes.
Cairn . A loose heap of stones, a rustic monument.
Calf-ward . A small enclosure for calves.
Calimanco . A certain kind of cotton cloth worn by ladies.
Callan . A boy.
Caller . Fresh, sound, refreshing.
- Callet** . A loose woman, a follower of a camp.
Cannie . Gentle, mild, dexterous.
Cannilie. . Dexterously, gently.
Cantie, or canty . Cheerful, merry.
Cantraip . A charm, a spell.
Cap-stane . Cope-stone, topmost stone of the building.
Car . . A rustic cart with or without wheels.
Careerin' . Moving cheerfully.
Carl, carle . An old man.
Carl-hemp . The male stalk of hemp, easily known by its superior strength and stature, and being without seed.
Carlin . A stout old woman.
Cartes . Cards.
Castock . The stalk of a cabbage.
Caudron. . A cauldron.
Cauk and keel . Chalk and red clay.
Cauld . Cold.
Caup . A wooden drinking vessel, a cup.
Cavie . A hen-coop.
Cesses . Taxes.
Chanter. . A part of the bagpipe, the drone.
Chap . A person, a fellow.
Chaup . A stroke, a blow.
Cheek for chow . Close and united, brotherly, side by side.
Cheekit . Cheeked.
Cheep . A chirp, to chirp.
Chiel, or cheal . A young fellow.
Chimla, or chimlie. . A fire-grate, fire-place.
Chimla-lug . The fire-side.
Chirps . Cries of a young bird.
Chittering . Shivering, trembling.
Chockin'. . Choking.
Chow . To chew, a quid of tobacco.
Chuckie . A brood hen.
Chuffie . Fat-faced.
Clachan. . A small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or claes . Clothes.
Claith, claithing . Clo'th, clothing.
Clapper-claps . The clapper of a mill; it is now silenced.
Clap-clack . Clapper of a mill.
Clartie . Dirty, filthy.
Clarkit . Wrote.
Clash . An idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter . To tell idle stories, an idle story.
Claut . Snatched at, laid hold of.
Clauthtin' . Gathering it.
Claut, clauted . To clean, to scrape, scraped.
Clavers . Idle stories.
Clavers and havers . Agreeable nonsense, to talk foolishly.
Claw . To scratch.
Cleckin . A brood of chickens, or ducks.
Cleed, cleads . To clothe, clothes.
Cleek, cleokit . Hook, snatch; having caught.
Clegs . The gad-flies.
Clinkin' . "Jerking, clinking down," sitting down hastily.

- Clinkum-bell** The church bell; he who rings it; a sort of beadle.
- Clips** . Wool-shears.
- Clishmaclaver** Idle conversation.
- Clock, clocking** To hatch, a beetle; hatching.
- Cloot** . The hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
- Clootie** . A familiar name for the Devil.
- Clour** . A bump, or swelling, after a blow.
- Cloutin'** . Repairing with cloth.
- Cluds** . Clouds.
- Clunk** . The sound in setting down an empty bottle.
- Coaxin'** . Wheedling.
- Coble** . A fishing-boat.
- Cockernony** A lock of hair tied up on a girl's head, a cap.
- Cod** . A pillow.
- Coft** . Bought.
- Cog, coggie** A wooden dish.
- Coila** . From Kyle, a district in Ayrshire, so-called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish Monarch.
- Collie** . A general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.
- Collie-shangle** A quarrel among dogs, an Irish row.
- Commaun** Command.
- Convoeyed** Accompanied lovingly.
- Cood** . The cud.
- Coof** . A blockhead, a ninny.
- Cookit** . Appeared and disappeared by fits.
- Cool'd in her lines** Cool'd in her death-shift.
- Cooser, coosser** A stallion.
- Coost** . Did cast.
- Coot** . The ancle; a species of water-fowl.
- Coothie** . Agreeable.
- Cootie** . A wooden kitchen dish, rough-legged; also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be *cootie*.
- Corbies** . A species of the crow, blood crows.
- Core** . Corps, party, clan.
- Corn't** . Fed with cats.
- Cotter** . The inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage.
- Couthie** . Kind, loving.
- Cove** . A cave.
- Cowe** . To terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
- Cowp** . To barter, to tumble over.
- Cowp the cran** To tumble a full bucket or basket.
- Cowpit** . Tumbled.
- Cowrin'** . Cowering.
- Cowie** . A colt.
- Cowie, coxily** Snug, snugly.
- Crabbit** . Crabbed, fretful.
- Crack, crackin'** Conversation, to converse, to boast; conversing.
- Craft, or croft** A field near a house, in old husbandry.
- Craig, craigie** Neck.
- Craiks** . Cries or calls incessantly, a species of bird, the corn-rail.
- Crambo-clink, or cramble-jingle** Rhymes, doggerel verses.
- Crank** . The noise of an ungreased wheel—metaphorically, inharmonious verse.
- Crankous** Fretful, captious.
- Cranreuch** The hoar-frost, called in Nithsdale "frost-rhyme."
- Cray** . A crop, to crop.
- Craw** . A crow of a cock, a rook.
- Creel** . A basket, to have one's wits in a creel, to be craz'd, to be fascinated.
- Greeshie** . Greasy.
- Creuks** . A disease of horses.
- Crocks** . Stray sheep, old ewes.
- Crood, or croud** To coo as a dove.
- Croon, crooning** A hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune; humming.
- Crouchie** Crook-backed.
- Crouse** . Cheerful, courageous.
- Crousy** . Cheerfully, courageously.
- Crowdie** . A composition of oatmeal, boiled water, and butter; sometimes made from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
- Crowdie time** Breakfast time.
- Crowlin'** . Crawling, a deformed creeping thing.
- Crummie's nicks** Marks on the horns of a cow.
- Crummock, crummet** A cow with crooked horns.
- Crump, crumpin'** Hard and brittle, spoken of bread; frozen snow, yielding to the foot.
- Crunt** . A blow on the head with a cudgel.
- Cuddle** . To clasp and caress.
- Cuif** . A blockhead, a ninny.
- Cummock** A short staff with a crooked head.
- Cummock driddle** Walk slowly, leaning on a staff with a crooked head.
- Curch** . A covering for the head, a kerchief.
- Curchie** . A curtesy, female obeisance.
- Curler** . A player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling.
- Curlie** . Curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
- Curling** . A well-known game on the ice.
- Curmurring** Murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
- Curpin** . The crupper, the rump.
- Curple** . The rear.
- Cushat** . The dove, or wood-pigeon.
- Cutty** . Short, a spoon broken in the middle.
- Cutty stool, or creepie chair** The seat of shame, stool of repentance.

D

- Daddie** . A father.
- Daffin'** . Merriment, foolishness.
- Daft** . Merry, giddy, foolish; *Daft-buchie*, mad fish.
- Dails** . Planks.
- Daimen** . Rare, now and then; *daimen icker*, an ear of corn occasionally.
- Dainty** . Pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable, rare.
- Dales** . Plains, valleys.
- Dandered** Wandered.
- Darg** . A day's labour.

- Darkling.** Darkling, without light.
Daud . To thrash, to abuse. *Daudin-*
showers, rain urged by wind.
Daur . To dare; *Daut*, dared; *Daurna*,
dare not.
Daurg or **Daurk** A day's labour.
Davoc . Diminutive of *Davie*, as *Davie* is of
David.
Dawd . A large piece.
Dawin' . Dawning of the day.
Dawtit, dawtet Fondled, caressed.
Dead-sweer Unwilling.
Dearies . Diminutive of dears, sweethearts.
Dearthfu' Dear, expensive.
Deave . To deafen.
Dell-ma-care No matter, for all that.
Deleerit . Delirious.
Describe. To describe, to per-
Deuks . Ducks.
Dight . To wipe; to clear. *aff.*
Ding. . To worst, to push, *ce!*
Dink . Neat, lady-like.
Diuna . Do not.
Dirl. . A slight tremulous stroke or pain,
a tremulous motion.
Distain . Stain.
Dixzen, or **dis'n** A dozen.
Do, doos . A dove, doves, pigeons.
Dochter . Daughter.
Doited . Stupefied, silly from age.
Dolt. . Stupefied, crazed; also a fool.
Donsie . Unlucky, affectedly neat and trim,
pettish.
Doodle . To dandle.
Dool. . Sorrow; to *sing dool*, to lament, to
mourn.
Dorty . Saucy, nice.
Douce, or **douse** Sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely . Soberly, prudently.
Dought . Was or were able.
Doup . Bottom.
Doup-skelper One that strikes the tail.
Dour and din Sullen and sallow.
Doure . Toughly obdurate.
Douser . More prudent.
Dow. . Am, or are, able, can.
Dowf . Pithless, wanting force.
Dowie . Worn with grief, fatigue, &c., half
asleep.
Downa . Am or are not able, cannot.
Doylt . Wearied, exhausted, stupid.
Doytin . Walking clumsily.
Dozen . Stupefied, the effects of age—to
dozen, to benumb.
Drab . A young female beggar; to spot,
to stain.
Drants . Humours.
Drap, drapping A drop, to drop; dropping.
Draunting Drawing, speaking with a sec-
retarian tone.
Dreep . To ooze, to drop.
Dreigh . Tedious, long about it, lingering.
Dribble . Drizzling, trickling, slaver.
- Driddle** . The motion of one who tries to
dance but moves the middle only.
Drift . A drove, a flight of fowls, snow
moved by the wind.
Droddum The breech.
Drone . Part of a bagpipe, the chanter.
Droop-rumpl't That droops at the crupper.
Droukit . Wet.
Drouth . Thirst, drought.
Drucken. Drunken.
Drumlie, drumly Muddy.
Drummock, or drammock Meal and water
mixed, raw.
Drunt . Pet, sour humour.
Dub. . A small pond, a hollow filled with
rain water.
Duds, duddie Rags, clothes; ragged.
Dung-dang Worsted, pushed, stricken.
Dunted . Throbbled, beaten.
Dush, dunsh To push or butt as a ram.
Duast . Overcome with superstitious fear,
to drop down suddenly, pushed by
a ram, &c.
Dyvor . Bankrupt, or about to become one.
- E**
- E'e** . The eye.
E'ebree . The eyebrow.
Een . The eyes; the evening.
E'enin' . The evening.
Eerie . Frighted, haunted, dreading spirits.
Eild . Old age.
Elbuck . The elbow.
Eldritch. Ghastly, frightened, elvish.
En' . End.
Enbrugh. Edinburgh.
Eneugh . Enough.
Erse . Celtic.
Especial. Especially.
Ether-stone Stone formed by adders, an
adder bead.
Ettle . To try, attempt, aim.
Eydent . Diligent.
- F**
- Fa', fa's** . Fall, lot, to fall, fate; does fall.
Fa' that . To enjoy, to try, to inherit.
Faddom't Fathomed; measured with the ex-
tended arms.
Faem . Foam of the sea.
Faes. . Foes.
Faiket . Forgiveness or excused, abated, a
demand.
Finness. Gladness, overcome with joy.
Fairin' . Fairing, a present brought from a
fair, deserts.
Fallow . Fellow.
Fand . Did find.
Farl. . A cake of bread; third part of a
cake.
Fash, faast Trouble, care, to trouble, to care
for, troubled.
Fasheous Troublesome.
Fasten e'en Fasten's even.

- Fatt'rills** . Ribbon-ends.
Faught . Fight.
Faugh . A single furrow, out of lea, fallow.
Fauld, faulding . A fold for sheep, to fold; folding.
Faut . Fault.
Fawson . Decent, seemly.
Feal . . Loyal, steadfast; a field; smooth.
Fearfu' . Fearful, frightful.
Fear't . Affrighted.
Feat . . Neat, spruce, clever.
Fecht, fechtin' . To fight, fighting.
Feck . Number, quantity.
Pecket . An under waistcoat.
Peckfu' . Large, brawny, stout.
Peckless . Puny, weak, silly.
Peckly . Mostly, weakly.
Peg . . A fig.
Pegs . . Faith, an exclamation
Feide . Feud, enmity
Pell . . Keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, or the side or top of a hill
Pelly . Relentless.
Pend . To make a shift, to contrive to live.
Ferlie, or ferley . To wonder, a wonder, a term of contempt.
Fetch, fetch't . To pull by fits; pulled intermittently.
Fey . . Strange; one marked for death, predestined.
Fidge . To fidget, fidgeting.
Fidgin'-fain . Tickled with pleasure.
Fiel . . Soft, smooth.
Fien-ma-care . The devil may care.
Fient . Friend, a petty oath.
Fier, fiere . Sound, healthy; a brother, a friend
Fissle . To make a rustling noise, to fidget, bustle, fuss.
Fit . . Foot.
Fittle-lan . The nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz . . To make a hissing noise, fuss, disturbance.
Flaffen . The motion of rags in the wind; of wings.
Flainen . Flannel.
Flang . Threw with violence.
Fleech, fleechin' . To supplicate in a flattering manner; supplicating.
Fleesh . A fleece.
Fleg . . A kick, a random blow, a fight.
Flether . To decoy by fair words.
Flethrin, fethers . Flattering; smooth wheedling words.
Fley . . To scare, to frighten.
Flichter, flichtering . To flutter as young nestlings do when their dam approaches; fluttering.
Flinders . Shreds, broken pieces.
Flingin-tree . A piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.
Flisk, flisky, fliskit . To fret at the yoke, fretted.
- Flitter** . To vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Fluttering . Fluttering, vibrating, moving tremulously from place to place.
Flunkie . A servant in livery.
Flyte, flyting . Scolding; scolding.
Foord . A ford.
Forbears . Forefathers.
Forbye . Besides.
Forfairn . Distressed, worn out, jaded, forlorn, destitute.
Forfoughten, foughten . Troubled, fatigued.
Forgather . To meet, to encounter with.
Forgie . To forgive.
Forinawed . Worn out.
Forjesket . Jaded with fatigue.
Fother . Fodder.
Fou', fu' . Full, drunk.
Fouth . Plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow . . A measure, a bushel; also a pitchfork.
Frae . From.
Freath . Froth; the frothing of ale in the tankard.
Frien' . Friend.
Frosty-calker . The heels and front of a horse-shoe, turned sharply up for riding on an icy road.
Fud . . The scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, fuff't . To blow intermittently; dill dlow.
Fu-hant . Full-handed; said of one well to live in the world.
Fumble . Make a fuss.
Funnie . Full of merriment.
Fur . . A furrow.
Fur-abin . The hindmost horse on the right hand when ploughing.
Furder . Further, succeed.
Furm . A form, a bench.
Fyke . Trifling cares; to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, fyl't . To soil, to dirty; soiled.

G

- Gab** . . The mouth, to speak boldly or pertly
Gaberlunzie . Wallet-man, or tinker.
Gadsman . Plough-boy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
Gae . . To go; *gaed*, went; *gaue*, or *gaet*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gaet, or gate . Way, manner, road.
Gairs . Parts of a lady's gown.
Gang . To go, to walk.
Gangrel . A wandering person.
Gar . . To make, to force to; *gar't*, forced to
Garter . A garter.
Gash . . Being Wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse, conversing.
Gatty . Failing in body.
Gaucy . Jolly, large, plump.
Gaud and gad . A rod or goad.
Gaudsman . One who drives the horses at the plough.

- Gaun** . Going.
Gaunted . Yawned, longed.
Gawky, gawkie Half-witted, foolish, romping; a thoughtless person and something weak.
Gaylies, gaylie Pretty well.
Gear . Riches, goods of any kind.
Geek . To toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Geel . A pike.
Gentles . Great folks.
Genty . Elegant.
Geordie . George, a guinea, called Geordie from the head of King George.
Get, geat A child, a young one.
Ghaist, ghaistie A ghost.
Gi'e . To give; *giad*, gave; *gisen*, given.
Gistle . Diminutive of gift.
Giglets . Laughing maidens, playful girls.
Gillie, gillie Diminutive of gill.
Gilpey . A half-grown, half-informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.
Gimmer . A ewe two years old; a contemptuous term for a woman.
Gin . If, against.
Gipsei . A young girl.
Girdle . A round iron plate on which oat-cake is fired.
Girn, girning To grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.; grinning.
Girran . A pouterie girran, a little vigorous animal; a horse rather old, but yet active when heated.
Gizz . A perriwig; the face.
Glaikit . Inattentive, foolish.
Glaive . A sword.
Glaizie . Glittering, smooth, like glass.
Glaumed Grasped, snatched at eagerly.
Gled . A hawk.
Gleg . Sharp, ready.
Glen . Dale, deep valley.
Gleib, glib, o' lan' A portion of ground; the ground belonging to a manse is called "the glib," or portion.
Gley . A squint, to squint; *a-gley*, off at a side, wrong.
Gleyde . An old horse.
Glib-gabbit That speaks smoothly and readily.
Glint, glintin' To peep, peeping.
Glinted by Went brightly past.
Gloamin' The twilight.
Gloamin'-shot Twilight, musing; a shot in the twilight.
Glow'r . To stare, to look; a stare, a look.
Glowrin' Looking suspiciously around; gazing.
Glum . Displeased.
Glunch . A face with a grin.
Goavan . Walking as if blind, or without an aim.
Gor-cocks The red game, red cock, or moor-cock.
Gowan . The flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
Gowany . Covered with daisies.
Gowd . Gold.
- Gowf** . A fool; the game of golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.
Gowk . Term of contempt; a cuckoo.
Gowl . To howl.
Grained and gaunted Groaned and yawned.
Graip . A pronged instrument for cleaning cowhouses.
Graith . Accomtrements, furniture, dress, gear.
Grane, or grain A groan, to groan; *graining*, groaning.
Grannie . Grandmother.
Grape . To grope; *grapis*, groped.
Grat . Wept, shed tears.
Groat, grit Intimate, familiar.
Gree . To agree; to bear the *gree*, to be decidedly victor; *greed*, agreed.
Green-grass Green grave.
Greet . To shed tears, to weep; *greetin'*, weeping.
Grey-neck-quill A quill unfit for a pen.
Grien . Longing, desire.
Grieves . Stewards.
Grippit . Seized, snatched.
Groanin'-maut Drink for the cummers at a lying-in.
Groat . To get the whistle of one's groat—to play a losing game, to feel the consequences of one's folly.
Grousome, or gruesome Loathsomely, grim.
Grozet . A gooseberry.
Grumph . A grunt, to grunt.
Grumphie, grumphin' A sow; the snorting of an angry pig.
Gran' . round.
Grunstone A grindstone.
Gruntie The phiz, the snout; a grunting noise.
Grunzie . A mouth which pokes out like that of a pig; the face, the countenance.
Grushie . Thick, of thriving growth.
Gude, guid, gude The Supreme Being; good goods.
Gude auld-has-been Was once excellent.
Guid mornin' Good-morrow.
Guid e'en Good evening.
Guidfather and Guidmother Father-in-law and Mother-in-law.
Guidman and Guidwife The master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.
Gully, or gullie A large knife.
Guiravage Joyous mischief.
Gumlie . Muddy.
Gumption Discernment, knowledge, talent.
Gusty, gustfu' Tasteful.
Gutcher Grand sire.
Gut-scraper A fiddler.

H

- Ha'** . Hall.
Ha' Bible The great Bible that lies in the hall.
Haddin' . House, home, dwelling-place, a possession.
Hae, ha'en To have, to accept; have.

- Haet, hent haet** A petty oath of negation; nothing.
- Haffet** . The temple, the side of the head.
- Haffins** . Nearly half, partly, not full, down.
- Hag** . A gulf in mosses and moor... on a ground.
- Haggis** . A kind of pudding, boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
- Hain** . To spare, to save, to lay out at interest.
- Hain'd** . Spared; *hain'd gear*, hoarded money.
- Hairst** . Harvest.
- Haith** . A petty oath.
- Haivi** . Nonsense, speaking without thought.
- Hai', or hald** An abiding place.
- Hale, or hail** Whole, tight, healthy.
- Halesome** Healthful, wholesome.
- Hallan** . A particular partition wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
- Hallowmass** Halloweve, the 31st of October.
- Haly** . Holy; "haly-pool," holy well with healing qualities.
- Hame** . Home.
- Hammered** The noise of feet like the din of hammers.
- Han', or haun', han's breed** Hand; hand's breadth.
- Han'-afore's** The foremost horse on the left hand in the plough.
- Han'-ahins** Hindmost.
- Hanks** . Thread as it comes from the measuring reel, quantities, &c.
- Hansel-throne** Throne when first occupied by a king.
- Hap** . An outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to wrap, to cover, to hap.
- Hap-shackled** When a fore and hind foot of a rum are fastened together to prevent leaping, he is said to be hap-shackled. A wife is called "the kirk's hap-shackle."
- Happer** . A hopper, the hopper of a mill.
- Hap-st-p-an'-loup** Hop—step—and—leap.
- Harigals** Heart, liver, and lungs of an animal.
- Harkit** . Harkened.
- Harn** . A very coarse linen.
- Hash** . A fellow who knows not how to dress nor act with propriety.
- Hast** . Hastened.
- Haud** . To hola.
- Haughs** . Low-lying rich lands, valleys.
- Hauri** . To drag, to pull violently.
- Haurlin'** . Tearing off, pulling roughly.
- Haver-meal** Oatmeal.
- Haveril** . A half-witted person; half-witted, one who habitually talks in a foolish or incoherent manner.
- Havins** . Good manners, decorum, good sense.
- Hawkie** . A cow, properly one with a white face.
- Capit** . Heaped.
- Hearse** . Hearse.
- Heather** . Heath.
- Hech** . Oh, strange, an exclamation during heavy work.
- Hecht** . Promised; to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold, the thing foretold; offered.
- Heckle** . A board in which are fixed a number of sharp steel prongs upright for dressing hemp, flax, &c.
- Hee balou** Words used to soothe a child.
- Heels-owre-gowd'** Topsy turvy, turned the bottom upwards.
- Heese** . To elevate, to rise, to lift.
- Hellim** . The rudder or helm.
- Herd** . To tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
- Herriet** . Sold out.
- Herry** . To plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.
- Herrymc** . Plundering, devastation.
- Hersel', hirsal'** Herself; a flock of sheep, also a herd of cattle of any sort.
- Hessel** . So many cattle as one person can attend.
- Hot** . Hot, heated.
- Hough** . A crag, a ravine; *coal hough*, a coal pit; *lowin hough*, a blazing pit.
- Hilch, hilehin'** To halt, halting.
- Himsel'** . Himself.
- Hiney** . Honey.
- Hing** . To hang.
- Hirple** . To walk crazily, to walk lamely, to creep.
- Histie** . Dry, chapt, barren.
- Hitch** . A loop, make a knot.
- Hizzie** . Hussy, a young girl.
- Hoast** . Cough.
- Hoble** . Totter.
- Hoddin'** . The motion of a husbandman riding on a cart-horse.
- Hoddin'-grey** Woollen cloth of a coarse quality, made by mingling one black fleece with a dozen white ones.
- Hoggie** . A two-year-old sheep.
- Hog-score** A distance line in curling drawn across the rink. When a stone fails to cross it, a cry is raised of "A hog, a hog," and it is removed.
- Hog-shouther** A kind of horse-play by jostling with the shoulder; to jostle.
- Hoodie-craw** A blood crow, corbie.
- Hoel** . Outer skin or case, a nutshell, pea husk.
- Hoolie** . Slowly, leisurely.
- Ho** . A hoard, to hoard.
- Hoit** . Hoarded.
- Horn** . A spoon made of horn.
- Hornie** . One of the many names for the devil.
- Host, or hoast, hostin'** To cough; coughing.
- Hotch'd** . Hitched, turned topsy-turvy, blended, mixed.
- Houghmagandie** Loose behaviour.

- Housie** . Diminutive of house.
Hove, hoved . To heave, to swell.
Howdie . A midwife.
Howe . Hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebacki . Sunk in the back, spoken of a horse.
Howff . A house of resort, a hiding-place.
Howk . To dig.
Howkin' . Digging deep.
Howkit . Digged.
Howlet . An owl.
Hoy, hoy't . To urge, urged.
Hoyse . A pull upwards.
Hoyte . To amble crazily.
Huchyalled . To move with a hiltch.
Hughee . Diminutive of Hughie, as Hughie is of Hugh.
Hums and hankers . Mumbles, and seeks to do what he cannot perform.
Hunkers . Kneeling, and falling back on the hams.
Hurcheon . A hedgehog.
Hurdies . The loins, the crupper.
Hushion, or hoshen . A cushion, also an old stocking, with the foot, or sole of the foot, worn out.

I

- Ioker** . An ear of corn.
Ieros . A great grandchild.
Ilk, or ilka . Each, every.
Ill-willie . Ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
Ingle . Genius, ingenuity.
Ingle . Fire, fire-place.
Ingle-low . Light from the fire, flame from the hearth.
I rede ye . I advise ye, I warn ye.
I'se . I shall, or will.
Ither . Other, one another.

J

- Jad** . Jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
Jauk . To dally, to trifle.
Jauner . Talking, and not always to the purpose.
Jaup . A jerk of water, to jerk, as agitated water.
Jaw . Coarse rajiery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
Jillet . A jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp' . To jump; slender in the waist, handsome.
Jink . To dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning, a corner.
Jink an' diddle . Moving to music, motion of a fiddler's elbow; starting here and there with a tremulous movement.
Jinker . That turns quickly; a gay sprightly girl.
Jinkin' . Dodging; the quick motion of the bow on the fiddle.
Jirt . A jerk; the emission of water; to squirt.

- Jockteleg** . A kind of knife.
Jouk . To stoop, to bow the head; to conceal.
Jew, to Jow . The swinging motion and peeling sound of a large bell.
Jundie . To jostle, a push with the elbow.

K

- Kae** . A daw.
Kail . Colewort, a kind of broth.
Kailrunt . The stem of a colewort.
Kain . Fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebars . Ratters.
Kebbuck . A cheese.
Keekle . Joyous cry; to cackle a hen.
Keek, keekit . A keek, to peep.
Kelpies . A sort of mischievous water-spirit, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken . To know, *ken'd*, or *ken's*, *kenet* known.
Kennin . A small matter.
Kenspeckle . Well known.
Ket, ketty . Matted, a fleece of wool.
Kewgh . Carking, anxiety; to be in a flutter.
Klie . To truss up the clothes.
Kimmer . A young girl; a gossip.
Kin . Kindred, kind.
King's-hood . A certain part of the entrails of an ox.
Kintra, kintrie . Country; *Kintra-rooster*, country stallion.
Kirn . The harvest supper; a churn.
Kirsen . To christen, to baptize.
Kist . Chest, a shop counter.
Kitchen . Anything that eats with bread to serve for soup, gravy.
Kith . Kindred.
Kitlin' . Cuddling.
Kittle . To tickle, ticklish.
Kittling . A young cat.
Kiutle, kiutleing, or knittle . To cuddle country cuddling, fondling.
Knaggie . Like knags, or points of rocks.
Knap . To strike or break.
Knappin'-hammer . A hammer for breaking stones.
Knowe . A small round hillock, a knoll.
Knurl . Dwarf.
Knurlin' . Crooked but strong; knotty.
Kye . Cows.
Kyte . The belly.
Kythe . To discover, to show one's self.

L

- Labour** . Thrash.
Laddie . Diminutive of lad.
Lazgen . The angle between the side and the bottom of a wooden dish.
Laigh . Low.
Lairing, lairie . Wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c., miry.
Laith . Loath; impure.
Laitifu' . Bashful, sheepish, abstemious.

Lallans . Scottish dialect, Lowlands.
Lambie . Diminutive of lamb.
Lammas moon Harvest moon.
Lan' . Land, estate.
Lan'-afore Foremost horse in the plough.
Lan'-ahin' Hindmost horse in the plough.
Lane, lanely Lone; *my lane, thy lane, &c.*, myself alone; lonely.
Lang . Long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.
Lap . Did leap.
Late and air Late and early.
Lathfa' Hesitating.
Lave . The rest, the remainder, the others.
Laverock The lark.
Lawin' . Shot, reckoning, bill.
Lawian' . Lowland.
Lay my dead Attribute my death.
Lays . Fields.
Lee-rig . Grassy ridge.
Leal . Loyal, true, faithful.
Lear . Learning, lore.
Lee-lang Live-long.
Leesome luvie Happy gladsome love.
Leese me . A phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
Leister . A three-pronged and barbed dart for striking fish.
Lough . Did laugh.
Leuk . A look, to look.
Libbet . Castrated.
Lightly, lightly Sneeringly, to sneer at, to undervalue.
Lick, hicket Beat, thrashed.
Lift . Sky, firmament.
Lilt . A ballad, a tune, to sing.
Limmer . A mistress, a strumpet.
Limpit . A kind of shell-fish.
Limp't . Limped, hobbled.
Link . To trip along; *linkin'*, tripping along.
Linn . A waterfall, a cascade.
Lint . Flax; *lint o' the bell*, flax in flower.
Lint-white A linnet, flaxen.
Loan . The place of milking.
Loaning . Lane.
Loof, looves The palms of the hands.
Loot . Did let.
Loosh-man! Rustic exclamation, modified from Lord mau.
Loun . A fellow, a ragamuffin; a woman of easy virtue.
Loup . Jump, leap; startled with pain.
Louper-like Lau-louper, a stranger of a suspected character.
Lowe, lowin' A flame; flaming; *lowin'-drouth*, burning desire for drink.
Lowrie . Abbreviation of Lawrence.
Lowse . To loose.
Lug . The ear, a handle.
Lug of the law At the judgment seat.
Lugget . Having a handle.
Luggie . A small wooden dish with a handle.

Lum . The chimney; *lum-head*, chimney top.
Lunch . A large piece of cheese, meat, &c.
Lust, lunting A column of smoke, to smoke; to walk quickly; smoking.
Lyart . Of a mixed colour, grey.

M

Mae, mair, maist, maistly More, most, almost, mostly.
Maggot's-neat Food for the worms.
Mahoun . Satan.
Mailen . A farm.
Mak' . To make; *makin'*, making.
Mally . Molly, Mary.
Mang . Among.
Manse . The house of the parish minister is called "the manse."
Mantele A mantle.
Mark . Marks. This and several other nouns, which, in English, require an *s* to form the plural, are, in Scottish, like the words *sheep*, *deer*, the same in both numbers.
Mark, mork A Scottish coin, value thirteen shillings and fourpence.
Marled . Party coloured.
Mar's year The year 1715. Called Mar's year from the Rebellion of Erskine, Earl of Mar.
Martial chuck The soldier's camp-comrade, female companion.
Mashlum Mixed corn.
Mask . To mash, as malt, &c., to infuse.
Maskin-pat Tea-pot.
Maukin . A hare.
Maun, mauna Must, must not.
Maut . Malt.
Mavis . The thrush.
Maw, mawin' To mow; mowing; *mann*, mowed; *maw'd*, mowed.
Mawn . A small basket without a handle.
Moore . A mare.
Meikle . Much.
Melanchollous Mournful.
Melder . Corn or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell . To be intimate, to meddle; also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie . To soil with meal.
Men' . To mend.
Mense . Good manners, decorum.
Menseless Ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Merle . The black-bird.
Messan . Cur.
Messin . A small dog.
Midden . A dunghill.
Midden-hole A gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Middin'-creels Dung-baskets, panniers in which horses carry manure.
Milkin-shiel A place where cows or ewes are brought to be milked.
Mim . Prim, affectedly meek.
Mim-mou'd Gentle-mouthed.
Min' . To remember; mind, remembrance.

Minawae . Minuet.
Mind't . Mind it, resolved, intending, remembered.
Minnie . Mother, dam.
Mirk, mirkest Dark, darkest.
Misce' . To abuse, to call names; *misca'd*, abused.
Mischanter Accident.
Mislea'r'd Mischievous, unmannerly.
Misteuk . Mistook.
Mither . Mother.
Mixtle-maxtle Confusedly mixed, mish-mash
Moistify-moistified To moisten, to soak; moistened, soaked.
Mons-Mag A large piece of ordnance, composed of iron bars welded together and then hooped.
Mony, or Monie Many.
Mools . Earth.
Moop . To nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan' Of, or belonging to, moors.
Morn . The next day, to-morrow.
Mottie . Hazy.
Mou' . The mouth.
Mondiwort A mole.
Mousie . Diminutive of mouse.
Muckle, or mickle Great, big, much.
Muses-stank Muses-rill; a stank—slow-flowing water.
Musie . Diminutive of muse.
Muslin-kail Broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens—thin, poor broth.
Mutchkin An English pint.
Myself . Myself.

N

Na, or nae No, nor, not any.
Naething, or naithing Nothing.
Naig . A horse, a nag.
Nane . None.
Nappy . Ale, to be tipsy.
Negleckit Neglected.
Neibor, or neebor A neighbour.
Neuk . Nook.
Niest . Next.
Nieve, nief The fist.
Nievefu' . Handful.
Niffer . An exchange, to exchange, barter.
Niger . A negro.
Nine-tailed cat A hangman's whip.
Nit . A nut.
Norland . Of, or belonging to, the north.
Notic't . Noticed.
Nowte . Black cattle.

O

O' . Of.
Ochels . The name of mountains in Scotland
O'ergang Overbearingness, to treat with indignity, literally to tread.
O'erlay . An upper cravat.
O'haith! O faith! An oath.

O'ither . Of each other.
Ony, or Onie Any.
Or . Is often used for ere, before.
Orra-duddies Superfluous rags, old clothes.
O't . Of it.
Ourie . Drooping, shivering.
Oursel', oursel's Ourselves.
Outlers . Outliyers; cattle unhoused.
Ower, owre Over, too.
Owre-hip Striking with a fore-hammer by bringing it with a swing over the hip; a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.
Owsen . Oxen.
Oxtered . Carried or supported under the arm.

P

Pack . Intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Paidie, paidien To walk with difficulty, as if in water.
Painch . Paunch.
Patrick . A partridge.
Pang . To cram.
Parishen Parish.
Parle . Courtship.
Parritch Oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat . Did put, a pot.
Pattle, or pettle A small spade to clean the plough.
Paughty . Proud, haughty.
Pawky, pawkie Cunning, sly.
Pay't . Paid; beat.
Peat-reek The smoke of burning turf; a bitter exhalation; whisky.
Pech, pechin' To fetch the breath shortly, as in asthma, respiring with difficulty.
Pechan . The crop, the stomach.
Pet . A domesticated sheep, &c.; a favourite.
Pettle . To cherish.
Philabeg, or philibegs The kilt; short petticoats worn by Highlanders.
Phraise . Fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
Pibroch . A martial air.
Pickle . A small quantity, one grain of corn.
Pigmy-scraper Little fiddler; a term of contempt for a bad player.
Pine . Pain, uneasiness.
Pingle . A small pan for warming children's sops.
Pint-stoup A two-quart measure.
Pit . To put.
Placad . A public proclamation, to publish publicly.
Plack . An old Scotch coin, the third part of an English penny.
Plackless . Penniless, without money.
Plaidie . Diminutive of plaid.
Platie . Diminutive of plate.
Plew, or plough A plough.
Plisky . A trick.
Plumrose Primrose.
Pock . A meal-bag.

Poin'd . To seize on cattle, or take the goods as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent, &c.
Poorthith . Poverty.
Poosie . A nosegay, a garland.
Pou, pou'd, pou't To pull, pulled.
Pouk . To pluck.
Pouse . To pluck with the hand.
Poussie . A hare or cat.
Pout . A polt, a chick.
Pouthery, pouter, or powther Flery, active, like powder; gunpowder.
Pow . The head, the skull.
Pownie . A little horse, a pony.
Præclair . Super-eminent.
Præ'd . Stealthily kissed.
Preen . A pin.
Prent . Printing, print.
Prie . To taste; *prie'd*, tasted.
Prief . Proof.
Prig . To cheapen, to dispute; *priggin*, cheapening.
Primsie . Demure, precise.
Propone . To lay down, to propose.
Pund, pund o' tow Pound, pound weight of the refuse of flax.
Pyet . A magpie.
Pyle, a pyle o' caff A single grain of chaff.
Fystle . Epistle

Q

Quak, quakin' Quack, the cry of a duck; to quake, quaking.
Quat . Quit.
Quech . A drinking cup made of wood, with two handles.
Quey . A cow from one to two years old, a heifer.
Quines . Queens.

R

Rarweed Herb-ragwort.
Raible . To rattle, nonsense.
Rair . To roar.
Raise . To madden, to inflame.
Ramfeesled Fatigued, overspread.
Rampin' . Raging.
Ramstam Thoughtless, forward.
Randle . A scolding sturdy beggar, a shrew.
Rantin' . Joyous.
Rape . Rope.
Raploch . Properly a coarse cloth but used for coarse.
Rarely . Excellently, very well.
Rash . A rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Ratton . A rat.
Raucle . Rash, stout, fearless, reckless.
Raught . Reached.
Raw . A row.
Rax, rax'd To stretch; stretched.
Ream . Cream, to cream.
Reamin' . Brimful, frothing.
Reave . Take by force, rove.
Rebute . To repulse, rebuke.

Reck . To heed.
Red . Wara.
Rede . Counsel, to counsel, to discourse.
Red-peats Burning turfs.
Red-wat-ahod Walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud Stark mad.
Ree . Half-drunk, fuddled; a *ree yand*, a wild horse.
Reef, rief Plenty.
Reek, reekin', reekit Smoke, smoking, smoked, smoky.
Reestit . Stopped.
Remead . Remedy.
Requite . Requested.
Rest, restit, reestit To stand restive; stood restive, stunted, withered.
Restricked Restricted.
Rew . To smile, look affectionately, tenderly.
Rickles . Shocks of corn, stooks.
Riddle . Instrument for purifying corn.
Rief-randles Men who take the property of others, accompanied by violence and rude words; sturdy beggars.
Rig . A ridge.
Rin . To run, to melt; *rinmin'*, running.
Rink . The course of the stones, a term in curling on ice.
Rip . A handful of unthreshed corn.
Ripples . Pains in the back and loins, sounds which usher in death.
Ripplin'-kame Instrument for dressing flax.
Riskit . A noise like the tearing of roots.
Rives . Breaks.
Rockin' . A denomination for a friendly visit. In former times young women met with their distaffs during the winter evenings, to sing, and spin, and be merry; these were called "rockings."
Roke . Distaff.
Rood . Stands likewise for the plural, roods.
Roos . A shred, the selvage of woollen cloth.
Roose . To praise, to commend.
Roun' . Round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roup . A sale by auction.
Roupet . Hoarse, as with a cold.
Routh, routhie Plenty, plentiful.
Routh o' gear Plenty of goods.
Row, row't To roll, to wrap, to roll as water rolled, wrapped.
Rowts, rowtin' To low, to bellow; lowing.
Rowth . Abundance.
Roxet . Rosin.
Rue . Regret, repent.
Rumble-gumtion Rough common sense.
Run-dells Downright devils.
Rung . A cudgel.
Runkled Wrinkled.
Runt . The stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth . A woman's name; sorrow.
Ryke . Reach.

- Sae** . So.
Soft . Soft.
Sair . To serve; a sore; *sairie*, sorrowful; *sairly*, scirely; *sair't*, served.
Sark . A shirt.
Sarkit . Provided in shirts.
Saugh . Willow.
Saugh woodies Withies made of willows, now supplanted by ropes and chains.
Saul . Soul.
Saumont Salmons.
Saunt . Saint.
Saut, sautit Salt, salted.
Saw, sawin' To sow, sowing.
Sax . Six.
Scalth . To damage, to injure, injury.
Scald . To scald.
Scauld, scawl To scold, a scold.
Scaur . Apt to be scared; a precipitous bank of earth which the stream has washed red.
Scawl . Scolding wife.
Scone . A kind of bread.
Sconner . A loathing, to loath.
Scraich and Scriegh To scream, as a hen or partridge.
Screed . To tear, a rent; *screeing*, tearing.
Scrieve, scrieven To glide softly, gleesomely along, swiftly.
Scrimp . To scant; *scrimped*, scanty.
Scroggie . Covered with underwood, bushy.
Seed . Saw, did see.
Seizin' . Seizing.
Sel' . Self; *a body's sel'*, one's self alone.
Sell't . Did sell, sold.
Fen', sen't To send, sent, or did send.
Servan' . Servant.
Sets, sets off Goes away.
Settlin' . Settling; *to get a settlin'*, to be frightened into quietness.
Shachlet-foot Ill-shaped.
Shair'd . A shred, a shard.
Shangan . A stick cleft at one end for pulling the tail of a dog, &c., by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shank-it . Walk it; *shanks*, legs.
Shaul . Shallow.
Shaver . A humorous wag, a barber.
Shavie . To do an ill turn.
Shaw . To shew; a small wood in a hollow place.
Sheen . Bright, shining.
Sheep-shank To think one's self has sheep-shank: to be conceited.
Sherra-muir Sherriff-muir, the famous battle of, 1715.
Shengh . A ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shiel, shealing A shed, a shepherd's cottage.
Shill . Shril.
Shog . A shock, a push off at one side.
Shoo . Ill to please, ill to do.
Shool . A shovel.
Shoon . Shoes.
Shore, shor'd To offer, to threaten; offered and threatened.
Shot . One traverse of the shuttle from side to side of the web.
Shouthor The shoulder.
Sic . Such.
Sicker . Sure, steady.
Sidelins . Sidelings, slanting.
Silken-mood A fillet of silk, a token of virginity.
Siller . Silver, money, white.
Simmer . Summer.
Sin . A son, since.
Sin syne . Since then.
Skaith . To damage, to injure, injury.
Skeigh . Proud, nice, saucy, mettled.
Skellum . A noisy, reckless fellow.
Skelp . To strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
Skelpie-limmer A technical term in female scolding.
Skelpin, skelpit Striking, walking rapidly; literally, striking the ground.
Skinklin . Thin, gauzy, scaltory, a small portion.
Skirl, skirling To cry, to shriek shrilly, shrieking, crying.
Skirl't . Shrieked.
Skient . Slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
Skiented . Ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skouth . Vent, free action.
Skreigh . A scream, to scream, the first cry uttered by a child.
Skyle . A worthless fellow, to slide rapidly off.
Skyrin . Party coloured, the checks of the tartan.
Slide . Did slide.
Slae . Sloe.
Slap . A gate, a breach in the fence.
Slaw . Slow.
Slee, sleeest Sly, slyest.
Sleekit . Sleek, sly.
Sliddery . Slippery.
Slip-shod Smooth shod.
Sloken . Quench, slake.
Slype, slypet To fall over; fell over, with a slow reluctant motion.
Sma' . Small.
Smeddum Dust, powder, mettle, sense, sagacity.
Smeeck . Smoke.
Smiddy . A smithy.
Smirking Good-natured, winking.
Smoor, smooored To smother, smothered.
Smoutie . Smutty, obscene; *smoutie phis*, sooty aspect.
Smyrie . A numerous collection of small individuals.
Snakin' . Sneering.
Snapper . Mistake, stumble.
Snash . Abuse, Billingsgate, impertinence.
Snaw, snawie Snow, to snow, snowy.
Snaw-broo Melted snow.

- Sned** . To lop, to cut off.
Sned besoms To cut brooms.
Sneeshin Snuff; *sneeshing-mill*, a snuff-box.
Snell, snelly Bitter, biting; *snelliest*, bitterest.
Snick, or snack The latchet of a door.
Snick-drawing Trick contriving.
Snirt, snirtle Concealed laughter; to breathe through the nostrils in a displeased manner.
Snool . One whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
Snoove . To go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
Snowk, snowkit To scent or snuff as a dog. scented, snuffed.
Sodger . A soldier.
Sonsie . Having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.
Soom . To swim.
Sooth . Truth, a petty oath.
Sough . A sound dying on the ear, or a continued sound like the noise of high wind.
Souk . To crack, to drink long and enduringly.
Soupe . Milk.
Jouple, soupled Flexible, swift; suppled.
Souse . Cold.
Souter . A shoemaker.
Souther, sowther To solder.
Sowens . A dish made of oatmeal—the seeds of oatmeal soured, &c., boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
Nowp . A spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
Sowth . To try over a tune with a low whistle.
Spae . To prophecy, to divine.
Spalls . Chips, splinters.
Spairge . To clash, to soil, as with mire.
Spates . Swollen streams.
Spaul . A limb.
Spaviet . Having the spavin.
Speat, spates A sweeping torrent after the rain or thaw; sudden floods.
Speel . To climb.
Speer . Call.
Spence . The parlour of a farmhouse or cottage.
Spier . To ask, to enquire; *spier't*, inquired.
Spinnin-graith Wheel and roke and lint.
Splatter . To splutter, a splutter.
Spoughan A tobacco pouch.
Splere . A frolic, noise, riot.
Sprachled Scrambled.
Sprattle . To scramble.
Speckled Spotted, speckled.
Spring . A quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
Sprit, spret A tough-rooted plant, something like rushes, jointed-leaved rush.
Spritle . Full of spirits.
Spunk . Fire, mettle, wit, spark.
Spunkie . Mettlesome, fiery; will o' the wisp, or *ignis fatuus*; the devil.
Spurtle . A stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scottish dish.
Squad . A crew or party, a squadron.
Squatter . To flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
Squattle To sprawl in the act of hiding.
Squeel . A scream, a screech, to scream.
Stacher . To stagger.
Stack . A rick of corn, hay, peats.
Staggie . Diminutive of stag.
Stalg . A two-year-old horse.
Stalwart Stately, strong, stout.
Stane . A stone.
Stang . Sting, stung.
Stank . A pool of standing water; slow moving water.
Stan't . To stand, did stand.
Stap . Stop, stave.
Stark . Stout, potent.
Startin' . Frighted.
Startle . To run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
Stankin . Stalking, walking disdainfully, walking without an aim.
Staumrel A blockhead, half-witted.
Staw . Did steal, to surfeit.
Steck, stechin To cram the belly; cramming.
Steek . To shut, a stitch.
Steer . To molest, to stir.
Steeve . Firm, compacted.
Stell . A still.
Sten, sten't To rear as a horse, to stride, to leap suddenly; reared.
Stents . Tribute, dues of any kind.
Stey . Steep; *styeest*, steepest.
Stibble . Stubble: *stibble rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
Stick-an-stow Totally, altogether.
Stilt, stilts A crutch; to limp, to halt; poles for crossing a river.
Stimpert The eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk . A cow or bullock a year old.
Stock . A plant of colewort, cabbages.
Stockin' . Stocking; throwing the stockin'; when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it falls on is the next that will be married.
Stook, stooked A shock of corn, made into shocks.
Stoor . Sounding hollow, strong, and coarse.
Stot . A young bull, or ox.
Stound . Sudden pang of the heart.
Stoup, or stowp A kind of high narrow jug, or dish, with a handle, for holding liquids.
Stoure . Dust; more particularly dust in motion; *stourie*, dusty.
Stown . Stolen.
Stownins By stealth.
Stoyte . The walking of a drunken man, stumble.
Strack . Did strike.

- Straw** . Straw; *to die a fair straw death*, to die in bed.
Stralk . To stroke; *stralked*, stroked.
Strappan, strappin' Tall, handsome, vigorous.
Strath . Low alluvial land, a holm.
Straight Strigh.
Straight on a board Die and be stretched on a board.
Stravagin Wandering without an aim.
Streak . Stretched, to stretch.
Striddle . To straddle.
Stroan . To spout.
Stroup . The spout.
Strunt . Spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily, to be affronted.
Studdle . The anvil.
Stuff . Corn or pulse of any kind.
Stumple . Diminutive of stump; a grub per.
Sturt . Trouble; to molest.
Styme . A glimmer.
Sucker . Sugar.
Sud . Should.
Sugh, or sough The continued rushing noise of wind or water.
Sumph . A pluckless fellow, with little heart or soul.
Suthron . Southern, an old name for the English nation.
Swaird . Sword.
Swall'd . Swelled.
Swank . Stately, jolly.
Swankie, or swanker A tight strapping young fellow or girl.
Swap . An exchange, to barter.
Swarfed . Swooned.
Swat, sweatin' Did sweat, sweating.
Swatch . A sample.
Swats . Drink, good ale, new ale or wort.
Sweer . Lazy, averse; *dead-werr*, extremely averse.
Swingein To beat, to whip.
Swinke . To labour hard.
Swirl . A curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood.
Swirlie . Knaggy, full of knots.
Swith . Get away.
Swither . To hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
Swoor . Swore, did swear.
Syebow . A thick-necked onion.
Syne . Since, ago, then.

T

- Tackets** . Broad-headed nails for the heels of shoes.
Tae . A toe; *three-taed*, having three prongs.
Tak . To take; *takin'*, taking.
Tangle . A sea-weed, used as salad.
Tap . The top.
Tapetless Heedless, foolish.
Targe . *Targe them tightly*, cross question them severely.
Tairge . Target.

- Tarrow, tarrow't** To murmur at one's allowance; murmured.
Tarry-breeks A sailor.
Tassie . A small measure for liquor.
Tauld or tald Told.
Taupie . A foolish, thoughtless young person.
Tauted, or tantle Matted together (spoken of hair and wool).
Tawie . That allows itself peaceably to be handled (spoken of a cow, horse, &c.).
Teat . A small quantity.
Tedding . Spreading after the mower.
Teethless bawtie Toothless cur.
Teethless gab A mouth wanting the teeth, an expression of scorn.
Ten-hours-bite A slight feed to the horse while in the yoke in the forenoon.
Tent . A field puppit, heed, caution; to take heed.
Tentle . Heedful, cautious.
Tentless . Heedless, careless.
Tough . Tough.
Thack . Thatch; *thack an' raps*, clothing and necessities, alluding to the covering of a corn rick.
Thae, thir These.
Thairms . Small guts, fiddle strings.
Thankit . Thanked.
Theekit . Thatch'd.
Thegither Together.
Themsel' Themselves.
Thick . Intimate, familiar.
Thigger . Crowding, make a noise; a seeker of aims.
Thirl, thirled To thrill, thrilled, vibrated.
Thoom . Thumb.
Thole . To suffer, to endure.
Thowe . A thaw, to thaw.
Thowless Slack, lazy.
Thrang . Throng, busy, a crowd.
Thrapple Throat, windpipe.
Thraw . To sprain, to twist, to contradict.
Thrawin' Twisting, &c.
Thrawn . Sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.
Threap . To maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin' Thrashing; *threshin'-tree*, a flail.
Threteen Thirteen.
Thristle . Thistle.
Through . To go on with, to make out.
Throu'ther Pell-mell, confusedly (through-ther).
Thrum . Sound of a spinning-wheel in motion, the thread remaining at the end of a web.
Thud . To make a loud intermittent noise.
Thummat Fournart, pole-cat.
Thumpit Thumped.
Thysel' . Thyself.
Till't . To it.
Timmer . Timber.
Tine, or tyne To lose; *tint*, lost; *tint the lade*, lost the way.
Tinkler . A tinker.

Tip . . . A ram.
Tippence Two-pence, money.
Tirl, tirlin' tirlit To make a slight noise to uncover; uncovering.
Tither . . . The other.
Tittle, tittlin' To whisper, to prate idly; whispering.
Techer . . . Marriage portion; *techer bands*, marriage bonds.
Tod . . . A fox.
Toddle, toddlin' To totter, like the walk of a child; *toddlen-dow*, toddlen dove.
Too-in' . . . When twilight darkens into night; a building added, a lean-to.
Toom . . . Empty.
Toop . . . A ram.
Toole . . . Warm and ruddy with warmth, good-looking, intoxicating.
Toos . . . A toast.
Toun . . . A hamlet, a farmhouse.
Tout . . . The blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn or trumpet.
Tourles, touxling Rumping; ruffling the
Tow . . . A rope. (clothes).
Towmond A twelvemonth.
Townie . . . Rough, shaggy.
Toy . . . A very old fashion of female head.
Toyte . . . To totter like old age. (dress).
Trams . . . *Barrow-trams*, the handles of a barrow.
Transmugrified Transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie Trash, rubbish.
Trows . . . Trousers.
Trickie . . . Full of tricks.
Trig . . . Spruce, neat.
Trimly . . . Cleverly, excellently, in a seemly manner.
Trinle, trintle The wheel of a barrow, to roll.
Trinklin . . . Trickling.
Troggers, troggin' Wandering merchants' goods; to truck or dispose of.
Trow . . . To believe, to trust to.
Trowth . . . Truth, a petty oath.
Tryste, trysts To make an appointment; appointments, love meetings, cattle shows.
Try't . . . Tried.
Tumbler-wheels The wheels of a kind of low cart.
Tag . . . Raw hide, of which in old time plough traces were frequently made.
Tag, or tow Either in leather or rope.
Tulzie . . . A quarrel, to quarrel, to fight.
Twa . . . Two; *twa-fauld*, two-fold.
Twa three A few.
Twad . . . It would.
Twal . . . Twelve; *twal pennicworth*, a small quantity, a pennyworth.—N.B. One penny English is twelve pence Scotch.
Twal hundred A quantity of cloth.
Twin . . . To part.
Twistle . . . Twisting, the art of making a rope.
Tyke . . . A dog.
Tysday . . . Tuesday.

U

Unback'd ally A young mare hitherto unsaddled.
Unco . . . Strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.
Uncoos . . . News.
Unfauld . . . Unfold.
Unkenn'd Unknown.
Unlicker Uncertain, wavering, unsecure.
Unskalthed Undamaged, unhurt.
Unweeting Unwittingly, unknowingly.
Upo' . . . Upon.
Urchin . . . A hedge hog.

V

Vap'rin . . . Vapouring.
Vauntie . . . Joyous delight which cannot contain itself.
Vera . . . Very.
Viril . . . A ring round a column, &c.
Vogie . . . Vain.

W

Wa' . . . Wall; *wa's*, walls.
Wabe, er . . . A weaver.
Wad . . . Would; to bet, a bet, a pledge.
Wadna . . . Would not.
Wadset . . . Land on which money is lent; a mortgage.
Wae . . . Woe; *wa's*, sorrowful, wailing.
Waeftu'-woodie Hangman's rope.
Waeucks! Wae's me! Alas! O the pity!
Wa'-flower Wall-flower.
Waff . . . Woof; the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web.
Waifs an' crooks Stray sheep and old ewes, past breeding.
Wair . . . To lay out, to expend.
Wale, wal'd Choice, to choose; chosen.
Walie . . . Ample, large, jolly, also an intersection of distress.
Wame, wamefu' The belly; a belly-full.
Wanchansie Unlucky.
Wanrest, wanrestfu' Restless, unrestful.
Wark . . . Work.
Wark-lume A tool to work with.
World's worm A miser.
Warl', or world World.
Warlock A wizard; *warlock-knows*, a knoll where warlocks once held tryste.
Warly . . . Worldly, eager in amassing wealth.
Warran' . . . A warrant, to warrant.
Warsle, warstle, waral'd, or warstl'd Wrestling, wrestling, struggling; wrestled.
Warst . . . Worst.
Wastrie . . . Prodigality.
Wat . . . Wet; *I wat—I wot—I know*.
Wat . . . A man's upper dress; a sort of mantle.
Water brose Brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter, &c.
Wattle . . . A twig, a wand.

Warble . To swing, to reel.
Waught . Draught.
Waukin . Waking, watching.
Waukit . Thickened as fullers do cloth.
Waukrife . Not apt to sleep.
Waur, waur't . Worse, worsted.
Wean . A child.
Wearie, or weary . *Many a weary body, many a toilsome person.*
Weary-widdle . Toilsome contest of life.
Weason . Weasand, windpipe.
Weavin' the stocking . To knit stockings. See *Stockin'*. *Throwing the stockin'*.
Wechts . Corn baskets.
Wee . Little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bits*, a small matter.
Weed . Jugs.
Weeder-clips . Instrument for removing weeds.
Weel . Well; *weelfare*, *welfare*.
Weet . Rain, wetness; to wet.
Weird . Fate.
We'se . We shall.
Wha, whase, wha's . Who, whose, who's.
Whaistle . To wheeze.
Whalpit . Whelped.
Whang . A leathern thong; a piece of cheese, bread, &c.
Whare . Where. *Whare'er*, *where'er*.
Whatreck . Nevertheless.
Wheep . To fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-whesp*, small beer.
Whid . The motion of a hare running, but not frightened; a lie.
Whidden . Running as a hare, or coney.
Whigmeleeries . Whins, fancies, crotchets.
Whilk . Which.
Whingin' . Crying, complaining, fretting.
Whins . Gorse.
Whirligigums . Useless ornaments, trifling appendages; the capitals which surmount the columns on the new bridge of Ayr.
Whisht . Silence; *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, whisket . To sweep, to lash.
Whiskin' beard . A beard like the whiskers of a cat.
Whistle . A whistle, to whistle.
Whitter . A hearty draught of liquor.
Whittle . A knife.
Whunstone . A whinstone.
Whyles . Whiles, sometimes.
Wi' . With.
Wick . To strike a stone in an oblique direction—a term in curling.
Wicker . Willow (the smaller sort).
Widdirs . Twisted like a withy; one who merits hanging.
Wiel . A small whirlpool.
Wife-wifie . A diminutive or endearing name, for wife.
Wight . Stout, enduring.
Willyart-glower . A bewildered, dismayed stare.

Wimple, wimplet . To meander, meandered; to enfold.
Wimplin' . Waving, meandering.
Win, win't, wind . To wind, to winnow; winded, as a bottom of yarn.
Win, wons . Live, dwells.
Winna . Will not.
Winnin' thread . Putting thread into hanks.
Winnoek . A window.
Winsome . Hearty, vaunted, gay.
Wintle . A staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winse . A curse, or imprecation.
Wiss . To wish.
Withouten . Without.
Wisened . Hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wunner . A wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Woo' . Wool.
Woo . To court, to make love to.
Woodie . A rope; more properly one of withies or willows.
Woody . Halter.
Wooer-babs . The garter knitted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wordy . Worthly.
Worset . Worsted.
Wow . An exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack . To tease, to vex.
Wrath . A spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death; also wrath.
Wrang . Wrong, to wrong.
Wreeth . A drifted heap of snow.
Wud . Wild, mad; *wud-mad*, distracted.
Wumble . A wimble.
Wyle . To beguile.
Wyllecoat . A flannel vest.
Wyte . Blame, to blame.

Y

Ye . This pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Year . Is used both for singular and plural years.
Yearlings . Born in the same year, coevals.
Yearus . Longs much.
Yell . Barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, yerkit . To lash, to jerk, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen . Yesternight.
Yett . A gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Yeuks . Itches.
Yill . Ale.
Yin . One.
Yird, yirded . Earth, earthed; buried.
Yirr . Lively.
Yokin' . Yoking.
Yont, ayont . Beyond.
Yowe . A ewe.
Yowie . Diminutive of yowe.
Yule . Christmas.

CHRONOLOGY OF ROBERT BURNS'S LIFE AND WORK.

1759.

January 25.—Born in a clay-built cottage, raised by his father's own hands, on the banks of the Doon, in the district of Kyle, and county of Ayr. A few days after his birth a wind arose, that crushed the frail structure, and the unconscious Poet was carried unharmed to the shelter of a neighbouring house.

1765. (*atal 6.*)

Sent by his father to a school at Alloway Miln—taught by one Campbell—same year placed under the care of Mr. Murdoch.

1766. (7.)

May 25.—His father removes to the farm of Mount Oliphant, in the parish of Ayr, leased him by Mr. Ferguson, of Donholm.

1768. (9.)

In the absence of Murdoch, he is taught arithmetic in the winter evenings by his father, who instructs him also in the knowledge of history and geography. On hearing Murdoch read the tragedy of Titus Andronicus, he is so shocked at the recital that he threatens to burn the book.

1769. (10.)

The latent seeds of poetry cultivated in his mind by an old woman who resides in the family, and who had the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, witches, warlocks, apparitions, giants, enchanted towers, etc. The recital of these had so strong an effect on his imagination, that for ever afterwards in his nocturnal rambles, he kept a sharp look-out in suspicious places.

1772. (13.)

Sent to the Parish School of Dalrymple, for improvement in penmanship. Resumes his studies with Murdoch, in the town of Ayr. Revises his grammar, and acquires a knowledge of French. Attempts the Latin, but makes little progress.

1773. (14.)

Forms several connections with other youngers, who possess superior advantages, but who never insult the *cloutierly* appearance of his plough-boy carcass, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons. They gave him stray volumes of books, and one (the late Sir John Malcolm), whose heart not even the *Munny Begum* scenes have tainted, helped him to a little French. Parting with these young friends, as they occasionally went off for the East or West Indies, was often a sore affliction, but he is soon called to more serious evils. His father's farm proves a ruinous bargain, and, to clinch the misfortune, he falls into the hands of a scoundrelly factor, who afterwards sat for the picture he drew of one in his *Tale of the Two Dogs*. He becomes a dexterous ploughman for his age, but his indignation boils at the insolent, threatening letters of the factor, which sets the family all in tears.

1774. (15.)

Is the principal labourer on his father's farm—suffers great depression of spirits—is afflicted with headache in the evenings—forms his first attachment for Nelly Blair, a *bonnie sweet sonsie lass*, the tones of whose voice makes his heart-strings thrill like an *Æolian harp*. Composes his first song in praise of his *Handsome Nelly*.

1775. (16.)

A collection of Songs his *vade mecum*—these he pores over, while driving his cart or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime from affectation and fustian. To this practice he owes much of his critic craft. Hitherto he was, perhaps, the most ungainly, awkward boy in the parish—no *solitaire* less acquainted with the ways of the world.

1776. (17.)

He goes to a country dancing-school to give his manners a brush, strongly against the wish of his father, who was subject to strong passions, and, from that instance of disobedience, took a sort of dislike to him, which, he believes, was one cause of the apparent dissipation which marked his succeeding years—the great misfortune of his life was to want an aim—the only two openings by which he can enter the temple of fortune are the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of a little chicaning bargain-making. A constitutional melancholy makes him fly solitude, and he becomes a welcome guest wherever he visits—his greatest impulse is *un penchant pour l'adorable moitié du genre humain*—his heart is completely kindled, and eternally lighted up by some goddess or other. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook he fears no competitor, and spends his evenings after his own heart. His zeal, curiosity, and intrepid dexterity recommend him as a confidant in all love adventures, and he is in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton.

1777. (18.)

May 25.—His father removes to the farm of Lochlen. The young poet composes the ballad, *My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border*, and the song—*It was upon a Lammas night*.

1778. (19.)

Spends his nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, at a noted school in Kirkoswald, where he learns mensuration, surveying, dialling, etc., but makes a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. He falls in occasionally with the smugglers, and learns to fill his glass and mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet he goes on with a high hand with his geometry, till the sun enters Virgo, a month always a carnival in his bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lives next door to the school, oversets all his trigonometry, and sets him off at a tangent from the sphere of his studies. Returns home considerably improved—engages several of his school-fellows to keep up a literary correspondence—pores over a collection of Letters of the Wits of Queen Anne's Reign.

1779. (20.)

Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle, his sole principles of action—*Tristram Shandy* and the *Man of Feeling*, his favourite books. Poetry the darling walk of his mind—usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand. His passions now rage like so many devils, till they find vent in rhyme. Composes *Winter, a dirge*, the eldest of his printed pieces—*The Death of Poor Mailie*, *John Barleycorn*, and several songs.

1780. (21.)

November.—Forms, in conjunction with Gilbert, and seven or eight young men, a Bachelors' Club, in Tarbolton, the rules of which he afterwards draws up—the declared objects are—relaxation from toil—the promotion of sociality and friendship, and the improvement of the mind.

1781. (22.)

Midsummer.—Partly through whim, and partly that he wishes to set about doing something in life, he joins a flax-dresser in Irvine, of the name of Peacock, a relation of his mother—where he spends six months learning the trade.

December 27.—Writes a remarkable letter to his father, in which he states that the weakness of his nerves has so debilitated his mind that he dares neither review past wants, nor look forward into futurity. He is quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, he shall bid adieu to all the pains, and uneasiness, and disquietudes of the weary life; for he is heartily tired of it, and, if he does not very much deceive himself, he could contentedly and gladly resign it. He concludes by saying, "My meal is nearly out, but I am going to borrow till I get more."

December 31.—His shop accidentally catches fire, as he is giving a welcome carousal to the new year and is burned to ashes, and, like a true poet, he is left without a sixpence.

1782. (23.)

The clouds of misfortune gather thick round his father's head; and he is visibly far gone in consumption. To crown the distresses of the poet, a *belle fille*, whom he adores, and who had pledged her soul to meet him in the field of matrimony, jilts him, with peculiar circumstances of mortification. His constitutional melancholy is now increased to such a degree that for three months he is in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus—*Depart from me, ye accursed!* He forms a friendship with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune, whose mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. He was the only man he ever saw who was a greater fool than himself, where woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto he had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did him a mischief, and the consequences were, that soon after he resumed the plough, he wrote *The Poet's Welcome to his Illegitimate Child*. Meeting with

Fergusson's Scottish Poems, he strings anew his wildly-sounding lyre.

1783. (24.)

April—Commences his *Common Place Book*, entitled: "Observations, Hints, Songs, Scraps of Poetry, etc. By Robert Burnes; a man who had little art in making money, and still less in keeping it."

June 21.—Writes to his cousin, James Burnes, that his father is in a dying condition; and sends, probably for the last time in this world, his warmest wishes for his welfare and happiness. He becomes a Freemason, being his first introduction to the life of a boon companion.

1784. (25.)

January—Writes his "First Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet," in which he alludes to his *Darling Jean*. The first idea of his becoming an Author started on this occasion.

February 13.—Death of his father; whose all went among the hell-hounds that growl in the kennel of Justice. He makes shift to collect a little money in the family; and he and his brother Gilbert take the neighbouring farm of Mossagiel, on which he enters with a full intention, *Come, go to, I will be wi'* reads farming books, cals crops, attends markets; and, in spite of the devil, the world, and the flesh, he believes he would have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, they lost half their crops. This upset all his wisdom, and he returns, *like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire*. He now begins to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes, and the first of his poetic offspring that saw the light was *The Holy Tulzie or Twa Herds*, a burlesque sham imitation of a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personae* in his *Holy Fair*. *Holy Willie's Prayer* next

make its appearance, and alarms the Kirk-session so much that they hold several meetings, to look over their spiritual artillery. Unluckily for him, his wanderings lead him on another side, within point-blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to his printed poem, *The Lament*. He is compelled to perform penance in church—inveigle against the clergyman for rebuking him—writes his *Epistle to Rankine* and his song, *The Ranting Dog the Daddie o't*.

1785. (26.)

Esposes the cause of Gavin Hamilton against the Auld Light Fanatics; and produces, in succession, *The Kirk's Alarm*, *The Ordination*, *The Holy Fair*, etc.—His *Address to the Deil*, and *Death and Doctor Hornbook*.

April 1-21.—Writes his *Epistles to Lapraik*, and, in the course of the year, *Halloween*, *The Jolly Beggars*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and various songs.

1786. (27.)

March 20.—Encloses Mr. Robert Muir, Kilmarnock, his *Scotch Drink*, with a wish that the — may follow, with a blessing, for his edification.

April 3.—Writes to Mr. Aiken his proposals for publishing by subscription, he is just going to send to press, and signs his name, for the last time—*Burness*.

April 20.—Encloses Mr. John Kennedy his *Mountain Daisy* (entitled in the MS. *The Gowan*), as being the very latest of his productions, and composed while holding the plough. His connection with his bonny Jean—She presents him with twins—Anger of her father—The distress of the Poet—Performs penance a second time in the kirk for his incontinency—Is called upon to find security for the maintenance of his children—Is unable to raise the money, and the alternative is expatriation, or a jail—Prefers the former.

August 1.—Publishes the first Edition of his *Poems*—Realises above £20, and takes out his passage for Jamaica—Composes the last song he believes he shall ever measure in Caledonia, *The Gloomy Night is gathering fast*; when a letter from Dr. Blacklock fortunately arrives, which overthrows all his schemes, by opening new prospects to his poetic ambition. His poems everywhere received with rapture—Cultivates friendship with Professor Dugald Stewart, Dr. Blair, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Gregory, Mrs. Dunlop, etc.—Visits Katrine, the seat of Dugald Stewart, where he meets Lord Daer and Mrs. Stewart of Stair, whom he celebrates in his song, *Flow gently, sweet Afton*—Composes the *Lass of Ballochmyle*, and forwards the song to the heroine, Miss Alexander—is treated by her with coldness, which he resents with bitterness.

November 28.—Arrives in Edinburgh.

1787. (28.)

January 7.—Writes to Gavin Hamilton that he feels a miserable blank in his heart, from the want of his bonnie Jean. "I don't think," he says, "I shall ever meet with so delicious an armful again. She has her faults; but so have you and I; and so has everybody."

January 14.—Attends a Grand Masonic Lodge, etc.—Received with Acclamation as the Bard of Caledonia—Resides with his friend Richmond, in the house of Mrs. Carfrae, Lawnmarket, in a single room, at the rent of 3s. a week—Meets the Duchess of Gordon, and his conversation completely carries her off her feet.

April 4.—Publishes the second Edition of his *Poems*, of which 3,000 copies are subscribed for—Commences his second *Common Place Book*.

May 6.—Sets out on a Border Tour, in company with Robert Ainslie, Esq.—Presented by the

Magistracy of Jedburgh with the freedom of the town—his reception everywhere triumphant.

May 13.—Visits Dryburgh Abbey, and spends an hour among the ruins, since hallowed by the dust of Scott.

June 8.—Returns to Mossgiel—The family of his bonnie Jean now court his society—Returns to Edinburgh, where he obtains permission to erect a tombstone over the grave of Fergusson. The architect was two years in completing it, and the Poet was two years in paying him; for which they are quits. "He had," says the Poet, "the hardiess to ask for interest on the sum, but considering that the money was due by one Poet for putting a tombstone over another, he may with grateful surprise, thank heaven that ever he saw a farthing of it." Proceeds on his first Highland Tour, by way of Stirling, to Inverary—Visits the Harvieston ladies, and becomes acquainted with Miss Chalmers.

July.—Spends this month at Mossgiel—Writes his Epistle to Willie Chalmers.

August.—Revisits Stirlingshire, in company with Dr. Adair of Harrowgate—Visits the ruined Abbey of Dunfermline—Kneels down and kisses with sacred fervour the stone which covers the grave of Robert Bruce—Shown at Linlithgow the room where the beautiful and injured Mary Queen of Scots was born—Crosses the Forth, and arrives in Edinburgh.

August 25.—Sets out on his third and last Highland Tour, in company with his friend Nicol—Visits the Duke and Duchess of Gordon—Dines with them, and forgets his friend Nicol, who, in a foaming rage, induces the Poet reluctantly to turn his back on *bonnie Castle Gordon*, with a vexation he was unable to conceal.

September 16.—Arrives once more in Edinburgh, having travelled 600 miles in twenty-two days—Composes verses on Lock Turit, and

Bruar Water—Forms an intimacy with Clarinda—Is overturned in a hackney-coach by a drunken coachman; and is confined to his room for six weeks with a bruised limb—Writes his celebrated Letters to Clarinda—Contributes numerous songs to Johnson's *Musical Museum*.

December 30.—Writes to his friend Brown that Almighty love still reigns in his bosom: and that he is at this moment ready to hang himself for a young Edinburgh Widow. (She turns out to be a married lady, whose husband is absent in Jamaica.)

December 31.—Attends a Grand Dinner to celebrate the birth of Prince Charles Stuart, and produces an Ode on the occasion.

1788. (20)

March 30.—Composes (partly on horseback) *The Chevalier's Lament*.

April 13.—Settles with his Publisher, Creech, and receives upwards of £600, as the produce of his Second Edition—Advances £200 to assist his brother Gilbert; but, when afterwards solicited to become bail for him to a considerable amount, he is compelled to decline in justice to his family.

May 25.—Takes the farm of Ellisland.

August 3.—Marries his bonnie Jean, and contributes many of his best songs to the *Museum*.

1789. (30.)

July.—Receives an Epistle, part poetic and part prosaic, from a young poetess, Miss Janet Little, which he does not well know how to answer, being no dab at fine-drawn letter-writing.

September.—Writes the noblest of all his ballads, *To Mary in Heaven, Lines on Friar's Carse Hermitage*, etc.

October 16.—Contentds for the prize of *The Whistle*, at Friar's Carse—Drinks bottle for bottle in the contest, and celebrates the occasion by a Poem.

December 20.—Writes to Provost Maxwell that his poor distracted mind is so torn, so jaded, so racked and bedevilled with the task of the superlatively damned, to make *one guinea do the work of three*, that he detests, abhors, and swoons at the very name of business.

1790. (31.)

January 25.—Communicates to Mrs. Dunlop some interesting particulars of the life and death of Falconer, the unfortunate author of "The Shipwreck"—Finds his farm a ruinous affair—His "nerves in a cursed state," and a horrid hypochondria pervading every atom of both body and soul—Resumes his intercourse with the Muse, and writes in November his inimitable *Tam o' Shanter*, the best of all his productions—Is appointed to the Excise—Has an adventure with Ramsay of Ochertyre.

1791. (32.)

April 11.—Birth of a third son—Becomes a member of the Dumfries Volunteers, and their Poet Laureate—Writes several patriotic Songs, and his *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*—Fires off his *Five Carlins*, and other Political Squibs, and satirises both Whigs and Tories—Visited in the summer by two English gentlemen, who dine with him, and partake freely of his Whiskey Punch—They forget the flight of time; lose their way on returning to Dumfries, and can scarcely count its three steeples, although assisted by the morning dawn.

August 25.—Sells his croft at a guinea an acre above value—A strange scene of drunkenness on the occasion—About thirty people engage in a regular battle, every man for his own hand, and fight it out for three hours—Indoors folk lying drunk on the floor and decanting until his dogs get so tipsy by attending them that they can't stand—Enjoys the scene—Relinquishes Ellisland, and removes to Dumfries—Is invited by the Earl of Buchan to assist at the coronation

of the bust of Thomson, on the 23rd of September—Apologises, but sends an Ode for the occasion—Presented by Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable with a valuable snuff-box, on the lid of which is a miniature of Mary Queen of Scots, as an acknowledgment for his *Lament* of that ill-starred Queen.

1792. (33.)

February 27.—Puts himself at the head of a party of soldiers, and captures, sword in hand, a French Smuggler—Communicates to Francis Grose, Esq., the celebrated Antiquary, three remarkable Witch Stories relating to Alloway Kirk.

September.—Commences his celebrated Correspondence with George Thomson, and composes for his *Collection of Scottish Songs* upwards of one hundred and twenty of the finest lyrics in the language.

September 10.—Writes a remarkable letter to his friend Alexander Cunningham, in which he gives him his ideas of the conjugal state. "Ah, my friend! matrimony is quite a different thing from what your love-sick youths and sighing girls take it to be!"

December 8.—Birth of his Daughter.

1793. (34.)

Publishes a Fourth Edition of his Poems, in 2 vols.—Makes an excursion through Galloway and the neighbouring country, in company with Syme of Ryedale, the same who related to Sir Walter Scott his story of "The Sword Cane"—Continues pouring forth his beautiful Songs to the *Museum* of Johnson—Admonished by the Excise that his business is to *act*, not to *think*, in allusion to his political opinions—Rejects the offer of an Annuity of £50 to write Poetical Articles for the *Morning Chronicle*.

December.—Writes to Mr. M'Murdo that he does not owe a shilling to either man or woman.

1794. (35.)

February 25.—Writes to Alexander Cunningham, commencing with these words :—"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" and stating that for two months he has been unable to wield the pen.

May.—Publishes a Fifth Edition of his Poems, finally corrected with his own hand.

At Midsummer he removes from the Bank Vennel, Dumfries, to Mill Hill Brae.

June 25.—Writes to Mrs. Dunlop from a solitary inn, in a solitary village, in Castle Douglas, that he is in poor health, and that he is afraid he is about to suffer for the follies of his youth—His medical friends threaten him with a flying gout, but he trusts they are mistaken.

1795. (36.)

January.—Writes his manly song *For a' that an' a' that*.

In the Autumn he loses his only daughter—Writes his *Heron Ballads*.

In November he is visited by Professor Walker, who spends two days with him, and writes a description of the Poet's appearance.

December 29.—Writes to Mrs. Dunlop that he already begins to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast over his frame.

1796. (37.)

January 31.—Becomes the victim of a severe Rheumatic Fever—Rack'd with pain—Every face he

meets with a greeting like that of Balak to Balaam: "Come, curse me, Jacob, and come, defy me, Israel"—Implores his friends in Edinburgh to make interest with the Board of Excise to grant him his full Salary—His application refused.

July 5.—Affecting interview with Mrs. Riddel at Brow.

July 7.—Writes to his friend Cunningham: "I fear the voice of the Bard will soon be heard among you no more! You actually would not know me. Pale, emaciated, and so feeble as occasionally to need help from my chair—My spirit's fled, fled!"—Goes to Brow for the benefit of sea air.

July 12.—Writes to George Thomson for Five Pounds, and to his cousin James Burness for Ten Pounds, to save him from the horrors of a jail!—Sends his last letter to Mrs. Dunlop, stating that, in all probability, he will speedily be beyond that *bourne whence no traveller returns*.

July 18.—Returns to Dumfries in a dying state—His good humour is unruffled, and his wit never forsakes him. He looks to one of his brother Volunteers with a smile, as he stood weeping by his bedside, and says, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me!"

July 21.—His Death.

July 25.—His remains removed to the Town Hall of Dumfries, where they lie in state, and his funeral takes place on the following day.

J. C.